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BEAU BRUMMELL :
His Life and Letters

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
THE THACKERAY COUNTRY
SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY
VICTORIAN NOVELISTS
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD OF FONTHILL
THE LIFE OF JOHN GAY

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM COBBETT
THE BERRY PAPERS
THE LIFE OF PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON
THE FIRST GEORGE
"FARMER GEORGE"
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AN INJURED QUEEN: CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK
THE BEAUX OF THE REGENCY
SOME ECCENTRICS AND A WOMAN
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THE WINDHAM PAPERS. With an Introduction by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.
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BRIGHTON: ITS FOLLIES, ITS FASHIONS, AND ITS HISTORY
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

FRONTISPIECE

By Aubrey Hammond

BEAU BRUMMELL

ELTHAM
PUB

BEAU BRUMMELL:

His Life and Letters

BY

LEWIS MELVILLE

Brummell's Crest.

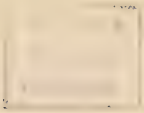
WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY AUBREY HAMMOND AND SIXTEEN OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW
1924

B.

27.674

TO
FRANK SKINNER



PREFACE

THE primary source of information about the life of George Bryan Brummell is, of course, the biography of the Beau by Captain William Jesse. This was published in 1844, reprinted ten years later, and in 1886 re-issued in an édition de luxe with some extra material (not, however, of any considerable value) taken from the author's interleaved copy of his book. Jesse's personal acquaintance with Brummell was slight, and he only met him for the first time at Caen in 1832, and did not, apparently, see much of him even there. When, however, he decided to write the biography, he assiduously sought out many who knew the Beau at Calais and at Caen, and so gathered a good deal of useful information. Jesse, though himself aspiring to dandyism, was entirely unsympathetic with the subject of his memoir, which is the less surprising when the fact is remembered (it is, indeed, recorded by Jesse himself) that the Beau, after gazing searchingly at his costume, said: "My dear Jesse, I am sadly afraid you have been reading 'Pelham'; but, excuse me, you look very much like a magpie." "Pelham" had been published four years earlier, and in it Brummell figures as "Russelton."

While Jesse was writing his biography of Brummell, Barbey d'Aurevilly in France was engaged on that charming little book, "Du Dandysme et de George Brummell." This book was first published by B. Marcel, 66 rue St. Jean, Caen, in an edition limited to thirty copies; but shortly after it was reprinted for sale to the general public. In 1897, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. brought out an English translation by Mr. Douglas Ainsley,

the poet of "John of Damascus" and the "Song of the Stewarts."

The thoroughness with which Barbey d'Aurevilly worked may be gathered from the following letters written by him to Jesse, which, by the courtesy of Mr. Preston Beecher, I am able to print here:

JULES A. BARBEY D'AUREVILLY TO CAPTAIN W. JESSE, UNITED SERVICE CLUB, CHARLES STREET, LONDON.

Paris, le 19 *mars*, 1844.

Je tiens à faire sur Brummell quelque chose de distingué. Les renseignements que j'ai trouvés n'ont pas été ce que j'aurais désiré. J'ai dit ce que j'entendais par le Dandysme. J'ai envisagé l'homme en question par ses côtés généraux. J'ai, en somme, fait plus de philosophie que d'histoire. J'ai plus *pensé* que je n'ai *raconté*. La biographie a été la partie faible de mon travail, et je l'aurais voulu très forte. Je me permets donc de vous adresser quelques questions:

Quelles ont été les relations de Brummell avec Sheridan, Fox, Erskine?

Brummell avait-il des passions? Quelles étaient-elles? Etait-il joueur, ivrogne, libertin?

Etait-il marié? A-t-il pu vivre avec sa femme? Avait-il des maîtresses en pied? Lui a-t-on connu des maîtresses publiques? Je ne parle pas des bonnes fortunes, des coucheries de passade, comme on dit en France. A-t-il eu une femme étiquetée à son nom, et quelle était cette famme?

Quel était son tempérament? Sait-on l'emploi de sa journée? Etait-il capricieux dans la distribution et l'occupation de ses heures, ou routinier?

Si on pouvait savoir l'emploi des heures de Brummell comme on sait celui des heures de Byron, ce serait curieux. Brummell a-t-il laissé des mémoranda?

Il a laissé des aphorismes. Ne pourrais—je en avoir quelques uns? Je suis moins curieux de ses vers. Des aphorismes me serviraient bien davantage. Les vers d'un homme montrent plus ou moins de talent, mais un homme est tout entier dans ses idées générales.

A-t-il servi dans le 10e des Dragons ? Quel était son grade ?

La mesure exacte de ses rapports avec le Prince de Galles ?

Son portrait physique, et quelques anecdotes. J'y tiens moins qu'aux aphorismes ; mais les aphorismes j'y tiens beaucoup parce que l'homme entier est là.

Voilà à peu près tout. Je compte sur votre complaisance. Mille remerciments toujours, et mille gracieusetés.

J. A. B. D'AUREVILLY.

Ah ! pardon ! Encore une question. Pitt portait d'ordinaire un habit bleu et un gilet chamois. Brummell affectait-il une certaine couleur aussi, ou les portait-il toutes avec une même souveraineté ?

En somme, autant de détails extérieurs que possible. Quand il s'agit de Brummell, la manière dont il coupait ses ongles est importante. " L'âme se mêle de tout," dit Mme. de Staël.

D'A.

JULES A. BARBEY D'AUREVILLY TO CAPTAIN JESSE

[*Late in* 1884.]

MONSIEUR,

Je suis fort en retard avec vous, mais la faute en est, non à moi, certes, mais à ces damnés despotes de circonstances qui donnent aux hommes l'apparence de tous les torts. Vous m'avez envoyé votre ouvrage sur Brummell. Je l'ai lu avec le plaisir que j'attendais d'une telle lecture, et je ne voulais vous remercier qu'en vous envoyant aussi mon Brummell.

Or, mon Brummell a mis à paraître une lenteur que je ne prévoyais pas. Excusez-moi donc, Monsieur, et ne croyez pas à un oubli impossible. On dit que l'ingratitude est le vice des gens d'esprit. Mais moi, je suis reconnaissant comme une bête, et je me préoccupe beaucoup de la manière ouverte et charmante avec laquelle vous êtes entré en relation avec moi.

Permettez-moi de vous en remercier encore. Sans vous je n'aurais eu sur Brummell que des renseignements hasardés. Mon livre n'est qu'une goutte d'extrait de la liqueur des iles que vous nous avez versé en flacon. Avec moi les ivrognes de détails seront bien attrapés ; mais avec vous ils en auront plein leurs verres.

Vous n'avez pas oublié, Monsieur, une seule épingle de la cravate du dandy. Vous l'avez fait voir dans tous les actes de sa vie, heure

par heure. Vous avez été le Dangeau de ce Louis XIV. de la mode. Mais Dangeau n'a pas votre plume ; cette plume élégante et rare qui relève le détail par l'expression ; s'il l'avait je lui en ferais bien mon compliment, et je le lirais davantage.

Votre dévoué,

Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly.

There are accounts of Brummell in "Originaux et Beaux Esprits de l'Angleterre Contemporaire," by E. D. Forgues (1860) ; in Grace and Philip Wharton's "The Wits and Beaux of Society" (1860)—a one-sided, malignant and stupid narrative ; in M. Jacques Boulenger's "Sous Louis-Philippe : Les Dandys" (1907) ; and in my book on the "Beaux of the Regency" (1908).

References to Brummell in the memoirs and correspondence of his contemporaries are not so numerous as might be expected in the case of one who bulked so largely in the public eye. Thomas Raikes has a good deal to say about him in his Journals, and so has Captain Rees Howell Gronow in his Diaries. The notorious courtesan, Harriette Wilson, introduces him into her informative but scandalous Memoirs, which were really written for the purpose of blackmail. There is mention of him in the journals and correspondence of Tom Moore and Charles Greville, Lord William Pitt Lennox, Grantley Berkeley, Major Chambre, and Harriet Lady Granville.

The life of Brummell falls, naturally, into two parts : the first, from his birth until 1816, when he fled from England ; the second, from his arrival at Calais until his death in 1840. Unfortunately the biographical material of that interesting period when he was the supreme arbiter of fashion in London is scanty. There are, however, many anecdotes, but a considerable number of these are beyond all question apocryphal : it became almost a point of honour with some writers to invent stories about him —a pleasant enough pastime, no doubt, but troublesome to the biographer.

Brummell was a good correspondent, but few letters written by him when in England have been preserved. Happily of those

he wrote when abroad a considerable number are available. I have included those inserted in the biography by Captain Jesse (the originals of which are in the possession of Mr. J. Preston Beecher), as well as others hitherto unprinted. The Earl Fortescue has allowed me to insert letters written to his grandfather, Colonel George Damer; Mrs. Hutt, letters written to Lieut.-Col. Hughes; and Captain George S. Cary, a letter written to Mr. Scholey.

I am especially indebted to Mr. J. Preston Beecher, His Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul at Havre. He has lent me a photograph of the house of Madame Guerin de Saint-Ursin at Caen, where Brummell lived from October, 1830, until September, 1832; a letter written by William Brummell, the father of the Beau; and the two letters, printed here on a previous page, from Barbey d'Aurevilly to Captain Jesse. It is Mr. Preston Beecher who has kept Brummell's grave at Caen in good order for the last thirty years. At his expense, however, the caretaker took such pains with it, even to removing the ivy which made the stone more romantic and picturesque, that Mr. Preston Beecher had to beg him to be deliberately a little neglectful for the sake of artistic effect.

Messrs. E. Parson & Sons, 43, Brompton Road, London, S.W., have kindly allowed me to examine the manuscript, which is in their possession, of an unpublished work by Brummell: "Male Costume. Grecian, Roman, and British Costumes, from the Roman Invasion till 1822." This is dated 1822, and it is evident that it was compiled when Brummell was in exile at Calais.

My thanks are also due to Mrs. E. Dashwood, granddaughter of Captain Samuel Marshall, who was British Consul at Calais when Brummell was living there; Mrs. Augusta M. Walters, great-granddaughter of Maria Blackshaw, Brummell's sister; Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, who has given me some particulars of Brummell as a cricketer; Mrs. Aldridge, Mrs. E. C. Barker, Mrs. Ida G. Hughes, Miss Blanche Featherstone, and Miss Adeline Bemal; Sir Berkeley Pigott, Bart., Mr. Algernon Dunn Gardner,

Mr. H. J. H. Fenton, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., Mr. C. E. Baker, Mr. Robert W. Oates, and Mr. James V. Rogerson.

Mrs. Robinson has with great kindness allowed me to have photographed for reproduction in this volume the portraits in her possession of the father, mother, brother, and sister of Brummell, and one of the Beau himself as a child. These have never before been published.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

London, August, 1924.

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Beau Brummell: His Life and Letters

CHAPTER I

The family of George Bryan Brummell—His grandfather, William Brummell—His house in Bury Street, St. James's—Charles Jenkinson, after Earl of Liverpool, lodges there—William Brummell, the Beau's father, patronised by Jenkinson—His official career—A letter from William Brummell to George Selwyn—His marriage—He retires, and sets up as a country gentleman—His death and burial—His fortune—His children—The birth of George Bryan Brummell—Various accounts of him as a schoolboy—His record as a cricketer—His affectations—His wit—His good humour and vivacity—Bulwer Lytton pokes fun at him in "Pelham"—Known at Eton as "Buck" Brummell—Entered Oriel College, Oxford—Leaves the University on his father's death—He sighs for the great world—His early intimacy with persons of rank and fashion—His acquaintance with the Prince of Wales—His aunt, Mrs. Searle—Gazetted as cornet in the Tenth Hussars—His brother-officers—At Brighton—The Prince and his boon companions—Brummell's military service—In high favour with the Prince—His neglect of his duties—Promoted captain—He resigns his commission in 1798 at the age of twenty.

The records of the family of George Bryan Brummell go no further back than his grandfather, William Brummell, and little that is definite is known, except what can be gleaned from the legends on the tombstone in St. James's Churchyard:

> "Here lies the body of Mr. William Brummell, who departed this life on the 31st of March, 1770, aged 61 years.
>
> "Also the remains of Mrs. Jane Brummell, who departed this life on the 27th of July, 1788, aged 73 years."

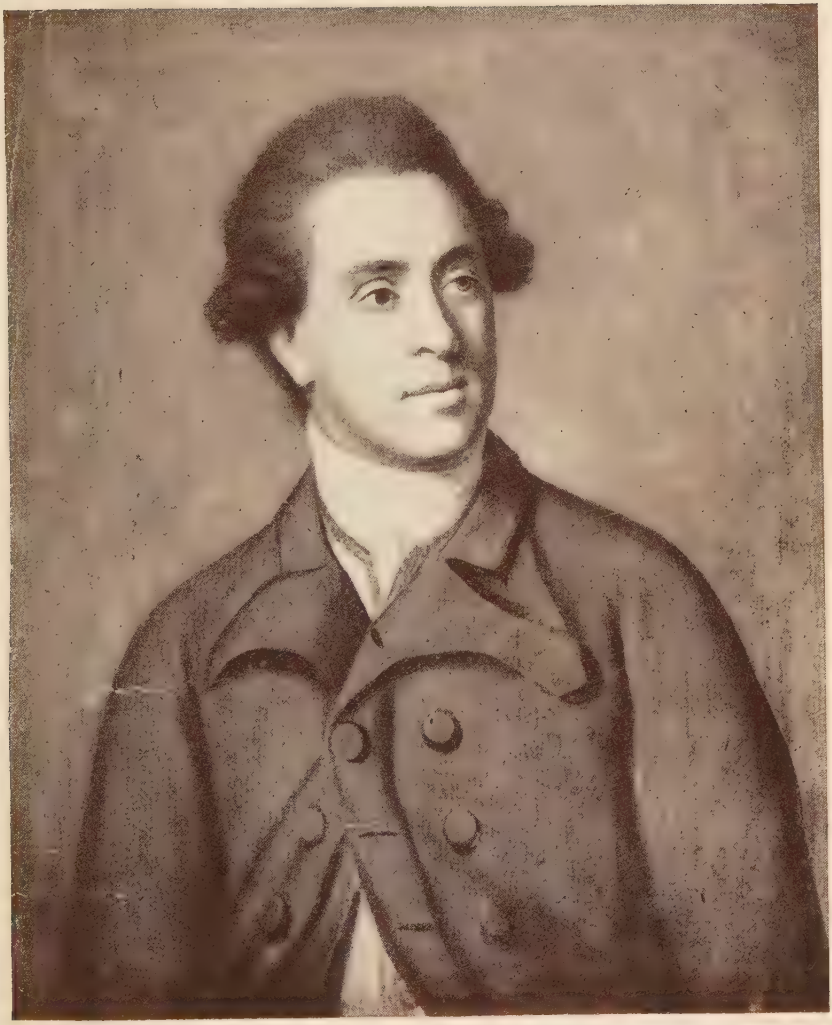
It has been said that William Brummell was a confectioner

in the St. James's district, but this statement is not supported by any evidence.

A contributor to *Notes and Queries*, who modestly concealed his identity under the style of "M (2)," put forward another theory:

> "At the time that Brummell was considered in everything the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the writer of this has frequently heard Lady Monson (the widow of the second lord, and an old lady who, living to the age of ninety-seven, had a wonderful fund of interesting recollections) say that this ruler of fashion was the descendant of a very excellent servant in the family. Not long ago, some old papers of the family being turned over, proofs corroborative of this came to light. William Brummell, from the year 1734 to 1764, was the faithful and confidential servant of Charles Monson, brother of the first lord: the period would identify him with the grandfather of the Beau; the only doubt was, that as Mr. Jesse had ascertained that William Brummell, the grandfather, was, in the interval above given, married, had a *son William*, and owned a house in Bury Street, how far these facts were compatible with his remaining as a servant with Charles Monson, both in town and country. Now in 1757, Professor Henry Monson of Cambridge being dangerously ill, his brother Charles sent William Brummell down, as a trustworthy person, to attend to him; and in a letter from Brummell to his master, he, with many other requisitions, writes that there may be sent down to him a certain glass vessel, very useful for invalids to drink out of, and which, if not in Spring Gardens, 'may be found in Bury Street. It was used when Billy was ill.' From the familiarity of the word 'Billy' he must be speaking of his son. These facts are certainly corroborative of the old dowager's statement."

On the face of it the theory propounded is probable. Whatever the employment, it is known that William Brummell rented a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and let apartments to men of rank and means. It is a reasonable conjecture that, if William was still in service, that his wife ran the house. In any case, the only point of importance is that among the lodgers at Bury



WILLIAM BRUMMELL.
(FATHER OF "BEAU" BRUMMELL.)

From a painting in the possession of Mrs. Robinson, of Dullingham House, Newmarket.

p. 22.

Street was Charles Jenkinson, son of that Charles Jenkinson, of Burford Lawn Lodge, in the forest of Whichwood, Oxfordshire, who had commanded the Royal Horse Guards Blue at the Battle of Dettingen.

The younger Charles succeeded to the estate on the death of his father in 1750. He took an active interest in politics, and attracted the attention of Lord Bute, who was high in favour with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his Consort. Bute appointed Jenkinson his private secretary, than which there was no better vantage ground to view the political stage. With the accession of George III. Bute became for all practical purposes Prime Minister, although his official position was only that of Groom of the Stole to the King, and he had neither a seat in Parliament nor in the Cabinet. Such an anomalous situation could not endure, and in March, 1761, Lord Holdernesse was removed from the office of Secretary of State for the Northern Department to make place for Bute. In the following month Bute entered the House of Commons on his election as representative Scottish peer.

Up the political ladder with Bute went Jenkinson, who was appointed Under-Secretary, and for whom a seat was found in the House of Commons. In 1763 he was promoted to the important office of Joint-Secretary to the Treasury, and when, shortly after, Bute retired, he became leader of the King's Friends in the House.

Jenkinson's career is of interest here only because he became the patron of the son of the Bury Street lodging-house keeper, also named William.[1] He had found him intelligent, and had employed him as an amanuensis. When he went to the Treasury, he appointed William to a clerkship in that office. There young William proved his abilities, and when Lord North became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Grafton Government of 1767, he was selected by the Minister to act as his private secretary. He was continued as private secretary when Lord North

[1] There was another son, Benjamin, who died in 1816, and was buried in the same vault as William.

became Prime Minister in 1770, and remained with him during the twelve years of his administration.

WILLIAM BRUMMELL TO GEORGE SELWYN

Downing Street, Monday, Feb. 9, 1778.

SIR,

I have received the Honour of Your Letter and in answer I must beg leave to explain to you what has been done in respect to the Custom House Employment lately vacant by the Death of one Perris at Gloucester.

Some time since in consequence of an Application from Mr. Blackwell (who had previously enquired and found that neither of the Members for Gloucester had recommended any Person to Lord North for this small place) I wrote a Letter, with Lord North's Permission, recommending to the Comm^r. of the Customs Joseph Smart, who had for some time done the Business of the Office, to succeed to It upon Perris's Death, which was then supposed to have happened. However, that not proving to be the Case, the Matter rested until Perris died, when the Collector and Comptroller, I find, appointed *Smart* to It, but upon the Comm^r. adverting to Their Orders in Sep^t. last, They found They had recommended one *Sharp* to this place, upon which (tho' these orders must have meant the same person as Smart) They wrote to the Collector and Comptroller stating that as Their first order was obtained by a Misrepresentation (to use Their words) of there being then a Vacancy, and that the Name of the Person appointed did not correspond therewith, They think proper to rescind Their first Order, and direct the Collector to appoint James Loader to It. So far I am apprized of the Regularity in the Orders of the Comm^r. of the Customs.

If I recollect right, the Letter I wrote to Their Secretary some few Days ago, was merely to enquire the reasons why Smart was not appointed in consequence of Lord North's Recommendation, and certainly did not convey (what Sir W^m. Musgrave by some Mistake has informed You) any orders for superceding the Appointment of Loader ; and this Letter was written by the Desire of Mr. Blackwell, who conceived the Office was so trifling in Itself, and not being aware that You had sollicited It that He supposed some Mistake might have happened in the Directions of the Customs concerning It. I can

venture to assure You that if Lord North had received any Application from You for this little Employment, He would certainly have excused Himself to Mr. Blackwell, but that not being the case, and no Competitor for It, Lord North directed me to transmit Mr. Blackwell's Recommendation of Smart to the Custom House.

It is unnecessary to trouble You with anything farther upon the Subject than that as I am convinced Mr. Blackwell had no intention of interfering with You in the Recommendations to Offices at Gloucester, He will not hesitate a moment to wave His Application and that consequently Loader will remain in possession of His place.

I have the Honor to be, with great Respect and Regard,

Sir,

Your Most Faithfull
Humble Sert.,
W. BRUMMELL.[1]

If, on the one hand, William Brummell served Lord North faithfully, Lord North, on the other hand, looked after him well. He appointed him Receiver of the Duties on Uninhabited Houses in London and Middlesex, Comptroller of the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office, and Agent and Paymaster to the Out-Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. It is not an unwarrantable assumption that these offices were sinecures, or, at least, that the duties were performed by deputy. Anyhow, they were together worth £2,500 a year, and were granted for life. William Brummell had improved his finances by marrying Miss Richardson, whose father, a descendant of Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice in the reign of James I., held the lucrative position of Keeper of the Lottery Office—in which post he was succeeded by his son. It has also been said, though with what degree of accuracy, or, indeed, if with any at all, that William Brummell acted as agent for two or three large estates.

When Lord North resigned in 1782, William Brummell retired into private life. He had amassed a respectable competence, and could afford to set up as a country gentleman. He bought a

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of J. Preston Beecher, Esq.

small estate, The Grove, near Donnington Castle, and there entertained his many friends, among whom he numbered Charles James Fox and Sheridan. He was pricked for High Sheriff of Berkshire in 1788. He died on March 17, 1794, at his house in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, London, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in the same vault as his wife, who had predeceased him by a year and a day.

Harriette Wilson, the noted courtesan, who knew everybody and all about everybody, mentions in her scandalous " Memoirs " that William Brummell's younger son, George Bryan, pronounced his father's epitaph in his own affected way : " My father was a very respectable valet, and kept his place all his life." Also, it may be noted, that George, who with all his faults was no snob, in later life referred to " those humble ancestors of mine who sleep in their parish churchyard."

The " respectable valet " had not done badly for himself in life, for he left at least what was then the very considerable fortune of sixty-five thousand pounds, which was to be divided between his children, the capital being payable to each on coming of age. Some authorities put the value of his estate higher, and said each portion was worth thirty thousand pounds.

William Brummell had three children :

(i.) Maria, who married Captain Blackshaw, who lived in a cottage near The Grove, by whom there was issue : Mary, who married the Baron de Maltzahn, and died in 1846 at Leghorn ; and Fanny, who became Countess Linowska.

(ii.) William, the elder son, who purchased the estate of Wivenhoe, co. Essex, and married in May, 1800, a daughter of James Daniell, whose sisters were married respectively to a brother of Captain Blackshaw and to Lindsey Merrik Peter Burrell, second son of the first Baron Gwydyr. There was a daughter, Georgiana Anne, who, in 1831, married Sir Thomas Pigott, second bart., and by him had issue, one son,

Mrs. William Brummell.
(Mother of "Beau" Brummell.)

From a painting by Dance in the possession of Mrs. Robinson, of Dullingham House, Newmarket.

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Charles Robert Pigott, who succeeded to the title, and was the father of the present holder of the baronetcy, and one daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Sir Thomas died in 1847, and eight years later his widow married J. F. Baillie, of Leys Castle, co. Inverness. She survived until 1865.

(iii.) George Bryan, commonly called "Beau," Brummell, the subject of this biography.

George Bryan Brummell was born on June 7, 1778, when his father was still living in London. He was baptised at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the following July 2—which is the only piece of information that has been handed down concerning his early years, except that he once cried because he could not eat any more damson tart. Surely a very human weakness.

At the age of twelve he was sent to Eton. The accounts of him as a schoolboy are contradictory. Captain Gronow, that twopenny dandy, mentions in his recollections that Brummell was "the best scholar, best boatman, best cricketer, and best of good fellows"—but this was information at second hand, because Gronow was only born in the year Brummell went to Eton. Then—but also at second-hand—the Rev. J. Richardson, in his "Recollections of the Last Half-Century" (published in 1856), says that Brummell, as a lad, was a greedy, selfish, empty, conceited coxcomb, and, he adds, what he states is the authority of one who knew Brummell in his early days, that he showed "the physical greediness of his nature and the essential vulgarity of his disposition." The Whartons, of course, have nothing good to say of him. "The boy showed himself decidedly father to the man here at Eton," so they express their opinion in their "Wits and Beaux of Society." "Master George was not vulgar enough, nor so imprudent, it may be added, as to fight, row, or play cricket; but he distinguished himself by the introduction of a gold buckle in the white stock, by never being flogged and by his ability in toasting cheese. We do not hear much of his classical attainments."

As a matter of fact, young Brummell was an active cricketer, as readers of "Eton and Harrow at the Wicket," by that excellent authority on the game, Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, will have learned. The lad was in the Eton team of 1793, and in that year played against the Oldfield Club, of Berkshire, scoring 0 not out and 12, and making three catches in his opponents' second innings. Mr. Ashley-Cooper thinks it probable he became a member of the M.C.C., but this is merely a surmise, because, unfortunately, no earlier membership than that of 1833 has been preserved.

The following list of some of Brummell's fellow-players in 1793, kindly sent to me by Mr. Ashley-Cooper, is of interest as showing who were some of his companions when he was in his sixteenth year:

Thomas Assheton-Smith, who was the famous Master of Fox-hounds. He was presented to Napoleon as "Le premier chasseur d'Angleterre";
Thomas Carter, who became Vice-Provost of Eton;
Hon. E. A. Draper, who became Lieutenant-Colonel and Treasurer at the Mauritius;
Hon. George de Grey, who became Lord Walsingham, and was burnt to death in Harley Street in 1831;
James Wilson, who became a Fellow of King's;
John Woodhouse, who became a Minor Canon of Winchester;
S. W. Gandy, who became, in 1800, Assistant-Master at Eton, and, in 1817, Vicar of Kingston and Richmond;
C. C. Roper, who went to the War Office;
Robert Jenner, who belonged to the well-known cricketing family. He was uncle of Herbert Jenner, who captained Cambridge *v.* Oxford in the first match ever played between the sides (1827); and
One Talbot.

There has been preserved a statement concerning Brummell at Eton by one of his school-fellows:

"I was three years at Eton with my old friend Brummell. We were at Dame Young's, and I was the Captain of her house,

in which there were forty boys. All those three most happy years George was my fag. He was a far livelier lad than his handsome brother William; indeed, no one at the school was so full of animation, fun, and wit. He was a general favourite. Our dame, his tutor, and my tutor (the father of the present Head-master, Dr. Hawtrey), and Dr. Goodall, all petted him. You ask me whether he was pugnacious; I do not remember that he ever fought or quarrelled with anyone: indeed, it was impossible for anyone to be more good-natured than he was. With George, afterwards General Leigh, and Lord Late, and Jack Musters, who were all in the same house with us, and Berkeley Craven, a great pickle in his boyish days, and living at Dr. Foster's, and with all his other intimate companions, I never heard of his having a single disagreement. Like them also, he was not in the least studious, but a very *clever* and a very idle boy, and very *frank;* and then, whatever he became afterwards, not in the least conceited, though Nature seemed to have supplied him with a quadruple portion of amusing repartee.

"I recollect nothing about his fondness for athletic exercises, boating, cricket, etc., but I really believe no young Etonian was ever more popular with all his companions than George Brummell, not even excepting his celebrated namesake, George Canning. As head of the house I had two suppers of cold meat and pastry, and a double portion of bread and cheese. No toaster of bread and cheese ever surpassed or even equalled George Brummell; and I speak from experience, as he toasted mine most delicately for three years. When the toasting was over he divided it into two, as equal parts as he could, and I chose mine first. When I divided what he had toasted, he always had the first choice.

"About two years after he had been at Eton, his father, having been informed of some peccadillo he had committed, sent his butler from Donnington with a paternal letter to his eldest son, which began, 'My dear William,' and another to the Beau, commencing, 'George.' George's letter was in other respects a most disagreeable one, intimating as it did the order for his immediate return with all his clothes; his father having determined not to allow him to return again to Eton. Hearing of his trouble I went to his room and found him with the two letters before him: they were wet with tears, which, *parvis componere magna*,

fell, if not like the Falls of Niagara, like those of the Clyde; such a stream of tears I never saw, and have never seen since. 'George,' said I, 'what's the matter?' He could not speak, but, sobbing, pointed first to 'My dear William,' and then to the monosyllable, 'George.' I give you this anecdote as a trait of his being possessed, at least at this time, of a warm heart. His father's relented also, for after the next holidays George reappeared amongst his companions, the most manly boy of them all."

The truth probably as usual is somewhat near the happy mean between the extremes. That he toasted cheese superlatively is agreed by general consensus—it was part of the duties of a fag. That he was interested in dress may be accepted. If his classical attainments were negligible, well, so were those of most of his contemporaries; but at least he picked enough education to write some verses and to compose a good enough letter. He was in the Fifth Form when he left Eton at the end of 1793.

He most probably even in his early days at school had his affectations in speech and manner, but there would seem to have been no harm in them. Even the Whartons do not urge that he had any vicious tendencies. Anyhow, he was certainly popular, and soon became a leader among the boys. Judging from the position he took in society while still a lad in his teens he must have been respected as well as admired. As regards his wit in those days, one story has been preserved. There was a fight between some Eton boys and a bargee. The lads prevailed, and were about to heave the man into the river. Brummell intervened. "My good fellows," he said in his most dandiacal manner, "don't do that. The man is evidently in a great state of perspiration, and it would be almost a certainty that he would catch cold." The boys were convulsed with laughter, and the bargee got away.

This period of Brummell's life is best summed up by William Hepworth, who wrote, in the "Dictionary of National Biography": "At Eton he developed the traits by which he became famous—

social aplomb, readiness of repartee, and fastidious neatness of dress." Brummell also gave many proofs of his good humour and vivacity ; and the hardest thing that could be said about him was uttered by a hard-riding squire who had been at Eton with him : " I knew him well, sir ; he was never flogged ; and a man, sir, is not worth a damn who was not flogged through the school."

Bulwer Lytton, himself a dandy, introduced Brummell into his novel " Pelham " under the name of Russelton, and made him poke fun at himself as a youth : " I came into the world with an inordinate love of glory, and a great admiration of the original. These propensities might have made me a Shakespeare ; they did more—they made me Russelton ! When I was six years old I cut my jacket into a coat, and turned my best petticoat into a waistcoat. I disdained at eight the language of the vulgar ; and when my father asked me to fetch his slippers, I replied that my soul swelled beyond the limits of a lackey's. At nine I was inoculated with propriety of ideas. I rejected malt with the air of His Majesty, and formed a violent affection for Maraschino. Though starving at school, I never took twice of pudding ; and paid sixpence a week out of my shilling to have my shoes blacked."

Even at Eton Brummell became known as " Buck " Brummell, and the appellation clung to him at Oxford, where he entered Oriel College in 1794. It is tolerably certain that he did not apply himself to his studies, but there is a tradition that he made an attempt, or anyhow announced his intention to make an attempt, to win the Newdigate. It is probable, however, that he contented himself with the intention, though, as a matter of fact, he amused himself at various periods of his life with the writing of verses. His father dying later in the year that he went to the University, Brummell without delay left Oxford, which clearly had no attraction for him.

Brummell, although only in his seventeenth year, already sighed for the great world. He had the *entrée* to many houses ; he knew a considerable number of persons of rank and fashion —some he had become acquainted with through his father, others

he had met at Eton and Oxford. He longed to be with these folks, and to be in their set. It would, however, be wrong to write him down toady; he was so far removed from this that he regarded himself, even in his teens, as conferring a favour by his recognition. He was the master, and not the servant, of his vanity. He simply looked at society as the right and fitting background for himself.

Those amiable sermonisers, the Whartons, write that Brummell now having come into a moderate fortune through the death of his father—as a matter of fact, he could not touch it until he came of age—thought how he could best invest it. "He consulted no stockbroker on this weighty point; he did not even buy a shilling book of advice such as we have seen advertised for those who do not know what to do with their money. The question was answered in a moment by the young worldling of sixteen: he would enter into a crack regiment and invest his guineas in the thousand per cents. of fashionable life." It is really almost incredible that people should have written in this strain so late as the sixties of the last century; but let them continue: "The Regent was colonel of a famous regiment of fops—the 10th Hussars. It was the most expensive, the most impertinent, the best-dressed, the worst-moralled regiment in the British Army. Its officers, many of them titled, all more or less distinguished in the trying campaigns of London seasons, were the intimates of the Prince-Colonel. Brummell aspired to a cornetcy in this brilliant regiment, and obtained it; nor that alone; he secured, by his manners, or his dress, or his impudences, the favour and companionship—friendship we cannot say—of the Prince who commanded it."

Actually, Brummell seems to have been made known to the Prince when he was at Eton. As to how His Royal Highness came to make his acquaintance more than one account has been circulated. Brummell had an aunt, a Mrs. Searle, who occupied a small cottage, on the Piccadilly side of the Green Park, with stable accommodation for cows. The story goes that the Prince, accompanied by the beautiful Lady Salisbury, for whom he had

WILLIAM BRUMMELL.
(BROTHER OF "BEAU" BRUMMELL.)

From a painting by Downham in the possession of Mrs. Robinson, of Dullingham House, Newmarket.

a penchant, one day stopped to see the cows milked, and noticed Brummell standing near. Attracted by his bearing and well-groomed appearance, His Royal Highness entered into conversation with the lad, and, hearing that he wished to be a soldier, promised him a commission in his own regiment. This, however, may be dismissed as mythical, for even in the days when George III. was King commissions in crack cavalry regiments were not thus granted. Here it may be mentioned that Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," confirms the relationship between Brummell and Mrs. Searle by recording that the latter said to him:

> "But what is most singular, a striking change took place in my nephew's behaviour; for so soon as he began to mix in society with the Prince, his visits to me became less and less frequent, and now he hardly ever calls to see his old aunt."

It is much more likely that Brummell was presented to the Prince of Wales on one of His Royal Highness's visits to Eton, or that he was taken to Windsor, and there presented; or that the Prince met him at Devonshire House, where, as a lad, he made his first appearance in fashionable society under the kindly auspices of the Duchess.

However it happened, the certain thing is that Brummell was on May 17, 1794, gazetted as cornet in the 10th Hussars. After this the social path was open to him. Among the officers of this famous regiment when Brummell joined it were Lord (Robert) Edward Henry Somerset, third son of Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, who, born in 1776, was cornet in 1793 and captain in the following year; Lord Charles Ker; and Lord Charles Manners, and his younger brother, Lord Robert, sons of the fourth Duke of Rutland, both of whom rose to the rank of general. With these and other brother-officers Brummell was soon on the best terms, and remained so all his life. The Manners especially stood by him and gave him considerable financial aid when he was in need, as will presently be seen from a letter written by him to them in 1816, just after he had fled from his creditors to Calais.

The 10th Hussars in times of peace were usually quartered in the neighbourhood of the Colonel-in-Chief, and consequently they moved frequently from London to Brighton, and from Brighton to London. It was at a review at Brighton that Brummell was thrown from his horse and broke his nose.

Brighton was then as fashionable as the metropolis, thanks to the Prince of Wales's liking for that watering-place, who visited it for the first time when he came of age in 1783. Owing to His Royal Highness's behaviour, and to the fact that there came in his train a most rake-helly crew, the town became a byword for riotous dissipation. "The visit of a certain gay and illustrious character at Brighton has frightened away a number of old maids, who used constantly to frequent that place," so runs a paragraph in the *Morning Herald* for June 28, 1795. "The history of the gallantries of the last season, which is in constant circulation, has something in it so voluminous and tremendous to boot, that the old tabbies shake in their shoes whenever His R——l H——ss is mentioned." Conditions improved somewhat, however, and three years later the Brighton Correspondent of the *Morning Post* wrote: "The Prince of Wales gains many hearts by his great affability and good humour. His company is much better than it used to be, and he is certainly more sparing of his libations to Bacchus.

"Mrs. F——t looks more elegant than ever, one can, indeed, hardly help exclaiming with the army of Mahomet II. when he showed them his Irene—'Such a woman is worth a kingdom!'

"The Prince of Wales has won money on the races—more money than one would wish a Prince of Wales to win."

"Mrs. F——t" was, of course, Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom the Prince had gone through a ceremony of marriage in December, 1785, and who rented a house at Brighton on The Steyne, when His Royal Highness set up his country home in the building known as the Pavilion, and which at the time was described by "Anthony Pasquin": "It is a nondescript monster in building, and appears like a madhouse, or a house run mad, as it hath neither beginning, middle, or end."

As the Prince grew older, he became somewhat more careful of appearances, and saw less of his one-time boon companions—George Hanger, Sir John Lade, and Lord Barrymore and his brothers. He still drank heavily, and had his *affaires*, but he did not intrude his weaknesses so much on the public eye. Brighton was not perhaps much the less rowdy, as the military camps, formed in 1793 and not broken up until three years later, brought about a good deal of disorder. Even after, "the military" remained a feature of the place, and their behaviour left much to be desired. "The officers of the Blues are the great dashers of the place," we read in *The Times*, July 13, 1796. "They associate with no one but their own corps. The most of them keep their blood horses, their curricles, and their girls. At one o'clock they appear on the parade to hear the word of command given to the Subaltern Guard; afterwards they toss off their goes of brandy, dine about five, and come about eight to the theatre. *Vivent l'Amour et Bacchus.*"

There is little to record of Brummell's military service, except that in 1795 he accompanied the escort commanded by Captain Lord Edward Somerset which brought the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick from Greenwich to London to marry the Prince of Wales, and that at the wedding ceremony he was in attendance. It is not on record whether he noticed that the bridegroom was so drunk on that occasion that it was only with the utmost difficulty he was kept from falling to the ground by the Duke of Bedford. Brummell thought Her Royal Highness "a very handsome and desirable-looking woman," and would gladly have seen more of her. From the outset, however, the relations between the Prince and Princess were strained almost to breaking-point, and friends of His Royal Highness were not expected to pay court to his Consort.

Brummell was in high favour with the Prince, and he was so much with him that his attendance upon military duties was negligible. Routine of any kind was abhorrent to him, and he never even mastered the rudiments of drill. The following story may be exaggerated, but it most probably has an element of truth

in it. "He did not even know the troop to which he was attached, and on parade could find it only because one of the men in the front rank had an enormous blue nose," so runs the tale. "During one of his many absences from the regiment, however, alterations were made consequent upon the enrolment of some recruits, and on his return the subaltern, ignorant of the change, arriving late upon parade, galloped along the line until he saw his man. "How now, Mr. Brummell?—you are with the wrong troop!" shouted the angry colonel. The young officer turned in his saddle to assure himself that the blue-nosed trooper was behind him. "No, no," he murmured indignantly, "I know better than that! A pretty thing, indeed, if I did not know my own troop."

In spite of his lack of interest in his profession, he became a captain on June 1, 1796; but his promotion must be attributed solely to the royal favour. Even this did not reconcile him to his lot; he yearned for, so to speak, the comforts of home. He wanted to spend his days and his nights in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street; he desired to have more leisure to pursue his love-affairs—for in these early days he was a great ladies' man. Without being handsome, he was tall, slight, and well-built. Particularly, he objected to the use of hair-powder, which was then compulsory in the army, and for which he had the greatest possible distaste. More than once he hinted to his Colonel-in-Chief that he would like to hand in his papers, but for some time His Royal Highness would not hear of this. Brummell did not force the issue, for he realised how undesirable it would be for him to quarrel with the Prince. In 1798, however, the matter was brought to a head by the regiment being ordered to Manchester. That was too much. He gathered up his courage and told the Prince he really must resign his commission. His Royal Highness hummed and hawed. Soldiers must do their duty, no matter how disagreeable, was the tenour of his discourse, and was waving the business aside, when, with a flash of inspiration, Brummell said sadly, "But *you* will not be there, sir." The request was granted, and Captain Brummell became,

to his exceeding satisfaction, a private citizen. It is only fair to say that the story was told by Brummell himself to a friend who visited him at Caen, who in turn passed it on to Captain Jesse, who printed it. It is more than likely that it was one of the Beau's amiable exaggerations.

One of his brother-officers said humorously, and probably with something of truth, that Brummell was more with the regiment after he had resigned his commission than when he belonged to it, in so far at least that he seldom passed within twenty miles of their quarters without visiting them. It was when paying a call on his friends, then stationed at Canterbury, that he drove up in his carriage with four posters. " Hallo, George ! " cried someone, " when did you take to four horses ? " " Only," said Brummell, " since my valet gave me warning for making him travel with a pair."

CHAPTER II

Brummell comes of age—His patrimony—His reasonable expenditure on dress—The Prince of Wales's extravagance—His London homes—He becomes the leader of the *beaux*—His badinage—Some costumes of the Prince of Wales—Charles James Fox and his neglect of dress—Brummell as the supreme arbiter of fashion—Harriette Wilson.

Brummell came of age on June 7, 1797. His patrimony, which then came into his possession, had, according to Thomas Raikes, increased during his minority to the respectable sum of thirty thousand pounds. On the interest of such an amount it was easy enough at the end of the eighteenth century for a bachelor, even a bachelor moving in fashionable society, to live.

Brummell, it must be remembered, while loving ease and elegance was not a spendthrift. The stories of his extravagance may safely be heavily discounted. He did himself well, but he always continued, until he took to gaming heavily, to live within his income. It was, indeed, the very essence of his social success that he was never in any way ostentatious—except perhaps in speech. He gave no freak repasts costing hundreds of pounds as did his friend Lord Alvanley; nor did he indulge in extravagant entertainments of any kind. Such things he left to others.

The story is often told against him that a lady, whose son was just about to be launched on the town, asked him on what sum the boy could dress. "With strict economy," he replied solemnly, "it might be done for £800 a year." It does not seem to have occurred to several who comment on this that Brummell had his tongue in his cheek. Certainly, he did not spend such an amount annually on clothes, or anything like it.

On the other hand, it is true that the Prince of Wales spent—or owed—a fortune for articles of attire. Batchelor, his valet, who entered his service in 1827, after the death of the Duke of York, whom he had served in the same capacity, said that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations and the consequent journeys from London to Windsor of Davison the tailor, would often cost £300 before it was finally approved. Actually, clothes meant more to George, both as Prince of Wales and as King, than to Brummell. At his death all the coats, vests, breeches, boots, and the rest that he had ever had were in his wardrobes. To the end of his life he remembered all that was there, and could call for any costume he had worn since he grew up. His clothes sold for £15,000, and it is not unreasonable to estimate that they cost at least ten times that amount.

It has been stated that in 1792 Brummell had a *pied-à-terre* at No. 42, Charles Street, which is at the south-west angle of Berkeley Square. It has not been noticed, however, that his father lived in Charles Street, and as it is in the highest degree improbable that a boy of fourteen would have his own chambers, it may be assumed that No. 42 was William Brummell's house, whither young George repaired in the school holidays.

Brummell ran his establishment on reasonable lines and at moderate expense. His furniture was good and well-chosen; his dinners were excellent, but not unduly costly. He kept a couple of hacks for the Park. He also kept hunters at Belvoir, but did not unduly tax their energies. He was always exquisitely attired in the hunting-field, wearing a white cravat and white tops, which he or his valet Robinson introduced; but he could not bear, he said, to have his wonderful tops and bottoms splashed by the greasy, galloping farmers. As a matter of fact, he was anything but a keen sportsman, and it has been cruelly, and perhaps truthfully, said that his greatest achievement with his gun was when at a great shoot at Cleveley, a seat of the Duke of Rutland, the bag was a hundred and fifty brace, he, by his own unaided efforts, added to it two tame pigeons.

Free of the army, Brummell set himself up as a man about

town at No. 4, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, which he made his headquarters until 1809, or the following year, when he moved to No. 24, South Street, Grosvenor Square. At the height of his fame he resided at Chapel Street, which runs from South Audley Street to Park Lane.

Brummell, on establishing himself in London, at once assumed the position of leader of the *beaux*, and to Chesterfield Street came all the men of fashion of the day. His pretensions to this high office were resolutely backed by the Prince of Wales, who was a constant visitor. His Royal Highness called nearly every morning, and had long discussions on dress with the young man, which discussions lasted often until the hour of dinner, when the Prince would condescend to remain and partake of the meal.

Backed by the Prince, Brummell laid down the law on the vital question of attire in no uncertain manner. He ruled his world in a kindly manner, as may a despot whose sway is unchallenged; but he would brook no rival near his throne. Many a one tried a lance with him, only to come wounded out of the fray. Badinage was the young man's weapon, and a nicely calculated insolence was his shield; and so skilful was he in the play of wits that but rarely was he overcome. Like Beau Nash at Bath, Brummell was no respecter of persons. It was not the case of his being first among equals; in his kingdom he was monarch, the rest his subjects.

More than once he reduced the Heir Apparent to despair by caustic comment on his clothes; and on one occasion, Tom Moore has put it on record, the Prince "began to blubber when told that Brummell did not like the cut of his coat."

Again, the Duke of Bedford once asked him his opinion of a new coat. The Beau looked solemnly at his Grace in front, then turned him round, and looked at his back. "Bedford," he said, almost with tears of reproach in his eyes, "do you in all seriousness call that thing a coat?"

Grantley Berkeley relates a companion story to this.

A young sportsman called on Brummell at Chesterfield Street, and was shown into the drawing-room, where a number of the

leading dandies were assembled. Shortly after his arrival, he observed that the entire company was gazing earnestly at him—for what reason he could not imagine.

" My dear fellow," said his host, coming towards him with a look of concern on his face, and looking him carefully over through his eyeglass—" My dear fellow, where did you pick up that extraordinary affair you have put on your back ? I protest I have never seen anything so singular."

The others at once entered into the joke.

" Most singular indeed," said Lord Yarmouth.

" Maybe it's an heirloom," Lord Fife suggested.

" Coeval with Alfred the Great, at least," observed Lord Alvanley.

" Exactly ! " said Lord Wilton.

" Exactly ! " echoed the rest.

" It is not your fault, mine goot sir," Prince Esterhazy said good-humouredly ; " you shall be not to blame, because a devoid-of-conscience-influencing tradesman deceives you when you him the honour do to purchase of him his delusive fabrics."

" Is there anything the matter with my coat ? " the visitor exclaimed, in an agony of confusion.

" Coat ! " exclaimed Brummell.

" Coat ! " cried his friends in chorus.

" For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, don't misapply names so abominably ! " cried the Beau, while everyone continued to scrutinise the garment of their unhappy victim. " It is no more like a coat than it is like a cauliflower—if it is, I'll be damned ! "

To someone who called attention to his shoes. " Shoes ! " said the dandy in amazement, " why, I thought they were slippers ! "

Only his good friend, Lord Robert Manners, defeated Brummell, and that by his simplicity. " Those breeches are not bad," said the Beau condescendingly. " Who made them ? "

" Why, the breeches-maker," replied Lord Robert ingenuously.

A beneficent Providence usually provides the man for the hour, and when fashion wanted remodelling, as it urgently did at

the end of the eighteenth century, there was George Bryan Brummell ready at hand. When he ascended his throne, fashion, so far as men's attire was concerned, was in a parlous condition.

The Prince of Wales, by virtue of his position, had, in his youth, assumed the sovereignty of fashion. The results, it must be confessed, were far from satisfactory, though it is doubtful if, until Brummell came on the scene, he ever realised this, for, apparently, no one stood up to him. His Royal Highness's first exploit in fashion was to wear a new kind of shoe-buckle ! He had thought it all out for himself. It was truly magnificent, and he was very proud of it. It was really something quite new. It was an inch wide, and five inches broad, reaching almost to the ground on either side of the foot. But better was to come. At the first Court ball he attended, he dazzled all beholders with his splendours. His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs, we are told ; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with white coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste ; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in all, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style. Who could resist such a Prince Charming, especially when he was Heir to the Throne ? Having won his laurels, he was spurned to fresh efforts to retain them. When he took his seat in the House of Lords, he wore—nay, surely attired is the word—black velvet, richly embroidered with gold and pink spangles, and lined with pink satin ; his shoes had pink heels ; and his hair was much pressed at the side, and very full frizzed, with two small curls at the bottom. Even at the age of twenty-eight he had not learned restraint, and he dazzled those present at a great ball at Brighton by appearing in a most beautiful-cut velvet suit of a dark colour, with green stripes, superbly embroidered down the front and seams with a broad embroidery of silver flowers intermixed with foil stones ; the waistcoat, white and silver tissue, embroidered like the coat ; the Garter fastened with a shoulder-knot of brilliants, stars, George, etc. " Not for nothing was he called " The First Gentleman of Europe."

Many of the Prince's friends vied with him in splendour of

attire ; and at the Brighton ball Lord Paget ran him close, dressed in striped and spotted velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, and silk and precious stones, over point lace.

Some idea of the general appearance of the *beaux* of that day can be obtained from the following lines :

MONSIEUR *À-LA-MODE*

Take a creature that Nature has formed without brains,
Whose skull naught but nonsense and sonnets contains,
With a mind where conceit with folly's allied,
Set off by assurance and unmeaning pride ;
With commonplace jests for to tickle the ear,
With mirth where no wisdom could ever appear ;
That to the defenceless can strut and look brave,
Although he to cowardice shows he's a slave :
And now for to dress up my *beau* with a grace—
Let a well-frizzled wig be set off from his face,
With a bag quite in taste, from Paris just come,
That was made and tied up by Monsieur Frisson ;
With powder quite grey—then his head is complete—
If dressed in the fashion, no matter for wit ;
With a pretty black beaver under his arm,
If placed on his head it might keep it too warm ;
Then a black solitaire his neck to adorn,
Like those of Versailles, by the courtiers there worn.
His hands must be covered with fine Brussels lace,
With a sparkling brilliant his finger to grace ;
Next a coat of embroidery from foreigners come,
'Twould be quite unpolite to have one wrought at home ;
With cobweb silk stockings his legs to befriend,
Two pair underneath his lank calves to amend ;
With breeches in winter would cause one to freeze,
To add to his height must not cover his knees ;
A pair of smart pumps made up of grained leather,
So that he can't venture to tread on a feather ;
His buckles like diamonds must glitter and shine,
Should they cost fifty pounds they would not be too fine ;

A repeater by Graham, which the hour reveals,
Almost overbalanced with knick-knacks and seals;
A *mouchoir* with musk his spirits to cheer,
Though he scents the whole room that no one can come near;
A gold-hilted sword with jewels inlaid,
So the scabbard's but cane, no matter for blade;
A sword-knot of ribbon to answer his dress.
Most completely tied up with tassels of lace:
Thus fully equipped and attired for show,
Observe, pray ye *belles*, that famed thing called a *Beau*.

Some men of rank and fashion went to the other extreme in the matter of dress, and were careless to a degree about their appearance. This, it may be, was the result of the reaction against the affectations and fopperies of the Macaronis, with their long curls, spying glasses, and embroidered hats. Walpole described Charles James Fox as "strutting up and down St. James's Street in a suit of French embroidery, a little silk hat, red-heeled shoes, and a bouquet nearly large enough for a may-pole." Yet presently no one was more guilty of negligence than Fox, who by his influence almost brought elegance into disrepute. In 1781 he usually wore, in the House of Commons, a blue frock-coat and a buff waistcoat, neither of which, said Sir Nathaniel Wraxall mournfully, seemed, in general, new, and both of which sometimes appeared to be threadbare. But this was by no means the worst of Fox's sartorial crimes. "The Prince of Wales has thrown himself into the arms of Charles, and this in the most indecent and undisguised manner," Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann. "Fox lodged in St. James's Street, and as soon as he rose, held a levée of his followers, and of the members of the Gambling Club at Brooks's, all his disciples. His bristly black person and shaggy breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the Heir to the Throne attend his lessons and imbibe them."

Nathaniel Wraxall makes mention of the prevalence of slovenliness: "That costume which is now confined to the levée or drawing-room was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions, everywhere and every day," he wrote. "Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the Town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons, and the clubs in St. James's Street, it spread through the private assemblies of London. But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never fell till the era of Jacobinism and of Equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair-powder, characterised the men; while ladies (having cut off those tresses which had done so much execution, and one lock of which purloined gave rise to the finest model of mock-heroic poetry which our own, or any other language, can boast) exhibited heads rounded '*à la victime, et à la guillotine*,' as if ready for the stroke of the axe."

Brummell's success as an arbiter of fashion arose from steering a course between over-elaboration of attire on the one hand, and, on the other, utter and deliberate neglect. He found the happy mean. He was such a dandy as no one had dreamt of. He might spend hours in his dressing-room, but that was largely a pose. No one knew better than he did the value of pose, and he employed it to the full limit. He had to impress his followers, and he did so in ways like that. He imposed the legend of himself upon many of his contemporaries, and the myths that he set afoot have come down to this day.

"His morning toilette was a most elaborate affair, thus the Whartons relate. Never was Brummell guilty of *déshabille*. Like a true man of business, he devoted the best and earliest hours—and many of them too—to his profession, namely, dressing. His dressing-room was a studio, in which he daily prepared that

> elaborate portrait of George Brummell which was to be exhibited for a few hours in the club-rooms and drawing-rooms of town, only to be taken to pieces again, and again made up for the evening. . . . The *batterie de toilette*, we are told, was of silver, and included a spitting-dish, for its owner said 'he could not spit into clay.' Napoleon shaved himself, but Brummell was not great enough to do that, just as my Lord So-and-so walks to church on Sunday, while his neighbour, the Birmingham millionaire, can only arrive there in a chariot and pair."

Is not the exaggeration patent to all the world? And how Brummell would have delighted to know that this quaint absurdity, probably forgotten as soon as uttered—"he could not spit into clay"—has survived for more than a century. Equally ridiculous are the "authentic" stories that he employed two men to make his gloves, three barbers to do his hair; that he had his boots polished with champagne; and that it took him a couple of hours to wash.

As a matter of fact, simplicity was Brummell's motto, and "fine linen and country washing" his order of the day. Lord William Pitt Lennox, who, as a lad, saw the great man, was so favourably impressed that he, many years later, could describe his appearance. "Brummell, the undisputed *arbiter elegantiarum*, was termed by the *ignorami* the King of the Dandies; with due submission, I beg to pronounce this a libel," he wrote in an interesting book on "Celebrities I Have Known." "He was anything but a dandy. The term 'dandyism' never could be applied with justice to him; it would be a profanation to couple his name with such an offensive distinction. Of all my acquaintances, he was the quietest, plainest, and most unpretending dresser. Those who remember him in his palmy days will bear testimony to the truth of this assertion; it was the total absence of all peculiarity, and a rigid adherence to the strictest rules of propriety in costume, which gained for him the homage due to his undisputed taste. He eschewed colours, trinkets, and gewgaws; his clothes were exquisitely made, and, above all, adapted to his person; he put them on well, too; but for all this, there

MARIA BRUMMELL, AFTERWARDS MRS. BLACKSHAW.
(SISTER OF "BEAU" BRUMMELL.)

From a painting by Downham in the possession of Mrs. Robinson, of Dullingham House, Newmarket.

was no striving for effect—there was an unusual absence of study in his appearance."

This description may be accepted as in all respects accurate. Brummell had the utmost horror of appearing *outré*. It was not the perfection of this garment or that, but the perfect taste of the whole attire that won for the Beau his fame. The anonymous author of "The Pursuits of Fashion" quizzed him, but he undoubtedly had a sneaking envy for this perfect dandy :

> "But my beautiful taste (as indeed you will guess)
> Is manifest most in my toilet and dress.
> My neckcloth, of course, forms my principal care,
> For by that we criterions of elegance swear,
> And costs me each morning some hours of flurry,
> To make it appear to be tied in a hurry ;
> My top-boots—those unerring marks of a blade—
> With champagne are polished and peach marmalade.
> And a velvet coat, closely copied by Byng,
> And a cluster of seals, and a large diamond ring ;
> And *troisièmes* of buckskin, bewitchingly large,
> Give the finishing strokes to the *parfait ouvrage*."

Avoidance of ostentation was a passion with Brummell. He affected simple things perfectly made, and thereby led the fashion. No one's coat was so well cut ; no one's trousers hung so well—of trousers more anon ; and there were no neckcloths like unto his.

As Mr. Charles Whiteley has expressed it in "The Pageantry of Life," with that delicate irony of which he is a master : "Brummell was so finished a master of his craft that he could always elude notice between Chesterfield Street and White's. And he eluded notice because he fitted the landscape with delicate exactitude. In Regent Street his pantaloons might have cried aloud. They belonged to the scenery of Piccadilly."

It was said to Brummell of a man that he was so well-dressed that people turned round to look at him. "Then," he said, pronouncing judgment, "then he is *not* well-dressed."

Again, "If John Bull turns round to look at you, you are not well-dressed; but either too stiff, too tight, or too fashionable," he remarked to Harriette Wilson, the famous courtesan.

When both he and she were reigning in London in their own spheres, Brummell, of course, like the rest of his set, met her from time to time, used to visit her, and make whimsical overtures to her, which were not, and scarcely pretended to be, serious—"his nonsensical vows and professions," she described them later in her "Memoirs." Here is a specimen of his protestations, duly printed by the lady:

> "Beautiful Harriette, will you admit me into your house? Why so obstinately refuse my visits? Tell me, I do entreat you, when I may but throw myself at your feet, without fear of derision from a public homage on the pavement or dislocation from the passing hackney coaches."

Harriette has, in the "Memoirs," indicated that he was not one of her lovers or a would-be lover. Writing of a masquerade at which she and her sisters were present, she says: "The members of Watier's Club were as attentive to us as though they had all been valets and bred up to their situations like George Brummell, who, by the by, was the only exception. Instead of parading behind our chairs to enquire what we wanted, he sat teasing a lady with a wax mask, declaring that he would never leave her till he had seen her face."

CHAPTER III

Fashion before Brummell—Changes introduced by him—Knee-breeches —Hair-powder—The neckcloth Brummell's great success—"Our Failures"—Exaggeration of modes by Brummell's disciples—"Neckclothitania" quoted—Brummell's tailors—Schweitzer and Davidson—Meyer—Weston—Stulze.

When Brummel was in the army, the man of fashion in the day-time wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a light or buff-coloured waistcoat, leather breeches and top-boots, and in the evening the old-fashioned full frock-coat, bag-wig, solitaire, and ruffles had passed away. Knee-breeches for ordinary wear became things of the past, and pantaloons took their place. The pantaloons, which were invented by Brummell himself, reached to the ankle, and were open over the instep at first. Presently they were joined by loops and buttons, and later strapped under the boot, finally becoming the ordinary trouser of to-day. The evening wear of Brummell was a blue or black coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, silk stockings, and *chapeau bras*.

After Waterloo, knee-breeches disappeared, except on ceremonial occasions. Gronow relates that in 1816 he was invited by Lady Hertford to Manchester House, "to have the honour of meeting His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." He had been with the Army of Occupation in Paris, and he went to the reception dressed *à la Française*—white neckcloth, white waistcoat, black trousers, shoes and silk stockings. He had only been there for a short time when Horace Seymour tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "The great man is very surprised that you should venture into his presence without knee-breeches. He considers

it a want of proper respect for him." Poor Gronow, who was only twenty-two at the time, could do nothing else than retire, which he did feeling vastly abashed, and regarding himself as a marked man. The next day he told his colonel, Lord Frederick Bentinck—his regiment was the 1st Foot Guards—of the unfortunate incident. Lord Frederick laughed, and then comforted him. "Depend upon it, Gronow," he said, "the Prince, who is a lover of novelty, will wear trousers himself before the year is out, and then the laugh will be on your side." Less than a month afterwards His Royal Highness wore trousers at a ball given by Lady Cholmondeley.

Brummell cannot be credited with the abolition in society of powdering the hair, for this custom had been falling into disuse in polite circles since William Pitt, for the purpose of revenue, imposed a tax on it, and the Whigs, to thwart him, abandoned the use of it. In fact, in September, 1795, the Whig leaders met at Woburn, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord William Russell, and others cut off their queues. "Pitt's tax on hair-powder, which was imposed in 1795, had a considerable effect," Lecky noted. "It contained, indeed, a long and curious list of exemptions, which shows how completely the use of hair-powder was looked up as a social necessity. In addition to the Royal Family and their servants, clergymen not possessing a hundred a year, subalterns in the Army, and officers in the Navy under the rank of masters and commanders were exempted, and in families all but the two eldest." The tax was one guinea per person, and Pitt expected a revenue of 210,000 guineas, but in 1812 the tax produced only 46,000 guineas.

The neckcloth requires special mention.

Brummell's greatest triumph was his neckcloth. The neckcloth was then a huge clinging wrap, worn without stiffening of any kind, and so bagging out in the front: Brummell, in a moment of inspiration such as rarely comes to a man in a lifetime, decided to have his starched. The conception was, indeed, a stroke of genius. But genius, in this case, had to be backed by infinite pains. What labour must Brummell and his

valet, Robinson—himself a character—have expended on experiments to discover the exact amount of stiffening that would produce the best result, and how many hours for how many days must they have worked together in private, before disclosing the invention to the world of fashion. Even later, most mornings could Robinson be seen coming out of the Beau's dressing-room with masses of crumpled linen on his arms—"Our failures," he would say to the assembled company in the outer room. An eye-witness of Brummell's toilet let Captain Jesse, many years later, into the secret of the tying of the neckcloth; and he, kind man, handed down the method by which the result was attained: "The collar, which was always fixed to the shirt, was so large that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded."

The sensation that Brummell made when he first appeared in his starched neckcloth was tremendous. It must have rewarded him amply for all the toil and moil. What was a shoebuckle five inches wide to a stiffened cravat? It was as a China orange to all Golconda! Nothing else was talked of for a few days in polite circles. The clubs were sparsely occupied, all the members were at home practising before the looking-glass. Yet in spite of the most assiduous practice, no one ever quite equalled the effect obtained by the inventor of the starched neckcloth. Indeed, at the beginning, many of Brummell's disciples went so much further in the matter of stiffness as nearly to bring the new fashion into ridicule. In fact, it might have been laughed out of court, save for a timely rebuke of the Beau, delivered with devastating effect to Lord Worcester, who was wearing an absurd caricature of the new neckwear.

"Is Lord Worcester here?" he asked a waiter at dinner one

night, without turning round, although the nobleman was seated next but one to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the attendant.

After an interval, Brummell said, "Is his lordship ready?"

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter.

"Then tell him I drink his health," said Brummell without turning his head.

Tom Moore, too, later came to Brummell's rescue, by poking fun at the extremists in "The Fudge Family in Paris":

"They've made him a dandy;
A thing you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd;
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist,
Quite a new sort of creature, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads so immovably stuck in shirt collars,
That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them
To twirl when the creatures wish to look round them."

The neckcloth found its way into many books. John Conny, in his "Satirical View of London," published in 1801, makes special mention of it:

"The beaux, indeed, are not altogether so effeminate as they appeared last winter. The trousers are not so complete an imitation of the loose drapery of the petticoat as formerly; nor are their collars stuffed so full as to give the appearance of a *crick*. They have not, however, divested themselves of that ridiculous severity of look which they assume in order to appear *men of spirit and consequence*, or that conceited air which seems to say: 'I'm a very elegant fellow, ain't I?'"

Such a hold did the neckcloth take on all classes that an anonymous writer wrote a satirical brochure, called "Neckclothitania," of which (it having been out of print for more than a century) some portions may be reprinted here:

"ORIENTAL TIE

"The Oriental Tie, is made with a very stiff and rigid cloth, so that there cannot be the least danger of its yielding or bending to the exertions and sudden twists of the head and neck.—Care should be taken, that not a single indenture or crease should be visible in this tie; it must present a round, smooth, and even surface—the *least* deviation from this rule, will prevent its being so named.

"This neck-cloth ought not to be attempted, unless full confidence and reliance can be placed in its stiffness.—It must not be made with coloured neck-cloths, but of the most brilliant white. It is this particular tie which is alluded to in the following lines:

> "'There, had ye marked their neck-cloth's *silvery* glow,
> Transcend the Cygnet's towering crest of snow.'

"I shall here relate a laughable anecdote, which was occasioned by one of these ties.

"Young T——e and S——m was invited to dinner by an old aunt of T——e's, a lady quite of the old school, stiff and formal in her manners, and of remarkably small stature. On entering the room T——e took his friend, who was about at least six foot three, to introduce him to the lady of the house. S——m had an oriental tie on and consequently was very much erected, and

> "'His head bridled up like a four-in-hand leader.'

"He was advancing therefore to the nearest *visible* female figure; but was suddenly and certainly, most unexpectedly stopped in his career, by stumbling against, and falling over T——e's poor old aunt, whom he had hitherto not seen. He was precipated headlong into the lap of the dowager, who equally imperceptibly to him, was sitting on a low ottoman admiring a large and very beautiful jar full of water, wherein flowers had lately been kept, and which falling out of the old lady's hands discharged its unsavoury contents upon the head of a little foreign baron, who *en passant* be it mentioned, had employed himself at his toilet a full hour, to make his hair *à la russe*, and was at that instant, assiduously occupied in picking up her pocket

handkerchief. The natural consternation produced by such an incident, will be better imagined than described. . . .

"Mathematical Tie

"The Mathematical Tie (or Triangular Tie), is far less severe than the former—there are three creases in it. One coming down from under each ear, till it meets the kust or bow of the neckcloth, and a third, in an horizontal direction, stretching from one of the side indentures to the other. The height, that is how far, or near the chin is left to the wearer's pleasure, recollecting, however, that the nearer it is to the chin, the longer of course it will be, and consequently the reverse, if it is distant from it. This tie does not occasion many accidents. The colour best suited to it, is that called *couleur de la cuisse d'une nymphe émue*. . . .

"Osbaldeston Tie

"The Osbaldeston Tie differs greatly from most of the others. This neck-cloth is first laid on the back of the neck; the ends are then brought forward and tied in a large knot, the breadth of which must be at least four inches, and two inches deep. This tie is very well adapted for summer; because instead of going round the neck twice, it confines itself to once. The best colours are ethereal azure.

"Napoleon Tie

"Why this particular Tie was called Napoleon, I have not yet been able to learn, nor can I even guess, never having heard that the French Emperor was famous for making a Tie—I have, indeed, heard it said, that he wore one of this sort on his return from Elba, and on board the *Northumberland*, but how far this information is correct, I do not know. It is first laid as in the former, on the back of the neck, the ends being brought forward, and crossed without tying, and then fastened to the braces, or carried under the arms and tied on the back. It has a very pretty appearance, giving the wearer a languishingly amorous look. The violet color, and *la couleur des lèvres d'amour* are the best suited for it.

" American Tie

" The American Tie differs little from the Mathematical, except that the collateral indentures do not extend so near to the ear, and that there is no horizontal or middle crease in it. The best color is Ocean Green.

" Mail Coach Tie

" The Mail Coach or Waterfall, is made by tying it with a single knot, and then bringing one of the ends over, so as completely to hide the knot, and spreading it out, and turning it down in the waistcoat. The neck-cloth ought to be very large to make this Tie properly—It is worn by all stage-coachmen, guards, the *swells* of the *fancy*, and Ruffians. To be quite the thing, there should be no starch, or at least very *little* in it—A Kushmeer shawl is the best, I may even say, the only thing with which it can be made.

" Trone d'Amour Tie

" The *trone d'Amour* is the most austere after the Oriental Tie—It must be extremely well stiffened with starch. It is formed by one single horizontal dent in the middle. Color, *Yeux de jeune fille en extase.*

" Irish Tie

" This one resembles in some degree the Mathematical, with, however, this difference, that the horizontal indenture is placed *below* the point of junction formed by the collateral creases, instead of being above. The color *Cerulean Blue.*

" Ball Room Tie

" The Ball Room Tie when well put on is quite delicious—It unites the qualities of the Mathematical and Irish, having two collateral dents and two horizontal ones, the one above as in the former, the other below as in the latter—It has no knot but is fastened as the Napoleon. This should never of course be made with colors, but with the purest and most brilliant *blanc d' innocence virginale.*

"HORSE COLLAR TIE

"The Horse Collar has become, from some unaccountable reason, very universal. I can only attribute it to the inability of its wearers to make any other. It is certainly the worst and most vulgar, and I should not have given it a place in these pages, were it not for the purpose of cautioning my readers, from ever wearing it—It has the appearance of a great half-moon, or horse-collar—I sincerely hope it will soon be dropped entirely—*nam super omnes vitandum est.*

"HUNTING TIE

"The Hunting or Diana Tie, (not that I suppose Diana ever *did* wear a Tie) is formed by two collateral dents on each side, and meeting in the middle, without any horizontal ones—It is generally accompanied by a crossing of the ends, as in the Ball Room and Napoleon. Its color *Isabella*—This cloth is worn sometimes with a Gordian knot.

"MAHARATTA TIE

"The Maharatta, or Nabog Tie, is very cool, as it is always made with fine muslin neck-cloths. It is placed on the back of the neck, the ends are then brought forward, and joined as a chain-link, the remainder is then turned back, and fastened behind. Its color, *Eau d'Ispahan.*"

So great was the vogue of Brummell that all the leading tradesmen sighed for his custom. It was worth a fortune for any business house for the Beau to be seen at full noon entering its portals. Tailors especially desired his patronage, and those who secured it must have felt tempted to display a sign bearing the legend: "By Appointment to George Brummell."

Brummell at first went to the Cork Street tailors, Schweitzer & Davidson, who were pets of the Prince of Wales. Then he went to Mayer, of Conduit Street. Ultimately he carried his custom to Weston, who was in a small way of business in Old Bond Street, but, with this august patronage, became a leading

house in the trade.' "That fellow Weston is an inimitable fellow—a little defective perhaps in his linings, but irreproachable for principle and buttonholes," Brummell told Tom Raikes. "He came to London, sir, without a shilling, and he controls more realised thousands than our fat friend does 'frogs' on his 'Brandenburg.' He is not only rich, but brave; not only brave, but courteous; not only courteous, but candid. The other day he was coming up from some damned place on the coast by that thing, the—the—stage-coach. There were two women in the coach, two deucedly pretty women, and an over-dressed fellow, who was, of course, an ass; and who was so over-civil to the prettier of the two, that the persecuted creature appealed to quaint little Weston for protection. Weston, sir, talked to the fellow, with an *aplomb* that would have done honour to either of my friends, the Lord Primate or the Lord Chancellor. The brute —not the tailor, but the 'gentleman'—was deaf to remonstrance, and ruder than ever. Thereupon Weston, without losing his self-possession, stopped the coach, dragged the astonished fellow out, explained to the outside passengers the state of the case, and found his challenge to fight received with acclamation by everybody but his designated opponent. He compelled his unwilling adversary, however, to stand upon the defensive, and a most terrible thrashing he gave him. But his *coup de grace* was the most finishing thing I ever heard of. Weston picked him up from the ground, held him at arm's length, and, in a cruel loud voice, exclaimed to him: 'Now, sir, it may be a pleasure to you and to your friends to know that you have not only been well licked, but you have been licked by a tailor!' . . . From this time forth I shall religiously pay my tailor's bills. The act of Weston has glorified the profession!"

Stulze was a tailor with a considerable following, but it is doubtful if Brummell ever patronised him. According to Lytton, in "Pelham," Russelton (that is, Brummell) disapproved of him. "Stulze aims at making *gentlemen*, not *coats*," he is made to say; "there is a degree of aristocratic pretension in his stickes which is vulgar to an appalling degree. You can tell a Stulze

coat anywhere, which is quite enough to damn it : the moment a man is known by an invariable cut, and that not original, it ought to be all over with him. Give me the man who makes the tailor, not the tailor who makes the man." In spite of this condemnation, however, Stulze found plenty of customers, and amongst them the Duke of Wellington. He came from Baden, and spent much of the fortune he made on good works in that city. Ultimately, as a reward for having built and endowed a hospital there, the Grand Duke created him a baron.

CHAPTER IV

The clubs of London, then and now—Brummell a member of Brooks's and White's—The history of these clubs—The bow-window at White's—Fox and Brooks's—The Prince of Wales resigns from Brooks's—The Cocoa Tree—The Duke of Norfolk—Byron—Boodle's—Half-bottles—Watier's—"The Dandy Club"—The Alfred Club.

If Brummell was a great man in society, he was even more powerful in the clubs. Women admired him, but men almost reverenced him.

It is a little difficult to-day to realise what club-land was like at the end of the eighteenth century. Nowadays, everyone has his club—the workman, the tradesman, the merchant, the professional classes. Then, clubs were few, and membership was very carefully guarded and reserved for those who had a well-defined position in society, or, at least, as Disraeli put it, a title, a genius, or a million. Then, clubs gave no cachet to the members, nor, indeed, the members to the clubs—because they were all of the same family and, so to speak, *hof-fähig*. Some time later, to belong to one of some half-dozen clubs carried with it a social position about equal to that confirmed by an earldom. Now, owing to the changed conditions, there are not more than two or three that have been able to preserve this exclusiveness. The total membership of London clubs at the present time cannot easily be estimated, but it must exceed one million and a quarter; at the end of the eighteenth century it may, all told, have amounted to some twelve hundred. Then the members lived within a stone's-throw of their clubs, except, of course, the country gentlemen, who, however, when staying in London,

invariably put up in the districts of Mayfair or St. James. The club was an integral part of the life of the fashionable man, and every day he spent many hours there. Indeed, there was little for him to do, except pay calls, visit his club, and go to receptions or balls. Sport in London was not to be had. We hear little of football, and not much of cricket, and nothing at all of golf—which game certainly had not penetrated south of the Trent; and polo and tennis were practically unknown. The club was the thing. If you needed a game of cards, you went to the club. If you wanted food, you went to the club. The restaurant habit had not yet come into being. In fact, there were no restaurants at all, except here and there a coffee-room attached to an hotel.

There was much ceremonial about the clubs, and a man would as lief sit down to dinner in his nightdress as in morning attire; actually, indeed, he would not have been admitted to the coffee-room in such garb. The mere thought of such an outrage recalls the story of Beau Nash, the undisputed dictator of Bath in the early years of the eighteenth century. One evening a gentleman, just off a journey, entered the ball-room at the Assembly Rooms, wearing boots and spurs, and carrying a whip. The Master of the Ceremonies, Nash himself, went to the newcomer, and, after welcoming him to Bath, with mock humility begged humbly to remind him of something he had forgotten to bring with him to the ball-room. "Why, what is that?" asked the visitor innocently. "Why, sir," thundered Nash, "I see that you have got your boots, spurs, and whip, but you have unfortunately in a fit of absent-mindedness left your horse outside."

The two leading clubs were White's and Brooks's, and when Brummell first came upon the town these already had a history.

Needless to say, Brummell was a member of each of these institutions. On resigning his commission in the 10th Hussars, he was elected a member of White's Club. In the privately-printed "Memorials of Brooks's, MDCCLXIV.-MCM.," there is an entry, "Mr. Brummell. Proposer and Seconder, Mr. Fawkener. Date of Election, 2 April, 1799." Mr. E. Fawkener himself had been elected a member a quarter of a century earlier,

on the nomination of Mr. Fitzpatrick. Brummell's first biographer, Captain Jesse, mentions that the Beau was " ' declined,' as it is delicately expressed in the ledger of the Club, in May, 1816." It is worthy of mention, however, that at Brooks's " declined " has the identical signification of " resigned," which course Brummell took after his flight to Calais.

White's Club derived its name from White's Chocolate House, which opened its doors in 1698. It was situated five doors on the west side of St. James's Street, coming up from the Palace, but the house being in 1733 destroyed by fire, it was removed a few doors higher up by Arthur, the proprietor, who later founded the club to which he gave his name. The incident of the fire was the subject of Plate VI. of Hogarth's " Rake's Progress," representing a room at White's, where the entire devotion to the game they were playing is expressed by the inattention to the alarm of fire given by the watchmen, who are bursting open the door.

The Chocolate House became a private club some time after its inception, and in 1736 numbered among its members the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Rockingham, Sir John Cope, General Churchill, Bubb Dodington (afterwards Lord Melcombe), and Colley Cibber. It had even in those days secured notoriety owing to the gambling that took place within its doors, and fortunes were sometimes won, and more often lost, there. Pope refers to this in " The Dunciad " :

> " Or chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
> Teach oaths to gamblers, and to nobles wit."

So popular was White's in 1745, and so long the waiting list of candidates for membership, that a second club was established under the same roof. This was called the Young Club, to distinguish it from the original institution, which then became known as the Old Club. As the rules were the same in each case, the members drawn from the social class, it became the custom when a vacancy occurred in the Old Club to fill it with a member of the Young Club.

It was in 1755 that the two clubs moved to No. 38, St. James's

Street, where White's is still housed. The building has, of course, since then been altered.

"As time went on, the club-house of White's underwent considerable alteration," Mr. Ralph Nevill and Mr. Jerningham have recorded. "In 1811, for instance, it was resolved to remove the entrance by converting the second window from the bottom of the house into a door, and to enlarge the morning-room by taking in the old entrance hall. This gave room for an additional window. The old doorway was utilised for this purpose, and the famous 'Bow Window at White's' was built out over the entrance steps, which may still be seen supporting it.

"Even so late as February 15, 1769, the following rule was made by the Old Club :

"It was this night agreed by a majority of nineteen balls, that every member of this club who is in the billiard-room at the time supper is declared upon table shall pay his reckoning, if he does not sup at the Young Club."

The Old Club and the Young Club at White's were not amalgamated until 1780 or 1781.

Even White's, however, had its ups and downs, and George Selwyn, in his letter to Lord Carlisle, from time to time uttered a grumble :

July 4, 1769 : "Almack's is extinct. I am writing from White's, which I have longed was so, too."

July 1, 1774 : "White's begins to crumble away very fast, and would be a melancholy scene to those who remained if they cared for any one person but themselves."

May 21, 1781 : "Our Club at White's commence à tomber ; la grande presse n'est pas ; c'est un asyle toujour pour les caducs, et pour ceux qui n'ont pas une passion décidée pour le jeu."

Originally a Tory club, White's soon abandoned politics and became entirely social. It was a great supper place, but its particular lure was the facility it provided for gaming. Whist was played, not always for very heavy stakes ; but whist was voted dull by many members, who "plunged" at hazard, faro, and other games of pure chance. Lord Carlisle lost £15,000 at a

sitting ; and Sir John Bland, his entire fortune—to mention only two instances.

The most palmy days of White's were when Brummell was at the height of his fame. Brummell took possession of the bow-window, and only his own set ventured to sit in it, much to the indignation of Colonel Sebright, who said : " Damn the fellows ! They are upstarts, and only fit for the society of tailors." They wore their hats, and looked unseeing at the passers-by. There might be seen the Duke of Argyll, Lord Worcester, Lord Foley, Lord Alvanley, John Mills—whom Brummell could not abide, and who returned the dislike with interest ; Henry Pierrepoint, Lord de Ros, Charles Standish, Edward Montagu, Henry Aston, Lord Sefton, Colonel " Dan " Mackinnon, and George Dawson Damer.

When the bow-window was being enlarged that writer of agreeable society verse, Henry Luttrell, thought the fact worth recording in his " Advice to Julia "—so noticeable a feature was it in the social life of the day.

Shot from yon *Heavenly Bow* at White's,
No critic arrow now alights
On some unconscious passer-by,
Whose cape's an inch too low or high ;
Whose doctrines are unsound in hat,
In boots, in trousers, in cravat.
On him who braves the shame and guilt
Of gig or Tilbury ill-built ;
Sports a barouche with panels darker
Than the last shade turned out by Barker,
Or canters with an awkward seat
And badly mounted, up the street.
No laughs confounds the luckless girl
Whose stubborn hair disdains to curl,
Who, large in foot, and long in waist,
Shows want of *blood*, as well as taste ;
Silenced awhile that dreadful battery
Whence never issued sound of flattery ;
That whole artillery of jokes,
Levelled point-blank at humdrum folks !

Brummell in his inimitable way parodied the exclusiveness of White's.

A country gentleman once reproached him for not having afforded his son, who had lately come to London, all the assistance he might have given him in the matter of introducing him in society. "Really, I did all I could for the young fellow," said the Beau, much hurt by the accusation; "I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's."

Again, when someone pressed Brummell to repay a loan of five hundred pounds:

"I paid you," he remarked.

"Paid me!" said the other, astonished. "Why, when?"

"Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'How do you do?'"

There is also the following well-known story—which is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre* as has been done by some writers devoid of a sense of humour:

"Brummell," said a member of White's, "your brother William is in town; is he not coming here?"

"Oh, yes, in a day or two," replied the Beau; "but I have recommended him to walk the back streets until his new clothes come home."

Brooks's arose out of Almack's Club, which latter was established opposite Marlborough House, at No. 5, Pall Mall, in 1765 by a Scotsman, Maccall, who called himself Almack. There were twenty-seven original members, including the Duke of Roxburgh, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Strathmore, John (afterwards Baron) Crewe, and Charles James Fox. Some of the rules have been preserved, and may well be reprinted here:

> "21. No gaming in the eating-room, except tossing up for reckonings, on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present.
>
> "22. Dinner shall be served up exactly at half-past four o'clock, and the bill shall be brought in at seven.
>
> "26. Almack shall sell no wines in bottles that the Club approves of, out of the house.

"30. Any member of this Society that shall become a candidate for any other Club (Old White's excepted,) shall be *ipso facto* excluded, and his name struck out of the book.

"40. That every person playing at the new guinea table do keep fifty guineas before him.

"41. That every person playing at the twenty guinea table do not keep less than twenty before him."

It is to the credit of Almack's that no less a person than Gibbon, the historian, liked it. "Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth," he wrote on June 24, 1776. "The style of living though somewhat expensive is exceedingly pleasant; and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and rational society than in any other club to which I belong."

Brooks, a wine-merchant and money-lender, who took over Almack's in 1778, moved it to the premises it still occupies on the west side of St. James's Street. Henceforth it was known by his name. The premises in Pall Mall were then occupied by another club, Goosetree's, which had only twenty-five members, amongst whom were William Pitt, who used it a great deal; Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Lords Euston, Chatham, Graham, Duncannon, Althorp, Apsley, G. Cavendish, and Lennox; Messrs. Eliot, Sir Andrew St. John Bridgeman (afterwards Lord Bradford), Morris Robinson (afterwards Lord Rokeby), R. Smith (afterwards Lord Carrington), W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), Pepper Arden (afterwards Lord Alvanley), Mr. Edwards, Mr. Marsham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Thomas Steele, General Smith, Mr. Windham.

Brooks's in politics was Whig as White's, as has been said, was for some time Tory in complexion, but unlike the latter institution it has remained political. It started with one hundred and fifty members at the modest subscription of four guineas; in 1791 the number had increased to four hundred and fifty, and a quarter of a century later there were five hundred and fifty

names on the books. At one time there was a rule that a member who joined any other club except White's would be struck off the list of members.

Brooks himself was father and mother of the club to which he had given his name. If Charles James Fox gave a supper-party at his rooms nearby, Brooks it was who must provide the wine:

"Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
And know I've brought the best champagne from Brookes,
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Was any member of the club in financial straits, Brooks hastened to the rescue:

"Alas! that Brookes, returned to dust,
Should pay at length the debt that we,
Averse to parchment, mortgage, trust,
Shall pay when forced—as well as he.
And die so poor, too! He whose trade
Such profit cleared by draught and deed
Though pigeons called him murmuring Brookes,
And dipped their bills in him at need,
At length his last conveyance see,
Each witness as mournful as a brother,
To think that this world's mortgagee
Must suffer judgment in another!
Where no appeal to courts can rest,
Reversing a supreme decree;
But each decision stands confessed
A final precedent *in re*."

In fact, Brooks's generosity nearly ruined him, and at his death in 1782 he was in poor circumstances. Yet Brooks went so far as to insert in his will a clause that in no circumstance

should any member of Brooks's be asked for money owing to the estate.

Fox was, perhaps, the most distinguished member, certainly the most beloved. He used the club at once as his house and as the seat of a debating society. There it was that, surrounded by his adherents and disciples, he would plan out his parliamentary campaigns. "I stayed at Brooks's this morning till between two or three," George Selwyn wrote to Lord Carlisle, on March 21, 1782, "and then Charles was giving audiences in every corner of the room, and that idiot [Lord Derby ?] telling aloud whom he should turn out, how civil he intended to be to the Prince, and how rude to the King." Other members were (or had been) Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Horace Walpole, William Wilberforce, Sheridan, Anthony Morris Storer, Lord Carlisle, James ("Fish") Crauford, James Hare, and that Duke of Queensberry who is still known as "Old Q." The Prince of Wales, too, was a member, but resigned when two of his intimates, Sir Banastre Tarleton and Admiral John Willett Payne, were blackballed. Of the gambling at this institution something presently will be said.

There were other clubs, but with these Brummell had little or no connexion; they can be dismissed briefly.

The Cocoa Tree Private Club at No. 64, St. James's Street, derived from the chocolate house of the same name, which was established early in the eighteenth century. It is mentioned by Defoe: "A Whig will no more go to the 'Cocoa Tree' or 'Ozenda's,' than a Tory will be seen at the St. James's." It was the headquarters of the Jacobite Party in Parliament, as so indicated in a letter from Horace Walpole to George Montagu: "The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and drive it till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree,'" Gibbon, in the sixties of the eighteenth century, was a member. "I dined at the Cocoa Tree with ——, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real humour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him.

We went thence to the play ('The Spanish Friar'); and when it was over retired to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty—or thirty, perhaps—of the first men in the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of King's counsellors and lords of the bedchamber, who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."

Though the Cocoa Tree was not in the first flight, the Prince of Wales was a member. It was one of the favourite haunts of "Jockey," the nickname of Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk; and Byron is said to have been a frequent visitor, though apparently he was not a member. "I belonged, or belong, to the following clubs or societies: to the Alfred, to the Cocoa Tree, to Watier's, to the Union, to Racket's (at Brighton), to the Pugilistic, to the Owls, or 'Fly by Night,' to the *Cambridge* Whig Club, to the Harrow Club, Cambridge, and to one or two private clubs, to the Hampden Political Club, and to the Italian Carbaonari, etc., etc., 'though last, *not least*.'" Byron noted in his "Detached Thoughts": "I got into all these, and never stood for any other—at least to my own knowledge. I declined being proposed to several others; though pressed to stand candidate." However, the list seems sufficient.

Boodle's, which was at first known as the Savoir Faire, had, from 1762, its home at No. 28, St. James's Street, where it is still housed. Mason makes a reference to it in his "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers":

> "So when some John his dull invention racks
> To rival Boodle's dinners or Almack's,
> Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
> Three roasted geese, three buttered apple pies."

The Union Club dates back to 1805, when its premises were at

Cumberland House. Its first chairman was Lord Headford. It was strictly non-political. Under the direction of George Raggett, the manager of White's, who took on the post in 1807, it was set upon a sound footing. It has already been said that Byron was a member (from 1812), and so were the Duke of York and the Duke of Sussex, who both used it freely. Mr. Ralph Nevill and Mr. Charles Edward Jermingham, in their admirable anecdotal account of " London Clubs," tell a story concerning the Union that is too good not to filch :

> " Many gourmets belonged to it. Amongst them was Sir James Aylott, a two-bottle man, who was one day shocked to observe James Smith (part author of ' Rejected Addresses ') with half a pint of sherry before him. After eyeing the modest bottle with contempt, Aylott at last burst out with : ' So I see you have taken to those d——d life preservers.' "

This recalls another story, though its date is many years later. At perhaps the most famous Scottish clubs there was a strong desire on the part of members that " half-bottles " should be obtainable. The chairman, an autocrat, and a valiant fellow with the bottle, would not pander to this effeminate desire, and whenever the question was mooted at committee meetings he, year after year, contrived to counter it. Once, however, after a visit to London, when the motion was again brought forward, to the general astonishment he no longer opposed it : " I have come to the conclusion," he explained, " that there are occasions when one has had a bottle one does not always want another—sometimes half-bottles are enough."

Watier's Club was established at No. 81, Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Row. The house had, according to one account, been used for some time past for harmonic meetings, organised by, among others, John Maddocks and Lord Headford. One day at Carlton House, Sir Thomas Stapley was complaining to the Prince of the house-dinners given at White's and Brooks's : " The eternal joint and beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple tart. That is what we have, sir, and very

monotonous fare it is." His Royal Highness, agreeing, inclined to be sympathetic. He invited his chef, Watier, to found a club, where special attention should be given to the cuisine. Watier liked the idea, and found that, the harmonic meetings at No. 81, Piccadilly, having proved unattractive, that house was in the market, and promptly secured it. Madison, the Prince of Wales's page, was appointed manager; and Labourier, one of the cooks from Carlton House, became the chef. "The destination of the Club was soon changed," Raikes wrote in his "Journal." "The dinners were so *recherchés* and so much talked of in town that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles."

Watier's, launched under the highest patronage, became at once fashionable, and there was much heartburning concerning elections for members. It is not known whether the Prince of Wales was a member—anyhow, he does not seem to have used it, but his brother, the Duke of York, joined it. It became the club of the beaux, actually rivalling White's. No less a person than Brummell was its perpetual president. "In my time," Byron wrote to Lady Blessington, "Watier's was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member; at the time, too, of its greatest glory, when Brummell, and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepoint, gave the Dandy Balls; and we (the club, that is) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden for Wellington."

Byron not only liked the club, but liked the dandies themselves. "They were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis Horace Twiss, and the like, damnably," he wrote. "They persuaded Madame de Staël that Alvanley had a hundred thousand a year, etc., etc., till she praised him to his *face* for his *beauty!* and made a set at him for Albertine

(*Libertine*, as Brummell baptised her, though the poor girl was, and is, as correct as maid or wife can be, and very amiable withal), and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great one, at four-and-twenty. I had gamed and drank, and taken degrees in most dissipations; and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together. I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man (except *two others*, both men of the world, M. and S.) in it."

Beginning so well, Watier's might have become a permanent institution, but gaming there became so heavy that few could stay the pace, and in 1817, shortly after Brummell "withdrew" to France, it closed its doors. Watier's was one of the clubs at which in his later days in England Brummell played, and thereby hangs an amusing story:

One day when he had lost considerably, he called to the waiter, with a tragic air, for a flat candlestick and a pistol, upon which one of the members (Bob Bligh, a madman) produced from his coat-pocket two loaded pistols, and placing them on the table, said: "Mr. Brummell, if you really wish to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter."

The year after the establishment of Watier's, the Alfred Club was founded at No. 23, St. James's Street. It was at once a great success, and it has been said that in 1811 there were three hundred and fifty-four candidates on its waiting list. It survived for fifty years. It was more serious minded than the other clubs of the day, many men of letters and political folk belonged to it, and also numerous clergymen. "I stood it as long as I could," Lord Alvanley once humorously explained his resignation to a friend, "but when the seventeenth bishop was proposed—and elected—I gave it up. I really could not enter the place without being reminded of my catechism." It was not everyone's taste, but John William Ward (afterwards first Earl

of Dudley) has a good word for it. "I am glad you mean to come into the Alfred this time," he wrote to the Bishop of Llandaff. "We are the most abused, and most envied, and most canvassed society that I know of, and we deserve neither the one or the other distinction. The club is not so good a resource as many respectable persons would believe, nor are we by any means such quizzes or such bores as the wags pretend. A duller place than the Alfred there does not exist. I should not choose to be quoted for saying so, but the bores prevail there to the exclusion of every other interest. They read the *Morning Post* and the *British Critic*. It is the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs. But they are civil and quiet. You belong to a much better club already. The eagerness to get into it is prodigious." Byron, who was a member, liked it well enough, and said of it that "it was pleasant, a little too sober and literary, and bored with Sotheby and Francis D'Ivernois; but one met Rich, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other pleasant or known people; and it was, in the whole, a decent resource in a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or Parliament, or in an empty season."

CHAPTER V

Brummell popular with women—Harriet, Lady Granville—Mme. la Baronne de Borno—Lady Hester Stanhope—Correspondence—The Duchess of York an intimate of Brummell—"Monk" Lewis—"Kang Cook"—Col. Armstrong—The kindness of the Duchess to Brummell when in distress.

BRUMMELL was as popular with women as with men. Apparently at one time Harriet, Lady Granville, had no use for him, for she wrote in 1812 to a friend: "Mr. Brummell *se fait pluiôt attendre que désirer*. I feel it a matter of perfect indifference whether he arrives at any moment, or not at all." However, when she came to know him better, her sentiment changed.

He certainly had an attraction for women, and even in his later days made many friends, and had many admirers, among them. There was at Calais, for instance, Madame la Baronne de Borno, wife of a Russian officer then in England. "Approving and inviting are her frequent smiles as she looks into my window from the garden walk," he confided to Raikes, "but I have neither spirits nor inclination to improve such flattering overtures."

Brummell was certainly once on the verge of matrimony, but, for some reason or other that has not been disclosed, the idea was negatived by the girl's relatives. He was, perhaps, not very serious in his flirtations.

"I must leave here this morning," he said unexpectedly to his host when staying at a country-house.

"But," the other expostulated, "you were not going until the end of the week."

"True, quite true," the Beau concurred, "but I really must be off."

His host, however, was not satisfied, and plied him with questions until at last Brummell, in desperation, blurted out:

"Well, the fact is I am in love with your wife."

"Why, my dear fellow, so was I twenty years ago," remarked the lady's husband, hoping thus to put his guest at his ease. Then a thought struck him, and he inquired:

"Is she in love with you?"

"I—I believe she is."

"That alters the case," the host said with decision. "I will send for your post-horses immediately."

Brummell, then, had his affairs, but he was not a marrying man. It may be that he felt as later did Beau Austin, of whom Miss Foster said to her niece: "The attentions of a man like Mr. Austin, child, are not supposed to lead to matrimony. He is a feature of society: an ornament: a personage: a private gentleman by birth, but a kind of king by habit and reputation. What woman could he marry? Those to whom he might properly aspire are all too far beneath him. I have known George Austin too long, child, and I understand that the very greatness of his success condemns him to remain unmarried."

He made many friends among women, but his success with them was not due primarily to his looks. There are two accounts extant of his appearance. Harriette Wilson wrote:

> "He was extremely fair, and the expression of his countenance far from disagreeable. His person, too, was rather good; nor could anybody find fault with the lustre of all those who, for years, had made it a rule to copy the cut of Brummell's coat, the shape of his hat, or the tie of his neckcloth: for all this was in the very best possible style. No perfumes, Brummell used to say, but very fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing. If John Bull turns round to look after you, you are not well dressed: but either too stiff, too tight, or too fashionable. Do not ride in ladies' gloves, particularly with leather breeches. In short, his maxims on dress were excellent. Besides this, he was neither

uneducated nor deficient. He possessed, also, a sort of quaint, dry humour, not amounting to anything like wit; indeed he said nothing which would bear repetition; but his affected manners, and little absurdities, amused for the moment. Then it became the fashion to court Brummell's society, which was enough to make many seek it who cared not for it, and many more wished to be well with him, through fear, for all knew him to be cold, heartless, and satirical."

Jesse, his biographer, also described him:

"Nature had indeed been most liberal to him in this respect; he was about the same height as the Apollo, and the just proportions of his form were remarkable; his hand was particularly well shaped, and had he been inclined to *earn* his livelihood after his flight from London, he could readily have found an engagement as a life-sitter to an artist, or got well paid to perambulate France from fair to fair, to personate the statuary of the ancients.

"His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well-shaped, the forehead being unusually high; showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions—the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were gay and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words more doubtful.

"The flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks; his whole physiognomy giving the idea that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of the School for Scandal than the Gamester, or

any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing."

Lady Hester Stanhope liked Brummell, though she rated him for the airs he gave himself in society, and told him he should bear himself more humbly. "Brummell is no fool," she declared, in spite of his pose—and knowing this, the Beau humorously exaggerated it.

"Dear creature," he addressed her one day when they met in Bond Street, "who is that man you were talking to just now?"

"Why, that is Colonel ——," she answered.

"Colonel what?" he said. "Colonel what? Who ever heard of his father?"

"And who ever heard of George Brummell's father?" was her retort.

"Ah, Lady Hester," the Beau rejoined half-seriously, "who, indeed, ever heard of George Brummell's father, and who would ever have heard of George Brummell himself, if he had been anything but what he is? But, you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impertinently stare duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I may know better, but what does that signify?"

Lady Hester Stanhope to George Bryan Brummell

August 30, 1803.

If you are as conceited as formerly, I shall stand accused of taking your groom, to give me an opportunity of writing to you for his character. All the inquiry I wish to make upon this subject is, to be informed whether you were as well satisfied with James Ell when you parted with him, as when he had Stiletto under his care. If so, I shall dispatch him at the end of next week, with my new purchases to Walmer where I am going very shortly. You may imagine I am not a little happy, in having it in my power to scamper upon British ground,

although I was extremely pleased with my tour, and charmed with Italy.

"I saw a good deal of your friend Capel at Naples; if he fights the battles of his country by sea as well as he fights yours by land, he is certainly one of our first commanders. But of him you must have heard so full an account from Lord Althorp, for they were inseparable, that I will only add, he was as yet unsuccessful in the important research after a perfect snuff-box, when I left Italy. What news the last despatch may have brought upon this subject I am ignorant of, but take it for granted you are not; as in all probability the Phœbe was by your interest appointed to the Mediterranean station for three years, to accomplish this grand and useful discovery. Should it prove a successful one, Capel on his return, will of course be made Admiral of the White, for the signal services he has rendered to coxcombality.

I met with a rival of yours in affectation upon the Continent, William Hill![1] I fear it will be long ere this country will again witness his airs; as he is now a prisoner;—this, perhaps you are glad of, as the society of statues and pictures has infinitely improved him in his wonted qualification, and therefore rendered him a still more formidable competitor.

HESTER L. STANHOPE.

A friend of Lady Hester gave the following account of her relations with Brummell:

"Beau Brummell, who was in her youthful days the friend of the Prince of Wales, and envied and admired by both beaux and belles of all ranks of society, appeared to have been an especial favourite of hers; and though I am unable to repeat the description as she gave it, I can even now fancy that I see him riding up to her in the Park in a suit of plum-coloured clothes, to give her a stick of perfume of his own manufacture; a peculiar mark of favour, granted only on condition that she promised faithfully not to give a morsel to the Prince, who was dying to get some.

"I hinted at Brummell's eccentricities; but she replied that

[1] William Hill, third Lord Berwick (*d.* 1842).

he was an exceedingly clever man, always suiting his conversation to his hearers, and that he always paid her the compliment of talking very sensibly. She added, that she had once rebuked him for some folly or other, and inquired why so clever person as he was did not devote his talents to a higher purpose than he did? To which Brummell replied, that he knew human nature well, and that he had adopted the only course which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the society of the ordinary herd of men, who he held in considerable contempt."

A few letters of this period may here be given:

GEORGIANA A. F. SEYMOUR TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Wednesday morning.

I am more obliged to you than I can express for your note: be assured that your approbation of my conduct has given me very sincere pleasure: this is the only means I have telling you so; for I am in such disgrace, that I do not know if I shall be taken to the play;—in any case, I shall be watched; therefore accept my most cordial thanks, and believe that I shall remember your good-nature to me on this occasion, with gratitude, to the end of my life.

—— does not know how unkindly I have been treated, but is more affectionate than ever, because he sees I am unhappy. We did not arrive in town till seven last night, therefore no play; to-morrow they go to Covent Garden:—perhaps I may be allowed to be of the party.

Pray don't neglect my drawing; you would make me very happy by lending me the yellow book again; the other I don't ask for, much as I wish for it. Adieu! I shall be steady in my opinion of you, and always remain, yours, very sincerely,

GEORGIANA A. F. SEYMOUR.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY

Chesterfield Street.

DEAR LADY,

I am almost inclined to believe that you had forgotten me in the protracted space of five days, and that you have amused your leisure hours with something or somebody more interesting to you.

You are too overtly severe with Lord L—— ; he has effrontery enough to persuade himself that you are piqued with him, and he will interpret that into a latent interest for him : what can it possibly be to you, whether he goes to Brighthelmstone or not ? Affront him, but with dexterity, and his own consummate and mistaken vanity will be his speediest drawback ; but never make an enemy of a man whose physiognomy has been ravaged by the small-pox,—for whom Jenner has lived in vain !

Attar-Gul (for Mr. —— has adopted that name in deference to his having inherited some ostrich's eggs, glass beads, cockatoo's feathers, and a few shells from an aunt, a sort of vagrant Zingarella, who died recently at Aleppo of the leprosy) has not perceptibly touched a bristle of his raven crown since you saw, or rather turned away your eyes from him. In submission to your desire, I have minutely scrutinised his head. He had the effrontery, the other day, to be irritated because I asked him to lend me his brush of a sconce to assist at the morning toilette of my boots ! The monster ! Do not forget your parasol in this inflammatory weather.

Yours devoutly,
George Brummell.

George Bryan Brummell to Lady Jane ——

My dear Lady Jane,

With the miniature I am not to be trusted, even for two pitiful hours ; my own memory must be, then, my only disconsolate expedient to obtain a resemblance.

As I am unwilling to merit the imputation of committing myself ; by too flagrant a liberty, in retaining your glove ; which you sent at my head yesterday, as you would have extended an eleemosynary sixpence to the supplicating hat of a mendicant, I restore it to you ; and allow me to assure you I have too much regard and respect for you, and too little practical vanity myself (whatever appearances may be against me) to have entertained, for one treacherous instant, the impertinent intention to defraud you of it. You are angry, perhaps irreparably incensed against me, for this petty larceny. I have no defence to offer in mitigation but that of frenzy. But we know you are an angel visiting these sublunary spheres, and therefore your first

quality should be that of mercy ; yet you are sometimes wayward and volatile in your seraphic disposition ; though you have no wings, still you have weapons ; and these are resentment and estrangement from me. With sentiments of the deepest compunction,

I am always
Your miserable slave,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Duchess of York was Brummell's very good friend, and there never was a friend more loyal. In the hey-day of his fame he was an especial favourite of hers, and he was always welcome at Oatlands. "The Duchess," Tom Raikes noted, "was a person of excellent taste, and a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, and the regard which that Princess entertained for Brummell was highly creditable to him. It may, indeed, be said in favour of the manners of that day that Her Royal Highness often remarked how superior they were to the tone of those that existed at the period of her marriage, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. At the time Brummell visited at Oatlands, England had been for many years without a Court, and the limited circle that surrounded the Duke and Duchess of York, though differing scarcely from that of a private family, rendered it the only royal residence that was the scene of constant hospitality ; and it might have been appropriately termed a little Court, in which the affability on the one side, and the affectionate deference on the other, were equally remarkable. Here used to assemble, at the end of the week, Brummell, and all the most agreeable men of the day, intimately acquainted with each other, and sincerely attached to their royal host and hostess. . . .

"Few characters in any situation of life could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York ; she was not only a *très grande dame*, in the highest acceptation of the term, but a woman of the most sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL.

From an engraving after a miniature by John Cooke.

amply proved by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided all collision with the cabals and *tracasseries* which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the Royal Family ; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependents ; the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier part of her marriage were in later times completely dispersed ; and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was treated by the Duke, who rarely failed to consult her opinion on most questions of real importance to his own interests. To the distinguished manners belonging to her rank, and a proper sense of the dignity befitting her exalted position in the country, she added a simplicity of character and a general affability which placed every one at their ease, and gave a peculiar charm to her society. Endowed by Nature with a very superior mind, which had been highly cultivated and improved by books, she was at all times able to take the lead on any subject ; her conversation was full of points, blended with great *naïveté*, and devoid of all sarcastic allusions ; she had a very refined taste, and a great knowledge of the world ; but, contrary to all, received opinions, her study of mankind had never operated to check that feeling of general benevolence which formed the brightest gem of her character."

" Monk " Lewis was much at Oatlands, and so was that distinguished soldier commonly known as " Kang-Cook," Major-General Henry Frederick Cooke, and, of course, Lieut.-Col. Armstrong, who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of York. Lord Erskine, in some humorous verses, described these *habitués* of Oatlands :

" But Lewis all earthly approach may defy ;
As a canonised monk he may mount to the sky ;
No, no, we can't spare his original brain,
Which has led us so often in Fancy's fair train ;
The scenes that surround us so dully the same,
Who shifts with his genius well merits his fame.
. . . . . .

"Next to Lewis there sat would you wish to know who?
I will tell you—my worthy good friend Kangaroo;
He who goes by a name by parents not given,
Depend on't is one highly favour'd by Heaven;
The friend whom we love we mould at our pleasure,
And count on his temper, the best of all treasure;
Since in spite of the misanthrope's sullen pretence
Good-nature is still the companion of sense.
Then take the world o'er, you will find very few
Who have more of sound brains than this same Kangaroo;
And as for his person, his breeding, and taste,
They speak for themselves, so I pass on in haste.

. . . . . .

"Next, Armstrong was seated; on Armstrong depend
For wit as companion, for truth as a friend;
As a man of the world he's completely at ease,
No effort he makes to amuse or to please;
Yet is sure to do both, with his manners so quiet."

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Windsor, ce neuf ce Mai.

On ne saurait être plus sensible que je le suis au souvenir obligeant que vous avez bien voulu me donner au jour de ma fête, et au charmant cadeau que le Duc m'a remis de votre part. Recevez mes remercimens les plus sincères pour ce joli petit *chien*, c'est l'embleme de la *Fidélité;* j'aime à me flatter qu'elle sera celui de la continuation de notre amitié, à laquelle je vous assure que j'attache le plus grand prix.

J'ai une toux de *cimetière* qui menace ruine; si elle ne m'a pas mis sous terre avant le commencement du mois prochain, je compt me rendre à Londres, dans ce temps-là, et un des motifs qui me fait envisager avec le plus de plaisir ce séjour est qu'il me procurera l'avantage de vous y rencontrer et de pouvoir vous réitérer moimême combien je suis,

Votre toute affectionnée amie et servante,

F.

When Brummell fell upon evil times and lived in poverty at Calais, no one was more constant in attention to him than the Princess. She kept up a correspondence with him ; she embroidered a table-cloth for him ; she sent him an easy chair ; every Christmas from the time of his flight from England until her death in 1820 she made him a valuable present.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Londres, ce 26 April, 1817.

Vous n'avez rien perdu à la lettre qui vous était destinée, et que Lord Alvanley a consignée aux flammes ; elle contenait seulement mes remercimens pour les charmans cadeaux que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer (dont je me suis parée le soir même de ma petite fête), et mes regrets que vous n'en étiez plus. Ces regrets se renouvellent journellement, et surtout les raisons qui en sont la cause. Croyez que personne ne sent plus la perte de votre société que je le fais ; je n' oublierai jamais les momens agréables que je lui ai dus, et tout ce qui pourrait m'en compenser serait la certitude de votre bonheur pour lequel je ferai (les vœux) les plus sincères comme pour ce qui peut y contribuer le plus efficacement, me flattant que vous conserverez toujours quelque souvenir de

Votre toute affectionnée amie et servante,
F.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Oatlands, ce 20 Septembre.

Vous avez une manière si aimable d'annoncer les plus mauvaises nouvelles, qu'elles perdent par là de leur désagrémens ; je ne puis cependant que m'affliger avec vous de la perte de tous nos beaux projets de fête, qui s'évanouissent avec la perte de notre billet de loterie, dont je vous acquitte la dette ci-joint, en y joignant les vœux les plus sincères que ceci puisse être le dernier mauvais tour que la Fortune puisse vous jouer, et que dans toutes les autres circonstances de votre vie, elle puisse toujours vous être favorable. Ce sera me rendre justice que de vous persuader que personne ne peut s'intéresser plus sincèrement à votre bonheur et à tout ce qui vous concerne.

Je n' ai rien à vous dire de ma solitude qui puisse exciter votre curiosité, n'y ayant vu personne *de ceux qui vous* intéressent depuis votre départ. J'espère que vous reviendrez bientôt dans ces contrées, et qu'il me sera permis de vous réitérer moi-même ici les assurances de l'amitié sincère et de la considération parfaite avec laquelle je suis.

Votre toute affectionnée amie et servante,

F.

CHAPTER VI

Brummell a frequent visitor to Chatsworth, Belvoir, and Woburn—His qualities as a leader of society—A description of him in "Granby"—His wit—And some of his witticisms—Brummell on civility—His liking for books—He collects prints and pictures—His occasional verse—Some specimens of it—"The Butterfly's Funeral."

BRUMMELL'S pretensions to meet on equal terms the highest in the land were never disputed. He was from the first accepted at his own valuation. He was a frequent visitor to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Rooms were always kept for him by the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley, and he was present at the coming of age of the fifth Duke at Belvoir in January, 1799, in company with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Lorne, and Lord Jersey. George Crabbe, the poet, who from 1782 until the death of the fourth Duke five years later had been chaplain at Belvoir, had, two years later, been given the neighbouring livings of Murton and Allington. "I am sorry," Crabbe's son wrote to Captain Jesse, "that I can give you no information respecting the communication between Mr. Brummell and my father at Belvoir, than the short and trifling remark in the memoir, as I never heard my father mention him except when he made that remark; but short as it was, it entirely accords with the impression which I believe was general in that neighbourhood, viz., that Mr. Brummell was a sensible man and a finished gentleman; the term 'Beau,' which the world has offered to him, might be more applicable in his earlier years; but when my father met him at Belvoir, he was, I conceive, about forty, and certainly did not, either in manners or appearance, exhibit

that compound of coxcombry in dress, and vulgar assiduity of address, which marks the 'Beau' (that is the dandy); I remember being struck with the misapplication of this title when I saw him one day in the Belvoir hunt. He was dressed as plain as any man in the field, and the manly, and even dignified, expression of his countenance ill accorded with the implication the sobriquet conveyed."

With the Russell family he was also on intimate terms.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Woburn Abbey, November 10.

MY DEAR BRUMMELL,

By some accident, which I am unable to account for, your letter of Wednesday did not reach me till yesterday. I make it a rule never to *lend* my box, but you have the *entrée libre*, whenever you wish to go there, as I informed the box-keeper last year.

I hope Beauvais and you will do great execution at Up-Park. I shall probably be there shortly after you.

Ever yours sincerely,

BEDFORD.

It is very evident that it was not merely because he dressed well that Brummell became the leader of society. There was, of course, much more to him than that. In fact, he seems, in some respects at least, to have something in common with the hero of Lister's novel, "Granby"—which character, as a matter of fact, was based upon him.

"There are many roads to notoriety," Lister wrote. "Trebeck began with dress, but he soon relinquished that as unworthy or untenable. He scorned to share his fame with his tailor, and was, moreover, seriously disgusted at seeing a well-fancied waistcoat, almost unique, before the expiration of its 'honeymoon,' adorning the person of a natty apprentice. He sickened soon of giving names to cloaks, hats, buggies, and pantaloons, and panted for a higher pedestal than a coachmaker's show-room or a tailor's shop-board. His coats and carriages were copied by

others almost as soon as they were exhibited by him; and as it was his ambition to be inimitable, he found it much better to shun these outward peculiarities, and trust alone to the 'nameless grace of polished ease,' which he really possessed in a remarkable degree.

"He had great powers of entertainment, and a keen and lively turn for satire; and could talk down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with very imposing confidence. He saw the advantage of being formidable, and observed with derision how those whose malignity he pampered with ridicule of others, vainly thought to purchase, by subserviency, exemption for themselves. He had sounded the gullibility of the world; knew the precise current value of pretension, and soon found himself the acknowledged umpire, the last appeal, of many contented followers.

"He seldom committed himself by praise or recommendation, but rather left his example and adoption to work its way. As for censure, he had both ample and witty store; but here, too, he often husbanded his remarks, and, where it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, could check admiration by an incredulous smile, and depress pretensions of a season's standing by the raising of an eyebrow. He had a quick perception of the foibles of others, and a keen relish for bantering and exposing them. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey than he could an 'original.' He could ingenuously cause the unconscious subject to place his own absurdities in the best point of view, and would cloak his derision under the blandest cajolery.

"In the art of cutting he shone unrivalled: he knew the 'when,' the 'where,' and the 'how.' Without affecting useless short-sightedness, he could assume that calm but wandering gaze, which veers, as if unconsciously, round the prescribed individual; neither fixing, nor to be fixed; not looking on vacancy, nor on any one object; neither occupied nor abstracted; a look which perhaps excuses you to the person *cut*, and, at any rate, prevents him from accosting you.

"Originality was his idol. He wished to astonish, even if he did not amuse, and had rather say a silly thing than a commonplace one. He was led by this sometimes even to approach the verge of rudeness and vulgarity; but he had considerable tact, and a happy hardihood which generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality brought him. Indeed, he well knew that what would, in the present condition of his reputation, be scouted in anybody else would pass current with the world in him."

Brummell had a pretty wit, and, no doubt, his fair share of insolence, upon which he drew on occasion. Even Jesse, who collected all the malicious stories about him, had the grace to admit that, "although guilty of impertinences, he was seldom premeditatively ill-natured or ill-tempered, and, among his own set, his impudence was not only permitted, but expected, and no one thought of noticing it any more than they would have done that of a Court Jester."

Many of the stories about Brummell told by his biographer do not ring true, but some of these must be given so that readers may decide for themselves.

On one occasion a wealthy young man induced Brummell and a large party to dinner. As the gathering broke up, the host, hearing his distinguished guest say that he was going on to Lady Jersey's, asked who was to have the honour of taking him there, and offered his own carriage, hoping that, as he, too, was going there, he might enter her Ladyship's drawing-room in the company of the Beau. Brummell, affecting to take the offer literally, said with great gravity: "Thank you exceedingly. Very kind indeed of you. But, pray, how are you going to get there? You surely would not like to get up behind. No, that would not be right. And yet it would scarcely do for *me* to be seen in the same carriage with *you*."

The next anecdote shall be given in Jesse's own words—and those may believe it who like. As a matter of fact, it bears the stamp of that notorious practical joker, Theodore Hook, all over it.

" It appears that there were two dashing ladies in London, whose patronymics were similar, and who gave great parties. One of them, a Mrs. Thompson, residing in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square ; the other, a Mrs. Johnson, living near Finsbury Square. It appears, too, that sometime after Brummell's quarrel with the Prince of Wales, the former lady gave a splendid ball, at which His Royal Highness had signified his intention of being present ; it is therefore scarcely necessary to add that Brummell was not included in the list of invitations.

" On the evening of the entertainment, however, while Mrs. Thompson was waiting in her ante-room, supported by a bevy of intimate friends, in momentary expectation of the arrival of her royal guest, and exulting in the completeness of all her preparations—the Beau, to her ineffable surprise and disgust, made his appearance, and his best bow.

" Justly indignant at this outrage, she informed him, with as much coolness as she could command, that he was not invited.

" ' Not invited, Madam ! not invited ! ' said Brummell, in his blandest tones, ' surely there must be some mistake,' and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to prolong the chance of the Prince's arrival, and, therefore, her misery, he at last drew forth an invitation card, but that of her rival in the East.

" She haughtily threw it from her, in a climax of vexation and anxiety to get rid of him : ' That card, sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's ; my name is Thompson.'

" ' Is it, indeed ? ' replied Brummell, perfectly cool, and affecting the most innocent surprise. ' Dear me, how very unfortunate ! Really, Mrs. Johns—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake ; but you know, Johnson and Thompson—and Thompson and Johnson are really so much the same kind of thing.—Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening.' "

There are two stories of this nature that have been circulated about Brummell in exile.

The first is : One day Brummell went to dine with Captain Marshall, the British Consul at Calais, taking with him one of his favourite dogs. There was a capon, which the Beau thought tough. He threw the portion with which he had been served to

the dog, saying: "Here, Atous, try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be damned if I can."

The second is: A lady, sitting at her window, invited him as he passed to come in and "take tea." "Madam, you *take* medicine, you *take* a walk, you *take* a liberty, but you *drink* tea," he remarked, and walked on. In one version of this incident, the lady is declared to have retorted: "You also take liberties."

It is a relief to turn to the stories that have the true hall-mark of Brummell about them. In these there may be affectation—indeed, often there is—but no impertinence.

Asked if he liked vegetables, he replied, after a few seconds' reflection: "I don't know. I have never eaten them." Then, after a pause, he corrected himself: "No, that is not quite true. I once ate a pea."

Riding in the Park one day, he reined in his horse at the side of a lady's carriage. She smiled at him, and expressed her surprise at his throwing away his time on her, not to speak of the risk to his reputation of being seen in conversation with such an unfashionable person. "My dear lady, please do not mention it," he replied; "there is no one near us."

Equally as unlikely to be true is the story of Brummell and Sheridan which was related by the author of "The Clubs of London":

> "The wit meeting Brummell one day near Charing Cross, and perceiving that he appeared anxious to avoid him, accosted him thus:
>
> "'Ah! Brummell, my fine fellow, where have you been at this time of day?'
>
> "The prince of dandies was at first rather nonplussed, but at length drawled out: 'Sherry, my dear boy, don't mention that you saw me in this filthy part of the town; but perhaps I am rather severe, for His Grace of Northumberland resides somewhere about this spot, if I don't mistake. The fact is, my dear boy, I have been in the d-a-mn'd City—to the Bank: I wish they would remove it to the West End, for re-al-ly it is quite a bore to go to such a place; more particularly as one cannot be seen in

one's own equipage beyond Somerset House, and the hackney coaches are not fit for a chimney-sweeper to ride in. Yes, my dear Sherry, you may note the circumstance down in your memo-randum-book, as a very remarkable one, that on the twentieth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three, you descried me travelling from the east end of the town like a common citizen, who had left his counting-house for the day, in order to dine with his upstart wife and daughters at their vulgar residence in Brunswick Square.' When Brummell had concluded this affected rhapsody, Sheridan said :

" ' Nay, my good fellow, travelling from the east after all, that is impossible ; you must be joking.'

" ' Why, my dear boy ? " demanded Brummell.

" ' Because the *wise* men came from the east,' replied Sheridan.

" ' So, then s-a-r,' exclaimed the fop, ' you think me a fool, do you ? '

" ' By no means,' answered Sheridan, turning away, ' but I know you to be one, and so, good morning.' "

On a par with this was the Beau's reply to a verbal invitation to dine with a great merchant in Russell Square. " With pleasure, if you promise faithfully not to tell anyone."

Such remarks are rude or not, according to how they are delivered, and by most people Brummell's humour was taken at his own valuation.

The following story was declared by Brummell to be an invention, but it is certainly in his vein :

A *nouveau riche* invited him to dinner, and asked him to name his own party. He accepted, and chose Lord Alvanley, Henry Pierrepoint, Sir Henry Mildmay, and others, including himself, to the number of eleven.

" That," said his host, " will just make an even number."

" An even number ? " queried the Beau, who had ticked off his list on his fingers. " How is that ? "

" Your friends ten, yourself, and myself—twelve in all."

" Good Gad ! " said Brummell, affecting surprise. " You surely don't mean *you* are going to be one of the party ! "

There is another version of this story in Jesse's biography :

" Brummell, you were not here yesterday," said one of his club friends. " Where did you dine ? "

" Dine ! Why with a person of the name of R——s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner ; but to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and I assure you the affair turned out quite unique. There was every delicacy in or out of season. The setting was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified. But, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr. R——s had the assurance to sit down and dine with us ! "

The first version may have had some substratum of truth, but the second, no—Brummell would not have sneered behind his back at a man whose hospitality he had enjoyed.

Brummell's mental antics were many and various, and the following incident may well have occurred.

The story goes that once, at three o'clock on a frosty winter morning, Brummell, accompanied by some friends on their way home from the club, knocked up a well-known scientist of the name of Snodgrass.

The violent banging at his door brought Snodgrass in his nightdress to the window.

" Pray, sir," said the Beau, " is your name Snodgrass ? "

" Yes, sir ; my name is Snodgrass."

" Snodgrass ?—Snodgrass ? " repeated Brummell. " What a very odd name. Upon my word, a very odd name indeed. But is your name *really* Snodgrass ? "

Not unnaturally shivering, the man, seeing that he was being fooled, became very angry, and threatened to call for the watch.

" Well, well," said his tormentor, walking away, " good night, Mr. Snodgrass."

When someone asked him about the Lake Country and, after expiating at considerable length about its beauties, asked Brummell which lake he thought the finest, the Beau rang the bell for his valet.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

From a painting by Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.

p. 100.

" Robinson ! "

" Sir ! "

" Which of the lakes do I admire ? "

" Windermere, sir."

" Ah, yes ! Windermere, so it is. Thank you, Robinson." Then, turning to his inquisitor, said quietly : " Yes, I like Windermere best."

Once when the Prince of Wales had just received the present of a horse, and asked Brummell what he thought of it, and how old it was, instead of examining it in the usual way, the Beau went behind the animal and studied its tail for a considerable time. The Prince at last asked him what he was doing. " Sir," he answered, " you should never look a gift-horse in the mouth."

Best of all Brummell's impromptus was when one day he had a cold and was asked if he knew how he had caught it. " Yes," he replied, " I was at Richmond the other day, and, the rain coming on, went for shelter to an inn, and there the scoundrelly landlord put me in the coffee-room with a damp stranger."

Whatever Brummell was, he was never deliberately rude, at least without provocation. " Civility, my good fellow," he once said to a young man, " may truly be said to cost nothing ; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the Opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, we overtook in the lobby an elderly lady, making her way out to avoid the crowd ; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair ; in fact she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume : so singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half a dozen ' Lord Dukes,' and ' Sir Harry's,' sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress, and infirm gait. Directly my

friend caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge to a Bow Street officer—with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it, and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or a carriage, at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. 'Thank you, sir, I have my chair,' replied the old lady, 'if you will only be good enough to remain with me until it arrives': as she was speaking, her servants came up with it, and making the cavalier a very stately curtsey, she requested to know to whom she had the honour of being indebted for so much attention? 'My name, madam,' replied the stranger, as he handed her to her chair, 'is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby'; upon which the antiquated lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a year! Now, my good sir," said Brummell to the abashed but youthful delinquent, "for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby."

Brummell liked to have books around him, and, indeed, he collected a number of volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without." This was no idle hobby, for without ever becoming a well-read man, he read a good deal in the lighter paths of literature, and in his correspondence are frequent allusions to books.

Also, in a modest way, he collected prints and pictures. This probably arose from the fact that he himself had some taste for drawing and water-colours. "I am quite unhappy that I have not any more drawings to send you," he wrote to an intimate in 1800, "and I have equally to regret my inability to plead any better excuse for the poverty of my *portefeuille* than my natural idleness and the deprecations of my friends."

Brummell also found pleasure in writing from time to time occasional verse, and a few specimens may here be given.

Unhappy child of indiscretion,
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn !
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare ;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer :

Yet, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee ;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days loved and guarded be !

And though to rank and place a stranger
Thy life an humble course must run ;
Still shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I, too late have learnt to shun.

And lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill ;
A nameless mother still shall aid thee—
A hand unseen protect thee still.

Meanwhile, in these sequester'd valleys
Still shalt thou rest in calm content ;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou—oh ! thou are innocent !

To the Countess of Bessborough

When memory, chill'd by absence, shall decay,
And love's first warm impression fade away,
Oh ! may this sketch, with more than mimic art,
Recall the living likeness to your heart ;
Revive affection, threatening to decline,
And while it pleads my faith, recover thine.

To Miss Pawlter

I called you "dearest," dire offence!
'Twas only said in jest;
For "dearest," in its common sense,
Means her who loves the best.

But jealous of your virgin fame,
And squeamish in a crowd,
With prim reproach, you scoff'd the name,
Because—'twas said aloud.

Ah! many a year has run its race,
And many a lover too,
Since blush of youth adorn'd that face,
And flattering words were true.

Thought you that I, grown old in guile,
With faded looks was taken,
And sought to gain a treacherous smile,
By others long forsaken?

No, no, 'twould reason's self abuse,
Immaculate Miss Pawlter,
With you to weave a tender noose—
That noose would be a halter!

Good night! but since a thoughtless joke,
An idle fib, could fret you,
Believe me, if the truth I spoke,
You'd curse the hour I met you.

More important was "The Butterfly's Funeral," which he wrote in 1807, as companion verses to "The Butterfly's Ball," which was written by William Roscoe, the historian, for the amusement of his children, and which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in November, 1806, and "The Peacock at Home," composed by Mrs Dorset, a sister of Charlotte Smith, the novelist. Brummell alludes to this set of verses when at Caen he sent a

copy to a lady. "But to change this *larmoyant* egotistical strain," he wrote, "I will transcribe you some verses that I have omitted in my album—they are not of the gayest subject; but never mind! they were written at the period when 'The Peacock at Home,' 'The Butterfly's Ball,' and other trifling but meritorious poetical things of the same description were in vogue with all the world in London: 'The Butterfly's Funeral' was then commended by good-natured friends, and as probably you never read it, should you like it, it may meet with the same charitable eulogy from you."

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL

Oh ye! who so lately were blythesome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance;
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he;
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn:
And the Moth who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
Bent o'er the body and silently kissed her.

The corpse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silkworm had spun
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves came the Butterflies all
And six the of their number supported the pall ;
But the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
And fire of the Glow-worm soon frightened him back.

The Grub left his nutshell, to join in the throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along !
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be placed on her tomb :

Epitaph

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave ;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend shall the Grasshopper sing.

CHAPTER VII

The rupture between the Prince of Wales and Brummell—The probable cause—"Wales, ring the bell!"—Mrs. Fitzherbert and Brummell—"Big Ben," "Our Ben," and "Benita"—*Mistress* Fitzherbert—A snuff-box incident—Attempts at reconciliation—The Dandy Club Ball—The Princ cuts Brummell—"Who's your fat friend?"—Brummell holds his own—The Prince's anger—He and Brummell meet at the Opera.

WHAT was the actual cause of the rupture between the Prince and Brummell is not definitely known. Probably more than one dispute or disagreement led us to the final quarrel. All sorts of stories have been told, but some of them, anyhow, are certainly not true.

There is the alleged "Wales, ring the bell!" incident, which certainly had no basis in fact as such. We have it on the authority of Brummell that when he and Lord Moira were closeted with the Prince at Carlton House, the Regent asked the Beau to ring the bell, whereupon Brummell, forgetful of etiquette said, "Your Royal Highness is close to it." The host was furious, and, but for Lord Moira's tactful intervention, would have ordered Brummell to leave the Palace. The Beau then and afterwards confessed himself at fault: "I was on such intimate terms with the Prince that if we had been alone I could without offence have asked him to ring the bell, but with a third person in the room I should never have done so—I knew him so well." The Prince was very tenacious of his dignity, even when it was really not in danger of being slighted. "The high feeling of his situation in life is manifested strongly by the Prince of Wales whenever

the least familiarity is offered unless requested," Farington noted in his Diary. "Brook Watson in a convivial hour called him familiarly, 'My Prince,' on which His Royal Highness showed evident and rejecting marks of his disapprobation." On the other hand, when after a Carlton House dinner-party at which a youthful relative of his friend, Admiral John Willett Payne, had had too much to drink for one of his tender years, the lad said, "Wales, ring the bell!" His Royal Highness did ring the bell, and when the servants came, said good-humouredly enough, "Put that drunken boy to bed."

In all probability the estrangement was brought about by the jealousy which Mrs. Fitzherbert felt concerning Brummell's intimacy with the Prince. Certainly, according to a report to which some credence may perhaps be given, she had some legitimate cause for annoyance. There was a porter at Carlton House, very corpulent, who was well known in sporting circles as "Big Ben." Brummell nicknamed the Regent "Our Ben"—which greatly annoyed the Prince, who was very susceptible to remarks about his figure. That was bad enough; but, so the story goes, he went so far as to refer to Mrs. Fitzherbert as "Benina." It is also said that when asked by the Regent at a ball at Lady Jersey's to call Mrs. Fitzherbert's carriage, in so doing "he substituted the word 'mistress' for the usual one of Mrs., and laid a strong emphasis on the insulting epithet."

Anyhow, shortly after this, when at a party given by Charles Ellis (afterwards Lord Seaford) at Claremont, which the Prince and Mrs, Fitzherbert attended, His Royal Highness, seeing Brummell there, asked him to withdraw, as his presence was offensive to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Then there was trouble about a snuff-box. The Prince took a fancy to one in Brummell's collection, and asked for it. His request was, of course, granted; and, in return, His Royal Highness told Brummel to go to his jeweller, Gray, and order one in lieu of it. The Beau said he would like one with the Prince's miniature set in it, and, permission being granted, he took much pains with the design. Then came the *contretemps* at Claremont,

and presently, when Brummell went to Gray's to see how the box was progressing, he was informed that His Royal Highness had sent an order that it was not to be delivered.

Friends of Brummell did their best to bring about a reconciliation between the two men who had for years been so intimate, but nothing came of it. Probably the Beau would take no step, and the Prince, who from his exalted position could so easily have done so, did not. "The Prince Regent turned upon twenty friends," Thackeray wrote bitterly. "He was fond and familiar with them one day, and he passed them on the next without recognition. He used them, liked them, loved them perhaps in his way, and then separated from them. On Monday he kissed and fondled poor Perdita, and on Tuesday he met her and did not know her. On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brummell, and on Thursday forgot him; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy; saw him years afterwards in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box, with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the King took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favourite, rival, enemy, superior."

The estrangement took place apparently in 1812. In April of the following year, the Dandy Club, as Byron called Watier's, or rather its four leaders, Brummell, Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Henry Pierrepoint, having had a wonderful run of luck at hazard, decided to give a ball at the Argyle Rooms. The first question to be settled was, should or should not the Prince Regent be invited? His Royal Highness had already quarrelled with Brummell and was no longer on good terms with Sir Henry Mildmay. It was thought that this was an opportunity which might bring old friends together. Henry Pierrepoint, who was popular at Carlton House, was deputed to ask the Prince if he would come to the ball. To the general pleasure, he accepted the invitation. On the evening, His Royal Highness duly appeared, and there stood the four hosts to receive him. He shook hands

with Lord Alvanley; he shook hands with Pierrepoint; he looked the others full in the face—and passed on. The insult was deliberate—it was probably premeditated. Everyone present was horrified. A silence fell over the assembly. But Brummell was equal to the occasion. "Alvanley," he said quietly, but in a voice that penetrated the room, "who's your fat friend?"

After this there could be no question of reconciliation.

Brummell remained the undisputed dictator of male fashion until he left England in 1817. So sound was his position in society that not even his quarrel with the Prince of Wales could affect it. It was a war between equals, civil war, indeed, which neither party could win, and which certainly neither could lose. So obvious was this that most people who wanted to make the best of both worlds, so to speak, remained on good terms with Brummell and visited at Carlton House. The Beau put up a splendid fight, and sometimes deliberately wounded his enemy. "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him," he said with affected arrogance to McMahon, who was of the Prince's Household, knowing, and desiring, that the speech would be duly repeated to His Royal Highness. It was this remark that inspired Tom Moore, in his "Intercepted Letters," to insert the following lines, supposed to be written by the Prince to the Duke of York:

> "Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
> To mortal—except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell;
> Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
> To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

There was one more meeting in London between His Royal Highness and Brummell. They met one night at the Opera. "The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was waiting for his carriage," an eye-witness of the incident has related. "Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and, not seeing the Prince or

his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but, of course, would not move. In order to stop Brummell, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when he immediately turned sharply round, and saw there was not more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes, the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince."

CHAPTER VIII

Brummell's position unaffected by the quarrel with the Prince—He is attracted by gambling—Play at the clubs—High stakes—Charles James Fox, Fitzpatrick, Selwyn, and other earlier gamblers—The great hazard bank—Women gamblers—The Duke of Portland, General Scott, Sir Philip Francis, and others—Brummell's generosity to Tom Sheridan—Alderman Coombe's rebuke—Brummell successful at first—He subsequently loses heavily—Binds himself not to play—Returns to the tables—He is ultimately ruined—A quarrel with Meyler—"Solomon's Judgment"—His debt to moneylenders and friends—Letter to Lords Charles and Robert Manners—His appeal to Scrope Davies—His flight to Calais—The sale of his property in London.

THE quarrel with the Prince of Wales had not at all affected the pre-eminence of Brummell in the social life of the day. In fact, the fact that he was able to hold his own against the Heir Apparent may be said even to have enhanced it. He might have remained until the end of his days the supreme arbiter of fashion—but for the fact that he succumbed to the attraction of gambling.

Gambling, in some form or other, has always been with us, and must be nearly as old as the human race, but into the history of this amusement it is not proposed here to enter. In England it was popular after the Restoration. Catherine of Braganza found her amusement in it when Charles II. neglected her, and the Duchess of Cleveland solaced herself with it when that same monarch was toying with Nell Gwynn or Louise de Kénoualle. In the reign of George III. it became, in certain circles, no longer a pastime, but a passion. It then ruined more men than drink

or dissipation. Men staked their fortunes, their estates, on a single throw of the dice. At White's, or Brooks's, and, later, at Watier's, the play was very high, and sooner or later most members succumbed to the fascination of the tables. Even William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, when he first joined Brooks's, on one occasion at least played faro, and on another kept the bank at Goosetree's.

The stakes were indeed incredibly high. Sackville Tufton, ninth Earl of Thanet, who was credited with an income of £50,000, played at the Salon des Etrangers at Paris during the stay of the Army of Occupation after Waterloo. Playing one night after the public tables had been closed, he lost £120,000 at the sitting. His friends suggested that probably he had been cheated. "Then," he said coolly, "I must consider myself lucky not to have lost twice as much." And Lord Thanet was only one of many reckless plungers. At one of the London clubs, Lord Stavordale, while still a minor, had lost, one evening, more than £10,000 but, continuing, won it back by a piece of stupendous good fortune at hazard. "Now, *if I had been playing deep*," exclaimed the lad, "I might have won millions."

Charles James Fox was a gambler *par excellence*. Nothing could wean him from this passion of his. The saying that the greatest pleasure in life after winning at cards was losing has been credited to him : it is, however, only fair to say that Henry Edridge, the painter, mentions that "Mr. Fox, speaking of what was most pleasurable in life, gave his opinion that to lay on the grass on a hot summer day and read a novel was among the first pleasures. It was, nevertheless, a pleasure in which he infrequently indulged."

Fox was successful at whist, and it has been recorded that so much as £4,000 a year ; but when he abandoned this for games of pure chance he was almost invariably unlucky. His lack of success was taken as a theme by an anonymous rhymster of the day :

At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox.
In gaming, 'tis said, he's the stoutest of crocks;
No man can play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
O ye hawks, sure your hearts must be harder than rocks,
If you win without pity from this Mr. Fox.
And he must always lose, for the strongest of locks
Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox.
In doubt such behaviour exceedingly shocks
All the friends and acquaintances of this Mr. Fox;
And they wish from their souls they could put in the stocks,
And make an example of this Mr. Fox.
He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,
So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr. Fox.
Nay, his clothes and his shirts, and her ladyship's smocks
Would be pawned for a guinea by this Mr. Fox.
He delights much in hunting, that fat as an ox;
I pity the horses of this Mr. Fox.
They are probably, most of them, lame in the hocks,
Such a heavy-made fellow is this Mr. Fox.

Horace Walpole had something to say of the mania for play in 1772. "As the gambling and extravagance of the young men of quality has arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it," he wrote. "They had a club at Almack's in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of £50 each rouleau; and generally there were £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland has paid about £20,000 for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamesters, or even their dresses for play, undeserving of notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as is worn by footmen when they clean knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from

the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons ; and masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him, with a large rim to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaus. They borrowed great sums from the Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where these Jews waited till they rose, the Jerusalem Chamber. His brother Stephen was enormously fat : George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh."

What Fox lost at the gaming tables has never been computed : the total must have been staggering.

It was noticed that Fox was not at his best in an important debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles in the House of Commons on February 6, 1772. Walpole thought that this was not to be wondered at. " Fox," he wrote, " had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the fourth, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the fifth. An hour before, he had recovered £12,000 he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended, losing £11,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night ; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning ; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000 ; and between three and four in the afternoon set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost £10,000 two nights after, and Charles £11,000 on the thirteenth, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost £23,000.

Fox bore these disasters with equanimity. One night he had a terrible run of bad luck, and left the club early. Topham Beauclerk considerately followed him to prevent his doing anything desperate. He found his friend reading Herodotus, and expressed his relief. " Why, what would you have me do ? " Fox asked. His friends stood by him magnificently, and Walpole expressed himself curious to know what would happen when Fox had sold all his friends' estates. As a matter of fact, some of

his best friends were half ruined in annuities given by them as securities, and actually annuities to the value of half a million sterling were at one time advertised for sale.

At the same time, Fox went to the money-lenders, and as he was heir-presumptive to the barony of Holland and its vast estate, he found them obliging enough, but when his elder brother Stephen, the second Lord Holland, had an heir, they came down on him for payment, and so provoked him to say in great good humour: "The birth of an heir was another Messiah sent to plague the Jews."

Fox, like the rest of his set, paid when he could; that is to say, when he won at the tables, or his father or brother provided him with money. One day he came into Brooks's in great glee: "Great run! Great run! Vingt-et-Un! Lucky dog! To-morrow, pay the Jews—pay them all." Alas for his good intentions!—he lost his winnings, and more, the same evening. Of course, debts of honour were the first to be discharged. He owed money, a racing debt, to Sir John Lade (commonly known as "Jehu"), and one day, being in funds, went to pay him. Lade took a sheet of paper and began to make calculations. When his visitor asked what he was doing, he replied that he was "calculating the interest." "Are you, by Gad!" said Fox, putting the money back in his pocket. "Why, I thought that my debt to you was a debt of honour; but as you seem to look upon it in another light, and intend to make a trading debt of it, I beg to inform you that I make it an invariable rule to pay my Jew creditors last. You must, therefore, wait a little longer for your money, and when I next come across my money-lending Israelites, I shall most certainly think of you, and expect to have the honour of seeing you in the company of my worthy friends from Duke's Place."

An excellent bird's-eye view of the gambling world is to be obtained from the letters from George Selwyn to his intimate friend, the Earl of Carlisle, and from this correspondence the following extracts are taken:

"1781, May 21, *Monday m*[*orning*].—Yesterday, about the

middle of the day, passing by Brooks's, I saw a Hackney coach, which announced a late sitting. I had the curiosity to enquire how things were, and found [General] Richard [Fitzpatrick] in his Faro pulpit, where he had been alternatively with Charles, since the evening before, and dealing to Admiral Pigott only. I saw a card on the table—'Received from Messieurs Fox and Co. 1,500 guineas.' The bank ceased in a few minutes after I was in the room; it was a little after 12 at noon, and it had won 3,400 or 500 g[uineas]. Pigott, I believe was the chief loser.

"At Devonshire House there had been a bank held by Sir W. Aston and Grady, and that won 700. Martindale cannot get paid, because, as Charles says, he is not allowed to take money from the bank; he means for the payment of debts, but yet I hear some are paid, such as O'Kelly and other blacklegs. But there are at this time two executions in his house, and Richard's horses were taken the other day from his coach, as Lady Ossory tells me."

"1781, May 29.—You must know that for these two days past, all passengers in St. James's Street have been amused with seeing two carts at Charles [Fox]'s door filling, by the Jews, with his goods, clothes, books, and pictures. He was waked by Basilico yesterday, and Hare afterwards by his *valet de chambre*, they bein[g] told at the same time that the execution was begun, and the carts were drawn up against the door. Such furniture I never saw.

"Betty and Jack Manners are perpetually in a survey of this operation, and Charles, with all Brooks's on his behalf, in the highest spirits. And while this execution is going on in one part of the street, Charles, Richard, and Hare are alternatively holding a bank of £3,000 ostensible, and by which they must have got among them near £2,000. Lord Robert [Spencer] since his bankruptcy, and in consideration of his party principles, is admitted, as I am told, to some small share in this.

"What public business is going on I know not, for all the discourse at which I am present turns upon this bank."

"1781. May 31.—The diversion of seeing Charles's dirty furniture in the street, and the speculations which the execution has caused, *avec les propos, et toutes les plaisanteries qui en résultent*—all that is now over, and he is established either at his Faro

table, or at his apothecary's. Mr. Mann, who as a recompense for the legacy which was left by his father and not yet paid, has Charles for a lodger. Jack Manners does not scruple to say that he knows for a certainty that this bank has won to the amount of £40,000, but then Jack does not scruple to lie when he chooses to do so. I cannot conceive above half the sum to have been won; but then, most of it has been paid.

"Trusty's advancement to a share in this bank, and his new occupation of dealing, was what I had a great curiosity to see; and although he is, as you know, *fort chiche de se sparoles*, he is obliged for the time he is upon duty to say 'The King loses,' and 'The Knave wins,' and this for some hours, while Charles and Richard are in bed. Hare is also indefatigable, but what his share is, or what have been his profits, I know not. Never was a room so crowded or so hot as this was last night. I could not stay, or chose so to do. The punters were Lord Ossory, Lord C. Spencer, Admiral Pigott, General Smith, Lord Monson, Sir J. Ramsden, &c., &c."

"1781, November 30.—I supped last night at Brooks's with Lord Ossory, and chiefly on his account. There was a large company besides: the D[ukes] of Q[ueensberry] and of Devonshire, Percy Windham, Charles Fox, Hare, Lord Derby, Mr. Gardiner, Richard, Belgiosioso, &c., &c. I stayed very late with Charles and Ossory, and I liked my evening very much. A great deal of the political system from Charles, which he expatiated upon in such a manner as gave me great entertainment, although, in all things which regard the K[ing] and his Government, I differed from him *toto coelo*. Lord D[erby's ?] nonsense was the only drawback upon the rest. He is the most *méchant singe* I ever knew.

"Hare opened the Faro Bank in the great room, but had so few and such poor punters that Charles and Richad was [were] obliged to sit down from time to time as decoy ducks. The Bank won, as Hare said, about a hundred, out of which the cards were to be paid. I do not think that the people who frequent Brooks's will suffer this pillage another campaign. Trusty was there to go into the chair; when he should be called upon. I told him that I was extremely sorry that he had quitted the *Corps de Noblesse pour se jeter dans le Commerce*, but it is at present his

only resource. I cannot help thinking that, notwithstanding our late disasters, Bob [Lord Robert Spencer]'s political tenants will be very tardy in remitting him their rents. But between Foley House, and the run of Mr. Bouverie's kitchen, with his own credit at Brooks's, and his share in and affinity to an opulent Bank, and flourishing trade, he may find a subsistence."

"1781, December 24.—There were a few at Brooks's [yesterday], and Hare in the chair to keep up the appearance of a Faro bank, but nobody to punt but the Duke of Rutland and 'Fish' Crauford. Charles, or Richard, if he is there, never fail[s]; and at their own bank they will lose a thousand in one deal, and win them back in the other; but Richard, as I was told, lost *tout de bon* 7,000, the other night, to this bank, in which Hare and Lord Robert have a twelfth. The whole manœuvre, added to their patriotism, their politics, &c., &c., are incredible."

Lord Carlisle was so keenly interested, though at this time impersonally, in gambling that all his correspondents gave him news of the tables. Amongst them was James Hare, who after a distinguished career, was ruined by his losses at play. The following letter from him gives a further insight into the gambling set of the day:—

"1781, Dec. 29.—I stayed at Foxley till the middle of October, and then came to Town, where, for want of other employment, I chose to take the diversion of Hazard at the House in Pall Mall, and I lost nearly £4,000 in three nights to a set of fellows whom I never saw before, and have never seen since. Though it has generally happened to me to begin the winter without a guinea, I did not make up my mind to it this year so easily as I have done formerly, because I knew that I deserved to be poor for having been fool enough to lose my money at Hazard instead of saving it for Faro.

"Richard [Fitzpatrick] played at the same place, and lost 8,000 gs., which he paid immediately, though he had declared to me a few days before that he had not a quarter of that sum in the world; but you know how to estimate his veracity on these subjects as well as anybody.

"Charles [Fox], in the October meetings, lost about £10,000, the greatest part of it, on Races, and the rest to General Smith at picquet. The general opinion was, that Charles was extremely partial to horses of his own confederacy; this he denies, and of course is angry to hear suspected, but you and I shall not be very backward to believe it to have been the case.

"Most of the joint annuitants agreed to a proposal made to them by Richard and Charles, viz., to receive £6,000 immediately, and the remainder by instalments in three years. One of them refused to accept this proposal, and seized soon after the meeting four of Charles's horses, which were of trifling value, and therefore bought in again at a small expense by Derby, in whose name they now stand; whether some time or other his protection may not be insufficient, I shall not pretend to say, but it is not quite out of the reach of possibility.

"Thus, you see, the Bankers did not meet at the beginning of the winter in the same opulent circumstances as they had parted in at end of the last campaign. Lord Robert and I proposed to have our share increased from a twelfth to an eighth. Charles consented, but Richard refused, and we remain on our former footing. The Bank has already won considerably, and would probably have done still better if money was not very scarce, as most of the punters retain their passion without the means of gratifying it.

"You will be surprised when I tell you that Richard is our most valuable punter, and has lost this year full as much as his share of the winnings of the Bank; and as he would not agree to my having a larger share, I have no great remorse in taking his money. Last night he lost £13,000, and Charles above £5,000; all the other players won something, but not a sum at all equal to our partner's losses. Pray do not mention this, unless you hear it from some other person, as probably you will.

"The club at Brookes's is very ill attended and Brookes enraged to the last degree that gentlemen should presume to think of anything but making his fortune. He complained to Charles that there was £17,000 owing to the house, which is a most impudent lie; and even if it were true he would have no reason to complain of the balance, as he has £15,000 belonging to the proprietors of the Bank in his hands, for which he pays no interest,

though he receives at least 5 per cent. for all money owing to him.

"There are two Clubs lately formed, both consisting of young men, and chiefly of different parties in politics. Goostree's is a small society of young men in Opposition, and they are very nice in their admissions; as they discourage gaming as much as possible, their Club will not do any harm to Brooks's, and probably not subsist a great while; it seems to be formed on the model of the celebrated Tuesday Night Club. The other is at Wellzie's, in St. James's Street, consisting of young men who belong to Government."

The women in society also gambled, if not so heavily as the men, at least for stakes beyond their means. Lady Archer, Lady Buckinghamshire, and Mrs. Concannon were some of the principal offenders, and were duly pilloried in the cartoons of Gillray. There performances became too notorious, and Chief-Justice Kenyon, in the course of summing up on a certain case in 1796, commented severely on the hold that gambling had on all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. Then, as regards the aristocratic gamblers, he added: "They think that they are too great for the law. I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions of this kind are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country, though they be the first ladies in the land, they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." Some persons of high rank did, as a matter of fact, find their way, not before Kenyon, but to the police-station. In *the Times* of March 13, 1797, appeared the following paragraph:

"Public Office, Marlborough Street.—On Saturday came to be heard informations against Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Mrs. Sturt, and Mr. Concannon, for having, on the night of the thirtieth of last January, played at Faro, at Lady Buckinghamshire's house in St. James's Square, and Mr. Martindale was charged with being the proprietor of the table. The evidence went to prove that the defendants had gaming parties at

their different houses in rotation; and that, when they met at Lady Buckinghamshire's, the witnesses used to wait upon them in the gambling room, and that they played at E.O., Rouge et Noir, &c., from about eleven or twelve until three or four in the morning. After hearing counsel, the Magistrates convicted Henry Martindale in the penalty of £200 and each of the ladies in £50. The information against Mr. Concannon was quashed, on account of his being summoned by a wrong Christian name."

The prosecution arose out of the police being called in on the date given owing to the fact that, in spite of Lady Buckinghamshire's precautions of blunderbuss and pistols, her croupier, Martindale, had to announce that the box containing the cash of the faro bank had unaccountably disappeared. The box was never recovered.

Soon after this ladies of fashion gave up turning their houses into gambling dens. "Society has reason to rejoice in the complete downfall of the Faro Dames, who were so long the disgrace of human nature," says the *Morning Post* of January 12, 1800. "Their *die* is cast, and their *odd tricks* avail no longer. The *game* is up, and very few of them have *cut* with *honours*."

At the gaming-table there were many losers, and but few winners.

Lord Titchfield, afterwards fourth Duke of Portland, was very fortunate; and so was General Scott, the father-in-law of Lord Titchfield and George Canning, who amassed a great fortune at whist, computed at not less than £200,000. The General's success, is however, not entirely to be attributed to luck, but to those important factors, a thorough knowledge of the game and an invariable sobriety.

Another heavy winner was Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "Juniors," who had graduated at whist during his eight years of official life in India. Like most of those who took the game seriously and played for high stakes, he strongly deprecated conversation during the play of the hand. Francis came to Brooks's one evening in 1805 in anything but a good temper.

Ye had asked for the Governor-Generalship of India, and had just been, as a solatium, given the Order of the Bath.

" So this is how they have rewarded you at last," Roger Wilbraham remarked to him. " They have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they ? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang round your neck, and that satisfies you, does it ? Now, I wonder what I shall have ? What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip ? "

" A halter," shrieked the always irascible player, now goaded to fury, " and be damned to you."

Some had resolution not to play after having escaped disaster, but such were few and far between. For when all played, not to play deprived one of the company of one's friends.

However, there was a Mr. Thynne who won so much in one year that he paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnished it, disposed of his horses and his hounds, struck his name out of all expensive subscriptions, and settled down to live within the limits of his income. This must be the Mr. Thynne of whom it is written in the old betting-book of Brooks's that he " won only £12,000 during the last two months ; retired indisgust, March 21, 1772 ; and that he may never return is the ardent wish of members."

Then there was the case of General Fitzpatrick and Lord Robert Spencer, who having lost all their money at play at Brooks's, the members gave them a chance of recovery by letting them, with borrowed capital, keep a faro bank. The success of the venture was stupendous, and Lord Robert Spencer, with his share of £100,000, bought an estate in Sussex, and gave up for ever the excitement of gambling.

There was another famous faro bank at Brooks's, run by Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Thompson of Grosvenor Square, Tom Stepney, and another. The first two were believed to have made more than a quarter of a million apiece, but Tom Stepney was not content, and punting frequently against the bank lost on the one side what he won on the other, with the result that his gains were inconsiderable.

The gamblers were generous to one another, and Horace Walpole gave an instance of this. "Within this week," he wrote to Sir Horace Mann in February, 1780, "there has been a cast at hazard at the Cocoa Tree in St. James's Street, the difference of which amounted to one hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Mr. O'Byrne, an Irish gamester, won one hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, just started into an estate by his elder brother's death. O'Byrne said, 'You can never pay me.' 'I can,' said the youth, 'my estate will sell for the debt.' 'No,' was the reply; 'I will win ten thousand —you shall throw for the odd ninety.' They did, and Harvey won."

A story of similar generosity on the part of Brummell has been narrated by Thomas Raikes. "During the height of his prosperity," he wrote in his Journal: "I remember him coming in one night after the Opera to Watier's, and finding the 'Macao' table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habit of playing, but having dined freely, had dropped in to the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place and go shares in his deal; and adding to the £10 which Tom had in counters before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1,500; he then stopped, made a fair division, and giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him: 'There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.' I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of the spirit of liberality in Brummell."

In his younger days, Brummell seems to have escaped the lure of cards and dice, though he may, of course, have occasionally thrown a main. Later, however, like most of his intimates, he became bitten with the passion for play. Exactly when he began to stake heavily has not been recorded, but it was probably in 1813, in which year, with the traditional luck of the novice, he won £26,000—twenty times the amount of his income. His

wealthy intimates, who knew the relative smallness of his means, imposed to buy an annuity with his winnings, and give up gambling on so considerable a scale. Needless to say, he neither invested the money, nor kept away from the tables.

The story has often been related of his encounter at a game of hazard with the wealthy brewer, Alderman Coombe, who was then Lord Mayor, and was one of the heaviest winners of his day at Brooks's ; but it is worth repeating because it tells of one of the few occasions on which the Beau was neatly scored off.

" Come, Mash-tub," said Brummell, who was the caster, " what do you set ? "

" Twenty-five guineas," answered Coombe.

" Well, then," said the caster, " have at the *mare's* pony."

Twelve times did Brummell win, and then, pocketing his winnings, said insolently : " Thank you, Alderman ; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours."

" I wish, sir," retorted the brewer, " that all the other blackguards in London would do the same."

When the " luck "—as it is called—turns at games of pure chance, it usually turns with a vengeance. This happened to Brummell, who, playing vastly beyond his means, could not stay the course. In the year 1814 he lost £10,000. Everything he did at the tables went wrong. This sobered him for a brief spell. On the fifth night of a run of misfortune, he exclaimed that he had lost his entire fortune and only wished someone would bind him never to play again. " I will," said Pemberton Mills, giving him a £10 note on condition that the Beau should forfeit a £1,000 if he played at White's during the next month. The bet was accepted, and Brummell kept away from the card-room—for a fortnight. Pemberton Mills, coming in, saw Brummell at the tables. He did not indeed claim forfeit, but, going up to his friend, said plaintively : " Well, Brummell, you might at least give me the £10 you had the other night."

It is not uninteresting to note that it was not an unusual thing for an unsuccessful gambler sometimes to beg a friend to bind him over under penalties not to play for a given period.

Thus George Selwyn, on December 9, 1775, wrote to Lord Carlisle, and begged him to do him this service:

> "How can I expect another man to trust me, if I cannot trust myself? Therefore, although March has dissolved the tie, I beg that you will lay me under some sort of restriction about it. I do not speak this from having now suffered, for I have not, as I told you before, since March last; that is by the event. But I have been susceptible since then more than once, and it has been my good fortune and not my prudence which has kept me above water. What I propose is, to receive a guinea, or two guineas, and to pay twenty, for every ten which I shall lose in the same day, above 50, at any game of chance. I reserve the 50 for an unexpected necessity of playing in the country, or elsewhere, with women. All things considered, it is the best tie, and the tax the easiest paid, and restrictive enough, and twenty guineas you will take; and if you tie me up, I beg my forfeitures may go to the children, and then perhaps I may forfeit for their sake, you'll say. I really think it will be a wise measure for me and a safe one; and let this tie be for this year only, and then, if it is demonstrable that my fortune is impaired by not playing, the tie will be over, and not renewed the next. In the meantime, and till I hear your sentiments upon this, I must avoid going to Almack's, and so I will."

On his returning to the tables, Brummell's run of ill-fortune continued. He fell deeper and deeper into financial trouble. He had to borrow from his friends; he had to go to money-lenders. He was soon practically penniless. For a while he dreamed of recovering his fortune by a run of luck; but he almost entirely gave up this hope when he lost his lucky sixpence. He often referred to this mascot in later days. "He used," one of his friends at Caen told Jesse, "when talking about his altered circumstances, to say, that up to a particular period of his life everything prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a certain silver sixpence, with a hole in it, which somebody had given him years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as everything would go well with him so

long as he did, and vice versa, if he happened to lose it. The promised prosperity attended him for many years, whilst he held the sixpence fast; but having at length, in an evil hour, unfortunately given it by a mistake to a hackney-coachman, a complete reverse of his previous good fortune took place, and one disastrous occurrence succeeded to another, till actual ruin overtook him at last, and obliged him to expatriate himself. On my asking him why he did not advertise, and offer a reward for the lost treasure, he said, 'I did, and twenty people came with sixpences having holes in them to obtain the promised reward, but mine was not amongst them.' 'And you never afterwards,' said I, 'ascertained what became of it?' 'Oh, yes!' he replied, 'no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of his set, got hold of it.' If you think the foregoing *plaisanterie* worth inserting, do so; I can vouch for its authenticity, as it occurred in conversation with myself."

What actually was the reason that decided Brummell to fly the country have never been clearly defined. That it had to do with his money-matters is agreed, and the cause that made him take himself off at the precise moment that he did is hinted at by Byron. "When Brummell," he wrote, "was obliged by that affair of poor Meyler, who thence acquired the name Dick the Dandy-Killer (it was about money and debt and all that), to retire to France," etc. The rights and wrongs of the affair will, of course, now never be known. There is, however, an account of it in the memoirs of that notorious courtesan, Harriette Wilson, which must not be omitted here, though it must be accepted, like her other statements, with reservation.

> "Brummell, Alvanly, and Worcester agreed to raise thirty thousand pounds, on their joint securities. Brummell, having made Worcester believe that he was, at least, competent to pay the interest of the debt, the money was raised, and the weight of the debt was expected to fall on the Duke of Beaufort, who, after strict inquiry, partly ascertained that Brummell was deeply involved, and without even the most remote prospect of ever

possessing a single guinea. When Meyler heard this, he became furious, both on his friend Worcester's account, and his own, declaring that Brummell had borrowed seven thousand pounds from him, which he had lent, in the fullest conviction that Brummell was a man of honour.

"I asked Meyler how he could be so very stupid as to have been deceived, even for an instant, about Brummell?

"'Why, did not everybody think so?'

"'Certainly not. Brummell was pretty generally know for a man destitute of feeling, or principle; but he looked well, at an assembly, and was the fashion.'

"'I would forgive him the seven thousand pounds, he has robbed me of; but, on Worcester's account, I shall expose him to-morrow at White's!'

"'Why not let Worcester fight his own battles?'

"'That's just what, for the Duchess of Beaufort's sake, I wish to prevent.'

"'I think you may trust Worcester, who has no sort of inclination to fight Brummell, nor anybody else.'

"'No matter. Brummell I will certainly expose; because he has basely obtained a sum of money from my friend.'

"'So has Lord Alvanly.'

"'But, then, Lord Alvanly may, at least, contrive to pay the interest; therefore it was not so complete a fraud. Nevertheless, I hold it my duty, as an independent gentleman, never to give my countenance, nor society, to a man who has done a dishonourable action. I shall, therefore, cut Lord Alvanly wherever I meet him, notwithstanding no man delights more, in his amusing qualities, than I do; but, believing that society would be so much improved, by general firmness of this kind, no power on earth should prevail on me to swerve from this, my fixed determination.'

"Meyler strictly adhered to this resolution, to the day of his death. Even when he met Lord Alvanley, in the Duchess of Beaufort's box, or no matter where, he never spoke to him again. Alvanley used to rail at Meyler for this, as might, naturally, be expected, calling him a d——d methodistical grocer, etc.

"The little sugar-baker kept his promise of exposing Mr. Brummell, at White's Club, where he placed himself, the following morning, for the sole purpose of saying to every man, who entered,

1812, or, Regency à la Mode.

From an etching by W. Heath.

p. 120.

that Mr. Brummell's late conduct, both towards the Marquis of Worcester and himself, had been such as rendered him a disgrace to society, and most unfit to remain a member of that club. Tom Raikes, I believe it was, who acquainted Brummell the next day, of this glowing panegyric on his character.

" Brummell addressed a few lines to Meyler, begging to be informed if such had, really and truly been the expressions made use of ?

" Meyler answered that, not only had he used the expression, but, that he further proposed returning to the club, on the following day, for the sole purpose of repeating them, between the hours of two and four, to anybody who might happen to be present, and, if Mr. Brummell had anything to say to him, in return, he would be sure to find him at White's during that particular time.

" Brummell never made his appearance, in London, after the receipt of this letter, which gained Meyler the nick-name of the dandy-killer. Since then, dandies have gone out of fashion.

" Brummell, finding himself on his last legs, made the best of his way to about a dozen of his former acquaintances, from most of whom he had already, contrived to obtain large sums of money.

" ' Play has been the ruin of me,' said he to each of them, in turn. ' I now throw myself on your compassion, being in a wretched plight ; for I have been led into such scrapes, as oblige me to leave London, at a minute's notice, and I have not a guinea to pay post horses ! '

" Many of them gave him a fifty-pound note ; so did John Mills, I believe ; but first, he expostulated with the Beau, and asked him what excuse he could offer for having already obtained such large sums, from one, who knew so little of him ?

" ' Why,' said Brummell to several of these half-and-half sort of gentry, ' have not I called you Dick, Tom, and John, you rogues ? and was not that worth all the money to you ? But for this, do you fancy, or flatter yourselves that you would ever have been seen, picking your teeth, in Lady Tolry's box, or the Duchess of Rutland's ? John Mills above all ! ' "

It was certainly the quarrel with Meyler that forced Brummell to leave England. Bad as his financial affairs were, his friends

—and he had many—would have done something to put him again on his feet. According to Lord Alvanley, however, "Brummell has done quite right to be off—it was Solomon's Judgment." This last, it must be explained, was a reference to the usurer, "Jew" Solomon, in whose debt Brummell was considerably, and who was threatening him with arrest. That, indeed, Brummell expected to be put in prison is clear from a letter he wrote as soon as he landed in France.

To the Lords Charles and Robert Manners

Calais, May 18, 1816.

Dear Lords Charles and Robert,

Persecuted to the worst extent by those to whom I was indebted; without resource, or even the hope to evade or protract the execution of those menaces which, I was well assured, would have instantly been enforced against my personal liberty; I have been driven to the only alternative yet left me upon earth—that of quitting my country for ever. I am, indeed, most sensible, most acutely so, of the heavy wrongs that such a step must inflict upon those who from their former friendly regard for me were induced to impose upon themselves a future charge for my immediate assistance. I will not endeavour to palliate the past or present—such an endeavour would be vain, and only, justly, prove an aggravation of my misconduct. I have no extenuation to advance, beyond the desire to retain the only blessing, if such it can be called, still within my reach—which is personal freedom—and even that I would voluntarily have yielded, could I have felt assured its surrender might in any way have exonerated you from the trust in which you have been involved on my account. The responsibility would still have existed the same on your parts, had I forfeited myself to a gaol.

In acknowledging my obligations to you, for great they are; and in lamenting my inability to repay them; I still feel anxious in the wish to realise the promised power of future remuneration. It was very far from my deliberate intention to retire to another country, and encumber you with the responsibility incurred for my service, without even indemnifying you from risk in the event of my death by insuring my life, but that would now have been of no avail, for my departing from England would have annulled the policies. It was the

pressure of circumstances which compelled me to adopt so precipitate, and, I will say, so disgraceful a measure at the exigence of the moment.

The last remaining hope of my broken fortunes consists in a considerable sum of money now vested in the Court of Chancery, which must ultimately become mine. The reversion I abandon legally and willingly to you—it is the last proof of honourable feeling I can leave in your hands, to show that, though unfortunate and inconsiderate, I am not destitute of strong feeling and gratitude towards those who have been so seriously my friends.

Whatever construction you may place upon my past conduct, I trust you will do me the justice to believe that in this last act of retribution I deprive myself of every worldly support—I abandon my country a beggar, and I can look forward to no means of subsistence beyond the year—yet I feel some remote satisfaction in the idea that the slight reparation I am offering is everything that is left to your former friend,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Brummell, then, decided he must go abroad. On the afternoon of May 16, 1816, he wrote to Scrope Davies:

MY DEAR SCROPE,

Lend me two hundred pounds. The banks are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow.

Yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

To this came an immediate reply:

MY DEAR GEORGE,

'Tis very unfortunate; but all my money is in the three per cents.

Yours,
S. DAVIES.

Whether Scrope Davies could not, or would not, assist Brummell, who can say? Perhaps if he had, the Beau might have been able to stave off the evil day. Scrope Davies himself was a confirmed gambler, but not ungenerous when in funds.

There is a story that in one evening he won the entire fortune of a lad who had only lately come of age, and that he tore up all the I.O.U.s on the young man giving his promise never again to gamble. It would have been as well for Scrope Davies if he had taken that course himself, for presently he was beggared and had to escape to France, where he remained until his death.

After receiving Scrope Davies' reply, Brummell, his last hope gone, dined by himself at his house, No. 13, Chapel Street, Park Lane—Jesse, who is strong on detail, says that the meal consisted of a cold fowl sent from Watier's and a bottle of claret—probably a bottle of the excellent Beauvais claret that was in his cellar.

It can well be imagined how he felt at the thought of leaving all the treasures he had accumulated, all the little knick-knacks he cherished, above all, of abdicating his sovereignty of the world of fashion, over which he had reigned despotically for eighteen years.

Brummell showed himself, as usual, at the Opera, talked to his friends, showing no sign that any unusual event was toward. He left early, however, in the chaise of one of the few friends who were in the secret, and drove a little way out of town, where his own carriage awaited him. He then posted to Dover, where he arrived soon after dawn on May 17. At Dover he hired a small vessel, had his carriage put on board, and sailed for Calais.

When Brummell's flight became known it created a great sensation in society. All sorts of ridiculous stories were circulated. Some of these were recorded in " The Diary of a Diplomatist " (which Diary, however, first saw the light in the *New Monthly Magazine* of November, 1846), some six years after the death of the Beau). There are two entries :

> " May 21, 1816.—The respectable fraternity of legs in high life are thrown into a state of extreme consternation by the disappearance of Beau Brummell, a friend of the Prince Regent, with £40,000, the whole of which he is said to have fraudulently obtained. He absconded on Saturday last."
>
> " May 24, 1816.—Beau Brummell's deficiencies amount to a still greater sum than I mentioned. G—— told me an hour ago

that he borrowed the money in the way of acceptances from the Duke of Rutland, Lords Charles and John Manners, etc. The Marquis of Worcester stood the flat for £7,000. Brummell's private debts are very considerable ; he has even bilked ——. Lord Wellesley says he is in Picardy."

Immediately after Brummell's departure his creditors swooped down upon his house, and, within a few days, his effects there were sold for their benefit. The following is the title-page of the catalogue :

A Catalogue
of
A very choice and valuable assemblage
of
Specimens of the rare old Sèvres Porcelaine,
Articles of Buhl Manufacture,
Curiously chased Plate,
Library of Books,
chiefly of French, Italian, and English Literature, the best
Editions, and in fine condition,
The admired Drawing of the Refractory School Boy, and others,
exquisitely finished by Holmes, Christall de Windt,
and Stephanoff.
Three capital double-barrelled Fowling Pieces
By Manton,
Ten dozen of capital Old Port, sixteen dozen of Claret (Beauvais),
Burgundy, Claret, and Still Champagn ;
The whole of which have been nine years in bottle in the
Cellar of the Proprietor ;
Also, an
Assortment of Table and other Linen, and some Articles of
neat Furniture ;
The genuine property of
A MAN OF FASHION,
Gone to the Continent,
which
By order of the Sheriff of Middlesex !
will be Sold by Auction
By M. Christie,
On the Premises, No. 13, Chapel Street, Park Lane,
On Wednesday, May 22nd, and following Day.

The sale of Brummell's effects was a social event. The competition for things intimately associated with the Beau was considerable, and good prices ruled for these. Perhaps the most interesting article was a magnificent snuff-box, which contained the following note in Brummell's handwriting: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me." The large collection of books contained nothing of special value, nor were the pictures by distinguished artists. There were, however, prints by Cipriani and Bartolozzi. As for the wine, the Beauvais claret fetched a hundred and five shillings a dozen, the champagne sixty-five shillings, and the port eighty shillings. The proceeds of the ale amounted to £1,100. This, certainly, can have gone only a very little way towards satisfying the claims of the creditors.

CHAPTER IX

Brummell at Calais—Dessein's—Letter to Thomas Raikes—His apartment at Leleux in the Rue Royale—Jesse's description of the rooms—Brummell's love of articles of *vertu*—His collections—His undue expenditure—His lack of means—His friends assist him—Captain Samuel Marshall—The Duchess of York—The monotony of his life at Calais—He learns French—He mixes in the French society in the town—Another letter to Raikes—His dislike of the English tourists—Lytton's picture of him in "Pelham"—A wonderful screen—Brummell writes his Memoirs—His promise to the Duchess of York not to publish them—His book on "Male Costume"—Some occasional verse—Correspondence—Brummell's affection for animals.

Brummell, when he landed at Calais in May, 1816, was in his thirty-ninth year, which may be called the prime of life for a man of ordinary good health who has not indulged in excesses. He lived for another twenty-four years, and during this long period he never revisited his native land. Even though it was the man's own folly that drove him into exile, one cannot but be sorry that he had to pay so heavy a price as to serve, as it were, a life sentence.

The Beau, on arriving at Calais, went at once, as did all Englishmen, to Dessein's, which hotel at this time had passed into the hands of Quillacq. It was to Quillacq that he sold the carriage which he had brought from England.

George Bryan Brummell to Thomas Raikes

Calais, May 22, 1816.

Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough in my existence. Of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep, called *conscience*, which all my endeavours to distract, all

the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who brings it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject.

You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my life and *propriâ personâ*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy, indeed, it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness; but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse.

The rest of my day is filled with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evenings have as yet been occupied in writing letters.

The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was here. He had the good-nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water.

As to the alteration in my looks, you will laugh when I tell you your own head of hair is but a scanty possession in comparison with that which now crowns my pristine baldness; a convenient, comely scalp, that has divested me of my former respectability of appearance (for what right have I now to such an outward sign?); and if the care and distress of mind which I have lately undergone had not impressed more ravages haggard and lean than my years might justify upon my unfortunate phiz, I should certainly pass at a little distance for *five-and-twenty*.

Brummell did not long remain at Dessein's, either because he could not afford the charges, or because he desired greater privacy than an hotel could provide; and for a short time he rented an apartment elsewhere belonging to Quillacq.

Presently he moved to the house of Leleux, the bookseller,

in the Rue Royale. There, at first, he had a dining-room, drawing-room and bedroom on the first floor. Five years later he took another suite, with a dining-room on the ground floor, and drawing-room and bedroom above, which had the advantage of a private entrance from the street.

Many years later, Jesse, the first biographer of Brummell, went to the Rue Royale and had some conversation with Leleux, from whom he wished to glean some information. Leleux had no letters or documents of his late tenant, but he could, and did, gladly show his visitor the apartment on the first floor that had been occupied by the Beau. "This, sir," Leleux said, "was his drawing-room, and this one adjoining, his dining-room; you see they are front rooms; his dormitory was on the other side of the passage. After he had resided with me about five years, I allowed him to have the rooms a little to the left of these; they are approached by a different staircase: that suite consisted of a dining-room on the ground floor, and a drawing-room over it, and a handsome bedroom at the back. It was at this time Mr. Brummell's ambition to obtain the office of Consul at Calais, and the gentleman who held it being then in very bad health made him rather sanguine on the point. The expectation, however, was never fulfilled, for he is still living, and likely to live; but being won over by my *locataire's* persuasive manner, I permitted him to decorate his rooms in his own way; and though he did it very well, I can assure you I was not much the richer for the money he laid out. Mais, Monsieur, le pauvre homme était si amusant, si amusant, qu'on ne pouvait rien lui refuser. Sir, I would have kept him for nothing, if he would have stayed: ah! he certainly was a very droll fellow."

The rooms, Jesse thought, must have been very comfortable, but when he was shown over them all that remained as evidence of Brummell's taste was the black-and-white marble pavement of the private entrance, which the Beau had laid down, and the rich crimson paper of the dining-room.

Leleux, who had been devoted to Brummell and had conceived for him an immense admiration, was able, however, to furnish

Jesse with a description of the apartment as it was when the Beau lived there.

"He managed, in spite of his extreme fastidiousness and his poverty, to collect a sufficient quantity of buhl and ormolu to furnish his three rooms in the elegant and costly style of Louis Quatorze. . . . He also squandered large sums in bronzes, japanned screens, and whims of every description. On one side of his drawing-room stood a large cabinet, with brass wire doors; these were kept locked with the most zealous care; for they protected . . . a service of extremely beautiful Sèvres china. The designs were most exquisite, and on each plate was represented, in colours chaster than the originals, all the celebrated beauties that held such powerful sway over the Courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth. . . . These portraits were so charmingly done, that the Beau, in the true spirit of a sultan, used to inform his visitors that it was 'almost profanation even to look at these fair frail ones.'

"The walls of this room were covered with pictures and prints—a few of the former being from the pencil of a young artist of the town, who was patronised by the Beau by way of encouragement. Some favourite books, in handsome suits of morocco or silk, reposed on the card-tables; and, on the circular one in the centre of an apartment, lay a little crowd of valuable snuff-boxes, miniatures, card-cases, paper-weights, and knives, and portfolios, in every variety of gold, enamel, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and tortoise-shell, embossed leather, and embroidered satin. Among this collection of expensive trifles were an ormolu greyhound and a *presse-papier* of Sienna marble, surmounted by a small bronze eagle—the latter was presented to him, as a souvenir, by Monsieur de Montrond, Talleyrand's foreman, and had at one time pressed the despatches and private papers of Napoleon.

"Many amongst the multitude of little *bijoux* that ornamented this table were esteemed by him far beyond their intrinsic value; some of them were the cadeaux of royalty. . . . Could they have spoken, they might have whiled away many of his lonely hours.

"His passion for snuff-boxes was extreme. He had one which only he could open, and some friend of his, while he was at Belvoir,

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL.
("BEAU" BRUMMELL.)

From a painting by Downham in the possession of Mrs. Robinson, of Dullingham House, Newmarket.

p. 60.

THE GREAT SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT BROOK'S, OR OPPOSITION MEMBERS ENGAGED UPON HAZARDOUS POINTS.

From an engraving after Robert Cruikshank.

tried it with a knife, with the intention, no doubt, of purloining his snuff, which was always excellent. Hearing of the outrage, Brummell said: 'Confound the fellow! he takes my snuff-box for an oyster. . . .'

"This sketch of the drawing-room would be incomplete if I omitted to mention that the table-cover on which all his useless elegancies were displayed was worked for him by the Duchess of York, and that his easy chair was the gift of the same kind friend.

"Correctness of taste in everything was decidedly the Beau's *forte*, and seated in his *fauteuil*, surrounded by his buhl, paintings, prints, knick-knacks, and the Sèvres portraits of the beautiful La Vallière and her discreet rival, he appeared, amongst the heterogeneous medley of English who subsequently attended his *levée*, nearly the only living creature in keeping with the room and its details."

Brummell had a real, even an intense, love of articles of *vertu*. All his life long it was to him a grief that he had had to leave behind nearly all of the many knick-knacks which, from their associations as well as for their beauty, were dear to him. Among his especially cherished treasures were two green oval vases of Sèvres china, decorated with flowers and fruit and with mouldings of burnished gold, and also a Sèvres cup and saucer. These items fetched at the sale of his effects in London the sum of thirty-seven guineas—then not an inconsiderable price—and were bought for the Duke of York. There was an ewer and basin, magarzine blue and gold ground, richly ornamented with birds and exotics, finely painted in compartments, with the name of each specimen upon them. There was a wonderful embossed and chased silver tea-kettle—this realised forty-seven guineas; a number of valuable snuff-boxes; and so on.

The Beau's *penchant* for collecting became, when he was abroad, a passion. This was perhaps because he had more time to devote to it, perhaps also because he had then to find his pleasures where he could. When he set himself up in apartments in the house of Leleux, he furnished them luxuriously for a man

in his financial position. He had an enthusiastic devotion to buhl furniture, which he indulged far beyond the limits of his purse. "Many of the most *recherché* articles that adorned his *salon* were brought from Paris by a courier, who executed these and other commissions for him, and who said a profit of thirty-thousand francs upon the purchases was made during the ten or twelve years he was thus employed"—Jesse tells us. "This was a large sum; but Brummell, in his absurd mania for such things, sometimes disbursed half as much in a year. Sometimes a *chef-d'œuvre*, a darling cabinet, did not suit; it had then to be disposed of, which it was for half the original cost. At other times a perfect gem had to be sent back to Paris, of course at his own expense; or perhaps the article was exchanged; in this case his *commissionaire* profited both as buyer and seller."

The fact of the matter was that Brummell could never take care of the pence. In London, the best had been good enough for him; abroad, only the best was good enough. This, undoubtedly, was the cause of most of the troubles that befell him on the Continent.

How Brummell contrived to live at all is a question that has never been answered satisfactorily.

Some money, of course, he must have brought over with him—some hundreds of pounds, even a thousand pounds has been mentioned.

Further, there is a story that shortly after his arrival a clerk from M. de Vos, a banker at Calais, called on him and informed him that a very considerable sum had been placed to his credit at that establishment. The benefactor chose to remain anonymous.

Again, it is believed that some of his friends clubbed together to provide Brummell with an annuity, and that this was paid through the medium of Captain Samuel Marshall, then His Brittanic Majesty's Consul for the Northern Department of France, who was always most kindly disposed to the distinguished exile, and did him many a good turn.

Some say that his good friend, the Duchess of York, provided him with this annuity, which she continued until her death.

Brummel's existence at Calais must have been monotonous in the extreme to him who for years had been the spoilt darling of London society. Calais was then only a fishing village, and there was little company that was congenial to him. It is greatly to his credit that he scarcely ever uttered a complaint, nor allowed himself to become morose. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that he met adversity like a hero, and the fact that he had brought his troubles on himself must not be allowed to detract from the merit of his attitude.

Since the Beau could not have the pleasures to which he was accustomed, he made shift with those he could find or which he could provide for himself to while away an existence that was, unfortunately, all leisure.

The very first thing he did, naturally, was to learn French, and to this task he devoted himself strenuously. As he told Thomas Raikes, at first his personal communication at Calais was confined to Quillacq. Quillacq's waiter, a domestic on trial at Desseins ("Whom," he mentioned, "I firmly believe to be the Duc de Castries in distress"), and an old *abbé*, "who instructs me," he wrote, "in the French dialect at three francs an hour." When Scrope Davies said that the Beau in his French studies had been "stopped, like Napoleon in Russia, by the Elements," he was, however, being more witty than accurate. This, of course, inspired the lines in "Beppo," which Bryon declared was "a fair exchange and no robbery," since Davies, he said, had "made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning :

> "Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
> Who knocked his army down with icy hammer,
> Stopped by the *Elements*—like a Whaler—or
> A blundering novice in his new French grammar."

So soon as Brummell was able to converse in French, he began to move in the better-class French society of the town, with whom he became very popular.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO THOMAS RAIKES

Calais, 1820.

I hear you meditate a *petit domicile* at Paris for your children: you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into their elbows, and find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or thumping the 'woodpecker' upon a discordant spinet.

You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distrated by indigenous vulgarisms.

As for the English tourist, Brummell just could not abide him or his class; and his attitude towards them (impersonal, not personal) was admirably caricatured by Lytton in "Pelham," in which the Beau is portrayed as Russelton:

> "I like my residence pretty well; I enjoy a calm conscience and a clean shirt: what more can man desire? I have made acquaintance with a tame parrot, and I have taught it to say, whenever an English fool with a stiff neck or a loose swagger passes him: 'True Briton! True Briton!' I take care of my health, and reflect upon old age. I have read 'Gil Blas' and 'The Whole Duty of Man'; and, in short, what with instructing my parrot and improving myself, I think I pass my time as creditably and as decorously as the Bishop of Winchester or my Lord of A—v—ley himself. . . . [Paris is] full of those horrid English, I suppose, thrusting their broad hats and narrow minds into every shop in the Palais Royale—winking their dull eyes at the damsels of the counter, and manufacturing their notions of French into a haggle for *sous*. Oh, the monsters!—they bring on a bilious attack whenever I think of them. The other day one of them accosted me, and talked me into a nervous fever about patriotism and roast pigs: luckily I was near my own house, and reached

it before the thing became fatal. But only think, had I wandered too far before he met ME !—at my time of life, the shock would have been too great ; I should certainly have perished in a fit. I hope, at least, they would have put the cause of my death in an epitaph—' Died, of an Englishman ! ' "

Nor did Brummell affect the company of the other English residents at Calais, who were not, for the most part, desirable acquaintances. He certainly had no intimates among the English, except Captain Samuel Marshall, His Brittanic Majesty's Consul for the Northern Department of France, until his old friends, Berkeley Craven and Henry Baring, who also had fallen on evil days, came to live there.

Of course, Brummell could not help having acquaintance with some of the vulgar Englishmen whom, perforce, he met here or there every day in the small town. His good-nature was such —though this is not generally realised—that, while he would cut an equal, he would not rebuff a social inferior who meant to be civil. Concerning this amiable weakness, a good story has been told. When he was walking with Lord Sefton, a rather common fellow-countryman nodded to him. Brummell gravely returned the salute, and noticing that his companion was looking at him in surprise, turned on him :

" Sefton," he said with affected surprise, " what can that fellow mean by bowing to you ? "

" To me ? " said the peer, amazed. " I thought he was bowing to you, for I know no one at Calais."

Presently the Englishman passed again, and this time went up to the Beau and cried :

" Don't forget, Brum—don't forget. Goose at four, Brum—goose at four."

One can well imagine the two friends, after the other had gone, roaring with laughter.

One of his amusements was the decoration of a large screen that was intended to be a gift to the Duchess of York, but on the death in August, 1820, of that royal lady, to whom he was devoted, he laid it aside and never touched it again.

So far as is known the screen has disappeared. When Brummell left Calais for the Consulate at Caen, it found its way into the possession of his valet, Sélègue. Sélègue, when his affairs were in a bad way at Boulogne, pawned it with an upholsterer in that town, and it was there that Jesse had the good fortune to see it. A friend of Brummell offered to buy it for two thousand francs, but Sélègue, holding out for seven thousand francs, no sale was effected.

The screen was unquestionably a remarkable and unique piece of work, and must have involved much labour. It was very elaborate, and the way in which Brummell proceeded with the decoration indicates that it was for him an intellectual exercise. He certainly infused much of his humour into it.

Jesse's account of the screen is well worth reprinting:

> "The screen measures five feet and a half in height, and, when opened, is rather more than twelve in length; it is divided into six leaves, and the ground is of green paper. The idea of a general design, with which, it is evident, Brummell had commenced, seems to have been soon laid aside.
>
> "The most prominent features of it are the quadrupeds, which form the centre of the upper part of each leaf; these prints are on a scale much larger than the generality of the other drawings. In the first compartment is an elephant, the second bears an hyena, the third a tiger, the fourth a camel, and the fifth a bear. The sixth has no animal upon it. Many of the drawings which cover the remaining surface of the screen are coloured: the engravings are in line, mezzotint, or lithograph, with sketches in chalk, pastel, or pencil; in fact, a specimen of every possible variety of the limner's or engraver's art, if oils be accepted, is to be found upon it. It will, therefore, be easily imagined that the general effect produced by such a multitude of objects of every colour and form is, on the first *coup d'œil*, very confused; but, on a closer inspection, the attention that has been devoted to arrangement of almost every part, becomes easily discernible. Each little pictorial episode, and there are hundreds, is encircled by wreaths and garlands of flowers of every description, the rose

predominating ; fruit and emblems in character with the subject to be illustrated, are also mingled with the flowers. . . .

" On the first leaf there is an elephant, under the neck of which is a full-faced portrait of Napoleon, who, in this case, is the subject to be illustrated. By introducing this animal the Beau intended to express the Emperor's power ; but on the throat of the modern king-maker is a butterfly, intended to represent another of his attributes, and to neutralise his greatness. The portrait is encircled by the neck, shoulder, and trunk of this Chouni [1] ; and the edges of the two drawings are concealed by other attributes, as well as by fruit and flowers, cut out and arranged with infinite pains. This plan of concealing the edges was pursued throughout with as much nicety as a sempstress would bestow on the hem of a *chemise d'homme*. Among these emblems, and immediately above the Emperor's head, is a mortar elevated for firing ; from the mouth of it proceeds a sword, round which a serpent has entwined itself ; a sythe and a flag, with the Russian eagle on it, are crossed above the sword, and the trophy is completed by laurel branches over the emblem of Time. The trumpet of Fame, and a port-fire nearly burnt out, are above the Muscovite colours. The reader can scarcely fail to see the application of these illustrations to Napoleon's history.

" Below the elephant, and in the centre of the same leaf, are grouped four coloured portraits. The one on the left hand is General Upton ; next to him are the late Marquis of Hertford and Lord Sefton, apparently in conversation ; and the fourth (to me an *inconnu*) is on their right, and looking towards them. The General, who has a neck-cloth large enough for three, and a rounded shirt-collar on the same scale, is smelling a sprig of jessamine ; a Cupid lolls on his shoulder . . . and is killing, not the General, but Time, with a book, probably Ovid's ' Art of Love.' On the body of the gallant officer, who is thus indulging poor Cupid with a ride a pig-a-back, is pasted an unnatural and classical-looking landscape, representing a forest in the distance, with a rocky foreground ; but the principal subject is a young lady, who, having thrown aside her harp, is caressing the antlers of a wounded stag. Back to back with the General is the late

[1] A large elephant exhibited in London in 1814.

Lord Sefton, the defect in whose figure Brummell concealed with a flower, probably with the intention of showing that he considered his physical infirmities were entirely overbalanced by his amiable disposition. This he might well do, for Lord Sefton was one of his greatest benefactors. Between his Lordship and the Marquis of Hertford is the head of a very lovely woman, ornamented, without the slightest necessity, by a plume of ostrich feathers. The two peers are so placed that it is difficult to say out of whose pocket the divinity is emerging; most likely that of the latter. Lord Sefton is in hessians, and wears a very peculiar hat.

"My Lord Hertford, whose whiskers look as if they were made of leopard's skin, is dressed in a great-coat, and carries a large cane between a pair of yellow tan gloves, his left hand being inserted, like Lord Sefton's right, in his pocket behind. His emblems are also highly appropriate and numerous. First, and in the front, are two Cupids in an azure cloud, one bearing the hymeneal torch and the other a dove, which is looking him amorously in the face. Cupids in every variety of position that the coryphée of the grand opera could devise, float around his Lordship. They may literally be said to swarm; and, judging by their looks, each of them seems to be laden with the sweets of a different hive, more luscious than those of Narbonne or Hymettus. One, much larger and more saucy-looking than the others, is standing on his Lordship's shoulder, and rests, with folded arms and the domesticated air of a favourite spaniel, upon his hat. To the right is a charming print, by Bartolozzi or Cipriani, of a young girl attended by the everlasting Cupids; above her is a little archer shooting at doves in a palm-tree, and around are Satyrs carrying Bacchantes and Shepherdesses in their arms. Farther on is a gentleman who sports a pair of yellow knee-breeches, and is presenting a nest of doves to a lady in a scarlet-bodice dress. All these subjects appear to have been *appliqué* with great judgment in honour of the Most Noble the late Marquis of Hertford.

"The *inconnu*, the last of the quartet, is the counterpart of a piping bullfinch, and by the emblems that surround him may perhaps have been a celebrated *fanatico per la musica*.

"The portraits are from Dighton's caricatures.

"The hyena in the second compartment is represented as being tamed by the Arts, Sciences, and Religion, symbols of which, mingled with the Muses and the Graces, are seen on every side. In the centre of this leaf is a coloured print, taken from a scene in the 'Fille mal Gardée.' There are also various drawings representing historical, mythological, and rural subjects. Amongst the most striking are Telemachus relating his adventures to Calypso; Phæton driving his car; Time his chariot; a French dragoon at bivouac preparing a foul for the camp-kettle; a *réligieuse* at her devotions; a minuet at a French fair; a gentleman and a shepherdess, whose dog has seized the skirt of her dress and with an anxious look is endeavouring to detach her from her admirer.

"The tiger on the third leaf is surrounded by Cupids, cows, goats, etc., all, with the exception of the first, harmless and peaceful animals. On each side of the royal brute is a coloured print representing the juvenile amusements of the Dauphin and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. In the one to the right they are playing at soldiers; she is marching in front of her brother and beating a drum, thus indicating the resolute spirit she afterwards showed; her dog is scampering before her; and her companion, who is dressed in the national colours, is carrying a flag on which are inscribed the words, 'Union, Force.' She has evidently tempted the Dauphin away from his ninepins, in order to follow her, and these toys are seen behind him scattered on the ground. In the other print they are playing at battledore and shuttlecock, looking very happy and very merry. The ferocious tiger was well chosen to illustrate the period and the subject to which this part of the screen is devoted, for in this beast of prey are plainly personified the cruelties of the Revolution and in the domestic animals the helplessness of those who suffered by its horrible excesses. . . . Below these prints are many other Cupids also, but by no means so comfortable as the one on Lord Hertford's shoulder. One poor boy is standing, on a cold wretched night, at the door of a house; his torch is thrown down in the snow, and his dripping pinions are scarcely covered by a scanty red mantle.

"Below the camel in the fourth compartment is a man in Cossack trousers; a monkey is sitting on his back, gently exciting his own epidermis; a pensive Cupid is clinging to the coat of the incognito. Near him is a gentleman with a lady in his arms;

a Cupid is looking up at them, and pointing to a volume of sermons which he holds in his hand ; a butterfly has alighted on the cavalier's coat, and not far off is a group of Cupids and Satyrs rushing in among bathing nymphs. There is also a female barber.

" The bear in the fifth compartment is stimulating his appetite with a young crocodile. Around him are children at play, shepherds, the Graces, Venus, and numerous insects and shells. Lower down are portraits of Charles James Fox Nelson, Sheridan, the Regent Philip of Orleans, and John Kemble. Fox has a butterfly near him ; Nelson, Greenwich Hospital ; Sheridan, a Cupid carousing on some straw ; and Kemble, a ladybird on his waistcoat. Round the arm of a man in hessians is a green monkey holding a mask, and another monkey is between his legs. There are also likenesses of Lucien Buonaparte, the Princess Charlotte, and the Duke of Cambridge when a young man ; and a little piece representing an old *curé de village* trying, but in vain, to thread the needle of one of his pretty parishioners.

" Byron and Napoleon, placed opposite to each other, occupy the upper centre of the last and sixth leaf. The former is surrounded with flowers, but has a wasp on his throat. . . . Kean, as Richard, is the last print I shall notice. He is below the Emperor, and his neck is ornamented with two hymeneal torches laid together crosswise with a true lovers' knot."

Brummell also beguiled himself at Calais soon after he was settled there by writing his memoirs. He could never be induced, however, to show anyone what he had written ; but he would occasionally speak about the manuscript to some of his friends, saying, as he turned over the leaves, " Here is a chapter on Carlton House," " Here is one on Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince," and so on.

Towards the end of the year 1818 there was much talk in London society about these Memoirs. Charles Standish told Lady Granville at this time that he had actually seen at Belvoir a letter from the Beau to the Duke of Rutland announcing the imminent publication of the autobiography. " Brummell says," so Standish stated, " he sets everything in it at defiance in revenge of his wrongs, that he discloses to the world every anecdote

"Beau" Brummell at Calais.

From an etching in Jesse's "Life of Brummell," 1844.

p. 140.

he has heard, everything that has come to his knowledge in the intimacy of friendship, and that those who have thrown him off he shall treat with the utmost severity." Croker heard something of this. "Beau Brummell," he wrote in his Diary, "is going, or says he is going, to publish an English Journal at Calais, which alarms some great folk, and it is said the French police have been requested to look to it. I hardly think he can dare make such an attempt—he only wants to be bought off, but surely no one will buy him off. I had heard sometime ago that he was writing memoirs of his own life; this is likely enough and may have given rise to the other report." Again, Thomas Moore noted, also in December, 1878: "Murray told me a day or two ago that the report was that he had offered £5,000 for the Memoirs, but that the Regent had sent Brummell £6,000 to suppress them."

As a matter of fact, all the talk about the Memoirs was based merely on a rumour that these were being written. Murray, however, did think of going over to Calais to treat for the book, and, actually, another London publisher did make an offer of £1,000 for it. This offer came when Brummell was in a state of dire poverty, but he resisted the temptation. Leleux, who heard about it, knowing how badly his tenant wanted money, asked him why he had refused such a handsome sum. "I promised the Duchess of York," Brummell explained, "that I would never publish any notes of mine during the lifetime of George IV. or his brothers, and I am under so many obligations to her, and have such a deep respect for her generous and amiable conduct to me in our early friendship and since, that I would rather go to gaol than forfeit my word. She is the only link that binds me in this matter." As will be seen, he did later go to gaol, but he held firm to his resolution. "I have letters of the Royal Family, of Lord Byron, and others, which would produce me more than sufficient to pay my debts," he said to a fellow-prisoner, M. de Godefroi, "but I will not part with them, for I should compromise several families."

Those who write down Brummell as an unmitigated cad might ponder this story.

How intimate was Brummell's knowledge can be gathered from the fact that when Charles Molloy Westmacott's note-books were offered for sale in December, 1868, it was stated by the bookseller in whose possession they were that in one of them was recorded an account of a conversation between the Prince of Wales and Brummell on the night of the Prince's marriage, indicating the cause of his estrangement from Princess Caroline —which account, it is mentioned, was obtained by Westmacott from the Beau.

Another interest which Brummell found for himself was the composition on a subject on which, anyhow so far as his own day was concerned, he was the supreme authority. This was a volume bearing the title: "Male Costume. Grecian, Roman, and British Costumes from the Roman Invasion in 1822." The title-page of the manuscript, which is extant, bears the date 1822.

Brummell still found amusement in the writing of occasional verse, and two examples of these, composed while he was at Calais, may here be given.

TO MISS F——

Though such unbounded love you swear,
'Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever dote on me?

Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth,
And I may love you when I know
That you can speak the truth.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S CLAIM

Whene'er in rapturous praise I speak
Of Susan's eye, of Susan's cheek,
And own my ardent flame;
They tell me that I praise in vain,
For Susan proudly will disdain
A younger brother's claim.

Yet my fond heart will not resign
The hope it form'd to call her mine,
When first my eyes beheld her;
I still believe my Bible true,
For there 'tis clearly proved that you,
Susannah, hate an Elder.

Letter-writing became a hobby with Brummell when he was in exile. He was in constant communication with the Duchess of York, Lord Alvanley, and John Chamberlayne; and in this way he kept in touch with many others of his friends in the great world of London. In addition, he wrote frequently to ladies in whom he was interested.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY

Rue Royale, Calais, Tuesday.

MY DEAR MRS. ——,

You desired me to divulge the *dénouement* of a recent *entretien* with Mademoiselle—I will endeavour to recollect it in all its pristine purity. *La Donzella* had been asking me who figured at Mrs. ——'s late *hop*. My answer was that there was not any one particularly *frappante;* that the only novelty I had remarked was a duenna in the family of Mr. ——, who certainly accompanied the quadrilles with harmonious hands upon the piano, and subsequently danced herself, to the discord of others, with the obedient foot of Taglioni; that the absence of attraction from the face and figure of *la gouvernante* in question was partially compensated by the accomplishments which she exhibited. Our *entretien* wavered to the brilliancy and comfort of General Corbet's fire, and progressively to one of my familiar *agrémens* during the winter nights, an earthen bottle clad in a petticoat of flannel containing hot water.

To my amazement and discomfiture she naïvement asked me, "Would you not prefer being married to the governess you have been praising than to the bottle in the bed?" I found it was high time to correct the irregular bearing of this interrogation, and I abruptly responded: "The lady in question, to whom you so unreservedly return, might indeed prove a preferable substitute for the innocent bottle, but I have much too good an opinion of her to suppose she

would entertain such warming-pan ideas." The undaunted ——, instead of fainting, as I expected, at the look of deep censure which accompanied my remark, exploded into a boisterous fit of hoarse laughter, with screeching turbulence, to attract the attention of the whole assemblage; and your humble reporter resorting to a pinch of snuff, to conceal his confusion, rose from the profane conference, and with wounded feelings at the unguarded ingenuousness of this Highland hoyden, retired to his solitary chamber, painfully ruminating upon the lax morality of society.

Blushingly yours,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

You must know, my dear Miss ——, that Sophie de Grammont had, by the command of her father the Duke, been destined to take the veil, and had already commenced her noviciate, when she escaped from France, with the assistance of her mother, who fled with her to England. Here the noble fugitives were kindly received and protected by the beautiful and enthusiastic Duchess of Devonshire, and the grateful novice afterwards became Lady Ossulston. Her marriage, however, is said to have been much opposed by the Earl of Tankerville, and the ceremony was put off twice—even after the *trousseau* was ready and the day fixed. But the young couple were desperately in love, and the Devonshire family took great interest in their *protégée*, as their generous natures had prompted them to do in the fate of many more. The marriage took place at Devonshire House.

In this letter were enclosed the following lines:

THE NUN

To Corisande Armandine Léonice Sophie de Grammont

The beauteous maid that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads to trace,
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul;

And ere with iron tongue the Vesper bell
Burst through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive.
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlit glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly!

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Rue Royale, Calais.

Dear Miss ——,

When I wrote to you a century ago in plaintive strains, and with "all Hackman's sorrows and all Werther's woes," you told me, with pen dipped in oblivion's ink from Lethe's stream, that I must desist from my vagaries, because I was trespassing on consecrated ground; but you offered me instead your *friendship*, as a relic—by way of a bone to pick, among all my refined and elegant sensibilities! Well, I struggled hard to bring myself to this meagre abnegation, and my efforts promised to be propitious. I kissed the rod, cherished the relic, and enveloped myself in penance inscribed you a missive, in appropriate terms of mortification, presuming, too, that it was the privilege, if not the duty, of my vocation, to mortify you, also, as a votary, with a little congenial castigation. I dare say I wrote to you in a most absurd and recriminating manner, for I was excited by the pious enthusiasm of my recent apostasy; and I was anxious to impress upon your more favourable opinion, the exemplary and salutary progress I had made in my new school. You are, it seems, displeased at it, though my heresy from my first delightful faith was your own work. I know not now where to turn for another belief.

I will tell you the truth in plain unmystical language, for I have not yet learnt to renounce *that;* I was irritated because I thought you had cut me dead in the morning; and when U was *tête-à-tête* with my solitary lamp in the evening, a thousand threatening phantoms assailed me. I imagined that you had abandoned me; in short, a cohort of blue devils got the better of me, and I am now all

compunction and anguish. Pray be once more an amiable and compassionate being, and do not contract your lovely eyebrows any more (I wish to Heaven I could see them at this instance!) in sullenness at all my numberless incongruities and sins. Be the same Samaritan saint you have already been to me: you shall never more repent it. Whatever I may have said in a frenical moment of exasperation was *unsaid* and *unthought* an hour afterwards, when I sought my couch, and profered my honest prayers for forgiveness from above and profanely from you who are upon earth. I am more than conscious of all my derelictions—of all my faults, but indeed they shall be in future corrected, if you are still a friend to me. I had vaunted in the vanity of my chivalrous spirit, that I had at length proved one in myself; but it was empty ostentation, for I find that I cannot exist but in amity with you.

Your unfortunate supplicant,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY

Rue Royale, Calais, Wednesday.

Yesterday morning, I was subdued almost to insanity, but your note in the evening restored me to peace and equanimity, and, as if I had been redeemed from earthly purgatory, placed me in heaven. Thank you, thank you, dearest of beings; how can I retribute all this benevolent open-heartedness, this delightful proof and avowal of my not being indifferent to you? I cannot, by inanimate words, then, with indulgent admission and forbearance, the simple boon, a sacred pledge of my heart's deepest affections for you; they are rooted in my very soul and existence; they will never deviate; they will never die away.

By the dim light that was remaining I perceived something in white at your *porte-cachère*. It was evident that I was recognised, and the figure advanced with your *billet*. In an instant I seized the hand of your faithful and intelligent messenger, compressing it forcibly, and had she been as forbidding as the old Dowager Duchess of ——, I should have saluted her, if I had not fancied at the instant that I heard some one coming up the street. We parted, and I returned to my solitary chamber.

There I lacerated the letter with impatience, and then the light

of love and joy, and the refreshing breath of evening stole through the open window over my entranced senses. After that I sought another stroll on the ramparts, and again returned home contented with you, with myself, and with the world.

I have known few that could equal, none that could excel you; yet they possessed not your charms of countenance, your form, your heart, in my estimation. Certainly they did not possess that unaffected and fervent homage, which in my constant memory—in my heart's blood—and in my devoted soul I bear to you.

Ever most affectionately yours,

George Brummell.

The following correspondence to Lieut.-Col. Hughes, of the 18th Dragoons, shows the writer in a different light as being interested in matters other than the purely social, and indicate a careful perusal of the English newspapers.

To Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Cleveland Court, St. James's, London

Calais, March 13, 1818.

Dear Hughes,

Rob Roy arrived here in a storm more bleak even than those which usually dwell upon his native hills; I had received and read him before, but that does not in the least diminish my obligation to your good-natured memory—a thousand thanks to you for sending him.

I rejoice in the re-establishment of Devonshire's legitimacy: I had, indeed, been looking out for an economical two pair of stairs retreat for him in the adjacent *Basse-ville*, but I am more pleased with his resurrection from the recent calumny than, I am sure, I should have been in having him fora neighbour.

The Indemnity Bill makes me sick: so indeed does everything where Castlereagh is concerned—you may be assured, however, that Parliament will be dissolved at an earlier period than you calculate—they only wished to carry through that infamous bill, by way of superficially white-washing themselves in the eyes of the country and are now anxious to form a new Parliament for the purpose of reviving their first-born hope, the income tax—I hope in God these vampires will not be allowed to pluck its carcass from the grave of corruption, and

that a timely foresight of their obnoxious intention will defeat all their speculations at the General Election.

Have you read Horace Walpole's letters to Mr. Montagu ?—if not I would recommend you to get them : they are much the most pleasant light reading I have had for an age. The climate of Venice, I fear, have sadly impaired my friend Byron's imagination, for I never waded through such galimatias as " Beppo "—he had better confine himself to misanthropic lamentation, for he is lost the moment he attempts to cultivate " Broad Grins " like George Coleman.

Ever truly yrs.,
G. B.[1]

To Lieut-Col. Hughes, Poste Restante, St. Omar
Calais, July 17.

My dear Hughes,

There is an *affiche* stuck up to-day at the Douane here announcing a general sale of all the contraband goods condemned during the last four months, on the 22d. of this month. But the conditions of the sale are as usual, that the purchases made shall be re-embarked for England within four days, and I understand from the encreased vigilance and severity of the myrmidons in that department that it is almost impossible to elude the stipulation ; as they keep possession of them till they are actually on board the exporting vessel. What is to be done under these difficult circumstances ? for presuming that I might bribe the Captain of the vessel to whose charge they are consigned, clandestinely to restore them to me, how am I to distinguish your effects from the various bales of confiscated merchandise among which they will be crowded ?

It is not, I assure you, to save myself the trouble of executing your wishes that I would advise you to abandon the attempt to recover the different articles, but, considering the expense and more particularly the risk to which you would necessarily be exposed in effecting this redemption, I do most certainly recommend you to leave them to their fate.

After the arrest that has befallen you, I think you would be fully justified in availing yourself of the opportunity to expose the contemptible stratagems of certain politico-militants who have, I doubt

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of Mrs. Hutt.

not, manœuvred you out of a seat in Parliament. I am confident that both the D[uke] of York and the D[uke] of Wellington would, if they were informed of the truth, be disgusted at such an illiberal *ruse de guerre.*

Ever truly yrs.,
G. B.[1]

To Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Poste Restante, St. Omar

Calais, Sept. 30.

My dear Hughes,

Your two despatches were safely placed in the Dover post the morning after I received them. I am really obliged to you for having left one of them open for my perusal; and I cannot resist the observation that your defence is excellent; you could not have said more to exculpate yourself in the consideration of every liberal mind; or, in just retaliation, to inculpate those who have so pitifully attempted to injure you. The provocation was sufficiently malignant to have justified a more explicit and, therefore, more severe exposure of their real intentions in keeping back your leave of absence—it is as manifest as day-light that the delay was premeditated, and employed to serve a dirty political motive—and be assured such will be the construction that every one, both friend and foe, will place upon it, who is acquainted with the aggressing party, and attends to the different circumstances adduced in evidence. Without an instant's hesitation I anticipate your entire acquittal—it cannot be otherwise—but after the manner in which you have been thwarted in the first instance, and subsequently persecuted, you must not let the subject pass over with your acquittal—they have assailed you upon a political principle, and, therefore, you are not only authorised, but called upon to retaliate upon the same grounds. You cannot be in better hands than Brougham's.

Pray let me hear the event of the Court Martial, that is, its decision, as soon as it is made known.

Very truly yrs.,
G. B.[2]

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of Mrs. Hutt.

[2] *Ibid.*

To Lieut.-Col. Hughes, au soin de Mlle. d'Ambron, Hôtel de France, à Boulogne

Calais, Thursday.

My dear Hughes,

We have misinterpreted M. St.-Crig's letter, or he has written a different mandate to the Douane here; for upon my application respecting the delivery of your things, they informed me briefly, that they had received a letter from M. St.-Crig upon the subject, and that the effects in question were *confiscated*, but *sans amende*—therefore it seems M. St.-Crig has presumed to confer a great favour upon you by only condemning the different contraband articles without enforcing the penalty. Your only remaining chance of recovering this detained property, is to repurchase it at the time of its public sale by the Douane, and I will take care to inform myself of the period; but even then I should have much difficulty in concealing, or remitting the things to you, for they will be sold under the usual stipulation, that they may be immediately re-embarked for England. Let me know your wishes.

There is no news excepting that Brougham has declined the contest for Westmorland—I am heartily sorry he has not met with better success against the domineering house of Lowther.

A singular circumstance of mutual suicide happened here three days since, a pair of young sentimental lovers walked out together, coolly tied themselves round their waists with a shawl, and more coolly threw themselves into the canal about half a mile from this town, and were drowned before assistance could be given by those who saw the transaction. I was myself strolling near the fatal spot, and saw them taken out of the water, and I confess much of the interest was diminished in finding the young lady extremely ill-looking—it has been ascertained that she was four months gone with child—this mends the catastrophe, making it a triple murder.

Very truly yrs,
George Brummell.[1]

Brummell, who would not let himself be downcast or give way utterly to depression, devoted himself to animals. Like the

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of Mrs. Hutt.

Duchess of York, he was always devoted to dogs. In the case of the Duchess this devotion was carried too far, for she kept an hundred or more of them at Oatlands, where she had a cemetery for them, and erected monuments to their memory. Her Royal Highness's sympathies were not limited to dogs. When, one day, "Monk" Lewis's cat settled on her skirt, and her host was about to remove it, "No, no!" she cried, "you shall not disturb her now. Poor little t'ing! I do think she love me; and do not take from me any t'ing dat love me." Again, when someone said that she loved all animals: "Ah, *mein Gott!* yes, matam, dey are so dependent on us for kindness and protection; and when dey make dere appeal in dere innocent language, I t'ink we ought to love dem, if only to awake de better part of our nature. Besides, dey are grateful for kindness, dey are sincere, dey are honest." "Monk" Lewis said that if his cat, Minnette, saw a custard he would not be answerable for her honesty. "Poor t'ing! poor little t'ing!" the Duchess laughed. "Dat is but dere nature. De dog, de cat, dey will snap and dey will bite; but how could I punish de poor ignorant t'ing, dat 'as no liberty of choice? I 'av many dog, as you know, but though I vos delight in the attachment and de faith of my dog, I could not say the dog is *virtuous*—still, I welcome the sweet spirit of *affection*—dat it is vin my regard. Ah! Master Lewise, me know dat de poor animal follow but dere nature; and would Gott dat man so truly follow his; for *his* nature is *divine!*"

When Brummell was first at Calais, a terrier, Vick, was his great pet. He used to take her with him on his walks, although she was so fat that he had to walk at a snail's pace in order not to distress her. Some friends one day found Brummell looking the picture of misery, and inquiring what had distressed him learnt that "Poor Vick has to be bled." When the veterinary surgeon arrived to perform the trying operation, Brummell could not bear to witness it, and left the room, giving instructions to be informed when it was over. When, later, Vick died, Brummell shut himself up for some days, and when he went out again said to Captain Marshall that he had lost the only friend he had in

the world. Vick, it may be mentioned, was buried in the garden of Dessein's Hotel. She was succeeded in his affections, one of whom was called Atous.

The sight of cruelty to animals, or even the thought of such cruelty, made him almost physically sick. "Madame de St. Ursin," he once said, "were I to see a man and a dog drowning together in the same pond, and no one looking on, I would prefer to save the dog." As the following letter shows, he was also devoted to cats:

DEAR MISS AIMABLE,

You have recently made such a rapid progress in the English language, at least in writing it, that I do not think a partial relaxation from your daily task would be detrimental to this branch of your instruction. It is very delightful and commendable to learn, when one feels the propensity to do so; but still, one should not totally forsake other little customary avocations, which are as requisite, and perhaps more amiable, than incessantly filling one's brains with English and Italian.

To improve the head, it is not necessary to neglect the natural dictates of the heart; and I will beg to observe that for many days and nights there has not been any fresh straw in the basket-bed of the two cats, Ourika and her *élève* Angolina. You are comfortably couched, and dreaming probably of butterflies, or of the Château de Ham, while these poor animals are waiting, half-frozen, my return home, to let them into a warmer place of rest. I cannot resist their mewing supplications, though I have latterly taken care to close the door, for fear their aide-de-camp, Tigre, might also get in and *houspiller* Jacko's cage. I would rather preserve my feelings of humanity and tenderness for these mute domestic creatures, than acquire all the languages in the world! Yours, out of temper!

G. B.

CHAPTER X

Uneventful days at Calais—His routine—The French Beaux—Brummell still careful of his appearance as ever—Letters to Thomas Raikes—Brummell always meets the English boat—His friends always visit him—Some anecdotes—"A hatter without a nose"—"Mere stock-jobbing"—Death of George III.—Brummell hopes for kindness from the new King—George IV. comes to Calais *en route* for Hanover—He does not send for the Beau—Harriette Wilson—Her Memoirs—Her description of Brummell—Pückler-Muskau's impressions—Brummell's financial plight—Brummell vastly popular at Calais—His English friends try to do "a job" for him—The Duke of York—George Canning—The Duke of Wellington—Brummell in 1830 appointed Consul at Caen—His debts at Calais ultimately arrayed—His departure.

Brummell's days at Calais were, perforce, uneventful. He rose about nine o'clock. He breakfasted in his dressing-gown, and looked over the English papers. At noon, he went back to his bedroom and made his toilet with the same care as if he were about to walk down St. James's Street or take his stand in the bow-window of White's. At this hour he was at Calais, as formerly in London, at home to such friends as cared to drop in on him. About four o'clock he went for a walk. An hour later he returned to the Rue Royale. He dressed for dinner—sent in from Dessein's—of which meal he partook at six o'clock, unless he was having that meal at another's house. In the evening, when there was a play, he would go to the little theatre, or, it might be, to a party; failing these distractions there were his books, his drawings, the famous screen, and his own Memoirs. He spent, Major Chambre has mentioned, a great deal of time with his books. He was especially interested in volumes of recollections, and he was, that authority has stated, "well acquainted

with all the phases of society in France, more particularly from the time of Louis XIV., and it gave a great interest to his conversation whenever he entered upon the subject."

Brummell's friends used to tease him by saying that he could always make both ends meet by giving lessons in the art of dressing. Indeed, Tom Moore introduced the idea into "The Fudge Family Abroad":

> "There goes a French dandy: oh! Dick, unlike some ones
> We've seen about White's, the mounseers are but rum ones.
> Such hats! fit for monkeys; I'd back Mrs. Draper
> To cut better weatherboards out of brown paper;
> And coats, like I wish, if it would not distress 'em,
> They'd club for old Brummell from Calais to dress 'em."

As a matter of fact, Brummell did find a promising young tailor, and taught him the cut of the best houses in London.

Of course, Brummell in these days could not afford the money to get the very best of everything, and a trained eye noticed the difference. Thus Lord William Pitt Lennox, who asked him to dine at Dessein's, wrote: "Poor Brummell looked pale and emaciated, his still well-fitting clothes were what is usually termed 'seedy'; his boots were not so brilliant as they used to be when he lounged up Bond Street, in his day the fashionable promenade; his hat, though carefully brushed, showed symptoms of decay, and the only remnants of dandyism left were the well-brushed hair, the snow-white linen, and an exceptional tie."

The ties came from England, and frequently a parcel of them came to Brummell as a gift from Thomas Raikes.

George Bryan Brummell to Thomas Raikes

Rue Royale, Calais.

I am persuaded you had no hand in the mutilation of the muslin that was sent to me. No, I said, he never in cold blood could have been guilty of this outrage. The fault then rests with that vandal Chapman, who, in the attempt to exculpate himself, has added a lie to the previous offence, for, according to all the rules of geometry,

two triangles will form a square, to the end of the world, and of equal triangular proportions are the kerchiefs in question. The intention you profess of sending me some square pieces assures me you are in good humour.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Rue Royale, Calais.

I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour and cramoise. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity.

The red-letter day in the week was that on which the English boat came in. Invariably, Brummell went down to the quay to meet it, always hoping that some of his acquaintances were on board. Not infrequently, this, to his great delight, was the case. On various occasions he found the Duke of Argyle, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton, Lord Jersey, Lord Willoughby d'Evesby, Lord Craven, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, John Chamberlayne, John William Ward, and many others. With these he would forgather, and sit up late in the night, hearing the news, and fighting over again the battles of fashion.

When no one that he knew landed, he would describe the visitors to a companion who assumed that he knew everyone in England. Brummell would play this game eagerly, and give his imagination full rein. This one, he would say, had once been butler at Belvoir; that one had kept a snuff-shop in St. James's Street; the third had been a lodging-house keeper in Jermyn Street, and so on. One day he described as a hatter a distinguished soldier who had lost his nose in the late war. Someone told the officer, who called on Brummell in a fine fury.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that anyone should conceive it possible that *I* could be guilty of such a breach of good manners," the Beau said with great dignity. "I can assure you that there is not a word of truth in the report."

The soldier at once expressed himself satisfied, and was able to take his leave, when Brummell, twinkling, added—as it were more to himself that to his visitor : " For, now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose."

Brummell never let his humour desert him.

When one day a friend from England came off the boat and saw him, the new arrival exclaimed joyfully : " Why, Brummell ! I am glad to see you. They are saying in England that you are dead." The bankrupt Beau looked at him and smiled. " Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow—mere stock-jobbing."

Again, when Wellesley Pole came once to Paris unexpectedly, and, calling on Brummell, drew his chair close to the fire, " Why, Wellesley," said his host, " you appear cold, but I am not surprised, for you must have been devilish hot in England, or we should not have seen you here."

Another specimen of Brummell's humour at this time has been recorded. " Have you heard the news ? " a Calais acquaintance one day asked him excitedly.

The Beau expressed complete ignorance.

" Why," said the other, " S——, the banker, absconded last night."

" Well, what of that ? "

" Well, what of that ? . . . Why, I have lost a thousand francs by it."

" Have you, indeed ? " said Brummell. " Then, my good fellow, take a hint from me, and in future do as I do—keep your banker in advance."

When George III. died and the Prince Regent ascended the throne, Brummell hoped—but, knowing his man, with only the thousandth part of a faint hope—that the royal friendship might again be extended to him. For instance, Captain Marshall was in indifferent health and was thinking of resigning his office of Consul at Calais—actually, Marshall recovered and survived for another twenty years. Brummell much desired that post : would, he wondered, the new King sanction the appointment.

George Bryan Brummell to Thomas Raikes

Rue Royale, Calais, March, 1820.

He is at length King. Will his past resentments still attach themselves to his crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly-throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the person in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have, during so many years, operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice; that unfortunate —I need not particularise.

You ask me how I am going on at Calais. Miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the mercy and patience of my claimants are exhausted, I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time.

George IV. made no sign, and Brummell was too proud to make any advance.

It is not easy to conjure up the feelings with which Brummell received the news that George IV. was staying a night at Calais on his way to Hanover in September, 1821.

More than five years had passed since the Beau had left London, and more than that time since he and His Royal Highness had been on intimate terms, or, indeed, any terms at all.

Yet Brummell's mind must have gone back further than this, even to 1798, when, at the age of twenty, he had set up as the leader of the men of fashion of the day, and had no more loyal subject and supporter than the Prince of Wales.

What would be the attitude now of the King of England towards his erstwhile intimate? He could well afford to forgive the offences of a man who had fallen from his high estate: what remained to be seen was—was he generous enough?

As a matter of fact, the issue was never really in doubt—and it may be supposed that Brummell, in his heart of hearts, knew this—though he probably hoped against hope.

George IV. was received on his arrival by the Duc d'Angoulême on behalf of Louis XVIII. He was housed at Dessein's Hotel. The story that Brummell endeavoured to thrust himself upon the notice of the King has been very definitely contradicted by his kindly landlord, Leleux. On the morning of His Majesty's arrival he had been for his usual walk.

> "I was standing at my shop-door, and saw Mr. Brummell trying to make his way across the street to my house, but the crowd was so great that he could not succeed, and he was therefore obliged to remain on the opposite side. Of course, all hats were taken off as the carriage approached, and when it was close to the door, I heard the King say in a loud voice, 'Good God, Brummell!' The latter, who was uncovered at that time, now crossed over, as pale as death, entered the house by the private door, and retired without addressing me."

A banquet was given at Dessein's the same evening in honour of the King, and Brummell lent his valet Sélègue, to make the punch, and sent by him a bottle of maraschino, one of George IV.'s favourite tipples.

The next morning all the members of the royal suite called on Brummell—with one exception, who is written down by Jesse as "Sir —— ——, afterwards Lord ——," who, actually, was Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, afterwards Lord Bloomfield, a confidential adviser of the King. Each of his visitors endeavoured to persuade him to ask for an audience, but Brummell, who had inscribed his name in the visitors' book at Dessein's, felt that it would be impolitic to take any further step without direct encouragement. Brummell was not inclined to put himself in the way of a rebuff even from a monarch who had once been his most intimate friend.

Jesse, who went to Calais a score of years later, collected all the gossip that was still in circulation concerning Brummell and the King's visit. "It has been stated," he wrote, "that during the King's stay at Calais, Brummell sent him a box of snuff, and that His Majesty, having previously heard that he was in distress,

said, 'I understand what it means,' placed a hundred-pound note in it, and returned it by one of his suite, desiring him at the same time to say that he could not see him."

The English papers gave out that Brummell stood in a conspicuous position in the lobby of the theatre when the King went to his box, with the view of bringing their former intimacy to his remembrance, and profiting thereby; and that His Majesty bowed to him and sent him a present during the evening. Another edition of the story was, that the Beau's present of snuff was accompanied by two or three yards of sausages, that he had selected and purchased himself at some *charcutier's* in the town, who was famous for these delicacies; but sausages and Beau Brummell do not hang consistently together.

Leleux, who is apparently the only first-hand authority on this matter, gave another version of the snuff-box incident: "The Consul came to Brummell late one evening, and intimated that the King was out of snuff, saying, as he took up one of the boxes that were lying on the Beau's table, 'Give me one of yours.' 'With all my heart,' replied Brummell, 'but not that box, for if the King saw it I should never have it again': implying thereby that there was some history attached to it in which His Majesty was concerned. On reaching the theatre, the Consul presented the snuff, when an exclamation followed the first pinch, and the King, turning round, said: 'Why, Sir, where did you get your snuff? There is only one person that I know who can mix snuff this way.' 'It is some of Mr. Brummell's, your Majesty,' replied the Consul, and the conversation here closed."

Two days after his arrival, the King left Calais, and was heard to remark to Sir Arthur Paget, as he drove away: "I leave Calais, and have not seen Brummell."

Brummell, even in the days when he had not a penny, could not resist making a *beau geste*. For instance (as Jesse relates), in 1829 a collection was being made for an Episcopal Church in Calais, he was not approached for a subscription. "Really," said Brummell to the gentleman who had been collecting funds, "I am very sorry that you did not call last week, for it was only

yesterday that I became a Catholic. But never mind, put my name down for a hundred francs." Sometime later the British Consul invited him to dine with him to meet Dr. Luscombe, Chaplain to the British Embassy, and others interested in the new project.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CAPTAIN SAMUEL MARSHALL

MY DEAR MARSHALL,

You must excuse me not having the pleasure to dine with you and the Trustees of the Church establishment this day. I do not feel myself sufficiently prepared in spirit to meet a bishop, or in pocket to encounter the plate after dinner; moreover, I should be a fish out of water in such a convocation.

Truly yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Bishop was Michael Henry Thornhill Luscombe, who, in 1924, was appointed by Canning, Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris and general superintendent of the scattered English congregations on the Continent. Luscombe, it may be mentioned, was, in the next year, consecrated at Sterling by the Bishops of the Episcopal Church to a continental bishopric, after which he went abroad to take up his duties. The subscription for the new edifice did not amount to any considerable sum, and, in 1834, he, in great part at his own expense, erected a church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. Luscombe has his niche in literary history, for it was he who, in April, 1836, at the British Embassy, married William Makepeace Thackeray to Isabella Getkin Creagh Shawe.

Among those of Brummell's visitors who wrote their impressions of him was Harriette Wilson, the notorious courtesan. After 1820 she lived mainly at Paris. In 1825, when she was thirty years of age, she printed her "Reminiscences" (probably written for her by John Joseph Stockdale, her publisher), in which with the utmost frankness she told the story of her life, and gave unvarnished accounts of her amours, her lovers, and the many distinguished people she had met. In these volumes—there were

HARRIETTE WILSON.

p. 160.

eight of them, and they were issued in rapid succession—she introduced the Duke of Wellington and his brother, the Marquess Wellesley, the Earl of Fife, Prince Esterhazy, Lord Granville Leveson Gower, Henry Luttrell, Richard Meyler ("the dandy-killer," to whom reference has already been made in these pages), Lord Frederick Bentinck, Byron, Brougham, and many others.

Harriette Wilson had, of course, much that she could say, and, therefore, much that she could suppress, and with this she proceeded to deal—or, rather, to attempt to extort blackmail. There is very definite proof of this in the *Globe and Traveller* of March 12, 1825, in which there is the following article, based upon the letter sent by the authoress to Edward Ellice, Member of Parliament for Coventry, later Secretary to the Treasury in Lord Grey's Administration, and, afterwards, Secretary for War:

> "We think Mr. Ellice does but justice to the public in permitting us to publish the following letter, which he received by post this morning. It displays at once the objects and motive of the authoress and editor of the detestable publication now circulating under the above title. He has desired us to leave blank the names of other parties alluded to, but has left the letter with us for the satisfaction of others who may be better acquainted with the lady's handwriting than himself.
>
> "'*No. III. Rue du Faubourg,*
> "'*St. Honoré,*
> "'*à Paris.*
> "'*March* 8, [1825],
>
> "'SIR,
>
> "'People are buying themselves so fast out of my book, "Memoirs of H. Wilson," that I have no time to attend to them. Should be sorry not to give each *a chance*, if they *chuse to be out.* You are quizzed most *unmercifully*. Two Noble Dukes have taken my word, and I have never named them. I am sure—would say you might trust me never to publish, or *cause* to be published aught about you, if you like to forward £200 directly to me, else it will be too late as the last volume, in which you shine, will be the property of the Editor and in his hands. Lord — — says

he will answer for aught I agree to, so will my husband. *Do just as you like.* Consult only yourself. I get as much by a small book as you will give me for taking you out, or more. I attack no poor men, because they cannot help themselves. Adieu !—Mind I have no time to write again, as what with writing books and then altering them for those who buy out, I am done up—*frappé en mort.* What so you think of my French ?

" ' Yours,

" ' HARRIETTE ROCHFORT, LATE WILSON.' "

It is in the fourth volume of her Memoirs that Harriette Wilson gives an account of her first visit to Brummell at Calais :

" Few were, I believe, unacquainted with the real character of Beau Brummell among those who courted, praised, sought and copied him. The prudence of such conduct, can no more be doubted, in my humble opinion, than its injustice towards the truly amiable. Although, for my part, I never affected friendship for Mr. Brummell, either in his day of triumph or since his disgrace, yet curiosity induced me to enquire about him, as I passed through Calais.

" ' C'étoi, un homme charmant,' his French language master informed me. ' Qu'il avoit un tou parfait ; que l'étoit aussi étonnant qu'heureux qu'il n'ent jamais appris à parler François en Angleterre.'

" I made the beau a hasty visit, just as the horses were being put to my carriage. My enquiry, *si* Monsieur Brummell *étoit* visible ? was answered, by his valet, just such a valet as one would have given the beau, in the acmé of his glory, *bien poudré, bien cérémonieux, et bien mio, que Monsieur fesoit sa barbe.*

" ' Pardon,' added the valet, seeing me about to leave my card, ' *mais Monsieur recoit en fesant la barbe toujours. Monsieur esta su seconde trillette, actuellement.*'

" I found the beau *en robe de chambre de Florence,* and, if one might judge, from his increased *embonpoint* and freshness, his disgrace had not seriously affected him. He touched lightly on the subject, in the course of our conversation, *fesant toujours la barbe, avec une grace tout particulière et le moindre petit rasoir, que je n'eus jamais ou.*

" ' Play,' he said, ' had been the ruin of them all.'

" ' Who do you include, in your all ? '

" He told me there had been a rot, in White's club.

" ' I have heard all about your low tricks, in London,' said I.

" Brummell laughed, and told me that, in Calais, he sought only French society ; because it was his decided opinion that nothing could be more ridiculous than the idea of a man going to the Continent, whether from necessity or choice, merely to associate with Englishmen.

" I asked him if he did not find Calais a very melancholy residence ?

" ' No,' answered Brummell, ' not at all. I draw, read, and study French, and—— '

" ' Play with that dirty French dog ? ' interrupted I.

" *Finessiz-donc,* Louis," said he laughing, and encouraging the animal to play tricks, leap on his *robe de chambre de Florence,* and make a noise. Then, turning to me, ' There are some very pretty French actresses at Paris. I had such a sweet, green shoe, here just now. In short,' added Brummell, ' I have never been in any place, in my life, where I could not amuse myself !

" Brummell's table was covered with seals, chains, snuff-boxes, and watches : presents, as he said, from Lady Jersey, and various other ladies of high rank.

" The only talent, I could ever discover in this beau, was that of having well-fashioned the character of a gentleman, and proved himself a tolerably good actor ; yet, to a nice observer, a certain impenetrable, unnatural stiffness of manner proved him but nature's journeyman, after all ; but his wig . . . his new, French wig was nature itself !

" From what I had heard of the hero's fall, I fully expected to have found him reclined on a couch, worn down to a skeleton, and with these lines of the poor Cardinal Wolsey, or the like of them, ever and anon in his mouth :

" ' Go get thee from me !
I am poor fallen man.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble hoofs that waited
Upon my smiles.'

"Quite the contrary, however, was Brummell, who, had he not covered his bald pate, with the said model of a wig, would have looked just as usual."

Later, Harriette Wilson went to see the Beau again, this time accompanied by Berkeley Craven. "We found Brummell shaving, just as he had been shaving ever since my first visit. He is always shaving! This time he wore a linen *robe de chambre*. One gets tired of silks and satins after a long residence on the Continent." So she wrote in the seventh volume of her Memoirs, where she always made mention of the fact that Brummell expressed himself strongly on the impropriety of her publishing her recollections.

"For example," she wrote, "Mr. George Brummell, of the parish of Calais, a naturalised Frenchman, declared to me, not three days ago, that my book was infamous, shocking! And at the last exclamation, he turned up his eyes, to suit his looks to his language.

"'What has that truly amiable woman, the Duchess of Beaufort done, pray?' asked the great man of Calais.

"'Abused me most shockingly, to begin with, in letters addressed to her son,' I replied.

"'And I? What have I done?' retorted the Beau, whose self was, and will be, ever uppermost.

"'Very little for the State, I believe, at least until you took French leave, and quitted it. True, indeed, your services are appreciated by unanimous consent: excepting only one or two, who would gladly have detained you, for the purpose of justifying their private revenge for having been taken in by you.'

"'You are the most infamous woman in the world,' said Mr. George Brummell of —— notoriety.

"'Amen,' responded the Honourable Berkeley Craven, who was equally abusive at being left out of the Memoirs, as was Mr Brummell, for having figured in their background. Of course, I mean what I say—nothing more nor less than that Brummell's very low birth placed him at the bottom of the list of fashionables. Oh! but somebody told me the other day that he had grown a

very good man, in Calais, lives quiet, and puts up for the consulship; in which case we must let him alone: but I was going to tell you how I came to write a certain little tale, called "Jealousy," which shall soon be published. Mr. George Brummell having cut me dead, I wandered about disconsolate as our first pair, after they were turned out of Eden, and being jealous of the favours he bestowed on green silk shoes, I was thinking of throwing myself off the ramparts; but I changed my mind, and laid the plan of a dreadful romantic and murderous fiction."

Not long after Harriette Wilson's second visit Prince von Pückler-Muskau was wandering about Europe and found himself at Calais. He noted his impressions of Brummell in his "Tour in England, Ireland, and France," published in 1829.

> "Every bird of passage from the fashionable world dutifully pays the former patriarch the tribute of a visit, or of an invitation to dinner," he wrote. "This I did also, though under my assumed name. Unfortunately, in the matter of dinner I had been forestalled by another stranger; and I cannot therefore judge how a coat really ought to look; or whether his long residence in Calais, added to increasing years, have rendered the dress of the former King of Fashion less classical, for I found him at his second toilette, in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, velvet nightcap with gold tassel, and Turkish slippers, shaving, and rubbing the remains of his teeth with his favourite red root. The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough, part of it might even be called rich, though faded; and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to be to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of good-humour and good-nature. His air was that of good society, simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruke, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones, and called himself, 'le ci-devant jeune homme qui passe sa vie entre Paris et Londres.' He appeared somewhat curious about me, asked me questions concerning people and things in London, without belying his good breeding by any kind of intrusiveness; and then took occasion to convince me that he was perfectly well

informed as to all that was passing in the English world of fashion, as well as of politics. 'Je suis au courant de tout,' exclaimed he, 'mais à quoi cela me sert-il? on me laisse mourir de faim ici. J'espère pourtant que mon ancien ami le Duc de W—— enverra un beau jour le consul d'ici en Chine, et qu'ensuite il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé. . . .' And surely the English nation ought in justice to do something for the man who invented starched cravats! How many did I see in London in the enjoyment of large sinecures, who had done far less for their country. As I took my leave, and was going down stairs, he opened the door, and called after me: 'J'espère que vous trouverez votre chemin; mon Suisse n'est pas là, je crains.' 'Hélas,' thought I, 'point d'argent point de Suisse.'"

Brummell's means of subsistence at this period of his life at best indefinite and at worst irregular. There is reason to believe that the Duchess of York made him an allowance until her death, but it is not on record that the Duke of York continued it. His friends, however, came to the rescue from time to time. It is to his credit—we have it on the authority of Leleux—that whenever he had any money he always discharged a portion of his debts. It is Leleux who, knowing this agreeable trait of his tenant, declares that George IV. certainly did not send the Beau money, for at the time he was greatly in want of funds, and remained so. Of course, Brummell's relations also came to the rescue; but, in fact, Brummell had not knowledge of the value of money.

Towards the end of his stay at Calais his position was desperate, as the following letters clearly indicate:

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO —— SCHOLEY

Rue Royale, Calais, Wednesday.

MY DEAR SCHOLEY,

Though dunned I would rather be damned than dun—demands must, however, be attended to. I have a bit of paper lying at Sagot's to be taken up and I am obliged to apply to you for 200 frs.

Yours

GEORGE BRUMMELL.[1]

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of Captain George S. Cary.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE DAWSON, c/o MRS. FITZHERBERT, TILNEY STREET, PORT LANE, LONDON

Calais, July 20, 1828.

MY DEAR DAWSON,

Will you so far extend your usual kindness as to endeavour to be of *instant* service to me. It is not to yourself particularly that I take the liberty to address myself, for you must be very much changed, if you have any money at command; but to three or four of those former friends who you may think willing to stretch a point in my favour at the moment. I am in a serious scrape from my utter inability to provide for a rascally bill which has been long due, and which, if not paid on or before the 26th of this month, will expose me to the worst consequences—the amount is £73.

Would you so essentially oblige me as to endeavour to gather together a few amiable Samaritans who might so kindly bear me and my actual difficulties in remembrance as to advance £25 each to satisfy this urgent demand? One hundred would relieve me and give me a few pounds over to scramble on with. It would make me happy for the present.

You are acquainted with the different things belonging to me, in China, Japan, etc. Select what you please to the amount of double the sum in question and it shall be faithfully sent to you or to anyone else in payment. I would sell myself if I could raise a shilling upon my worthless body and soul to be extricated from this predicament which really frightens me out of my wits.

I wrote to Alvanley some time since acquainting him with my apprehensions about this bill, but I fear he is as usual without the means of assisting me. I have written also to Worcester ten days since in the same sense as my present request to you, but I should think he is absent from Town, for I have received no answer from him, and time presses sorely upon me.

I am, as you may have heard, expecting employment through the interference of that best of friends, the [Duke] of Wellington, but before such expectation may be realised I am sadly alarmed lest some overwhelming disaster should fall upon me.

Ever sincerely yrs.,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.[1]

[1] Now first printed from the original letter of the Earl Fortescue, K.C.B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE DAWSON, c/o MRS. FITZHERBERT, TILNEY STREET, PORT LANE, LONDON

Calais, Aug. 12, 1828.

MY DEAR DAWSON,

Do not condemn me for a troublesome beast; you are a friendly fellow and can make allowances for so precarious a situation as mine at the present instant.

I am beset and reduced in expedients to bear up beyond endurance and almost beyond hope. A very little might enable me to purchase delay from this infernal persecution which frightens me out of the few wits that are left to me. I believe every one has left London to whom any application from me in this immediate dilemma might be available—but mine is an old story, and would not perhaps be listened to if it was repeated.

You had the kindness to tell me you could do something for me—upon my soul, I am ashamed to be driven to recall such an assurance to you, but I am put to the worst extremities, and I know not which way to turn to save myself.

Ever yrs.,
G. B.[1]

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE DAWSON, c/o MR. FITZHERBERT, TILNEY STREET, PORT LANE, LONDON

Calais, Aug. 2, 1828.

MY DEAR DAWSON,

You are a very good fellow for answering my letter at all, but a most excellent one during a fit of the gout. What business have you to be tormented with gout? It would become me perhaps, for no one deserves it more for former "hard going" and here I am with uninterrupted good health and, I firmly believe, an unimpaired constitution. It is all, indeed, that is left to me, but I ought to be thankful.

You, on the contrary, have always been rather of a temperate life and have no right to the Mala Podagra to disturb your days and nights. I would willingly sell or lend my limbs to anyone afflicted like yourself by way of exchange from other annoyances.

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of the Earl Fortescue, K.C.B.

Your kindness towards me gives me good spirits for the moment and I thank you with all my heart. For a long time past I have been unaccustomed to even friendly acknowledgments. Alvanley has sent me £50 through Drummonds. He does not like making further application to others, for speaking is always more effective than writing, or I might, perhaps, be relieved from the demands that press upon me. He is, however, the best judge of the grounds of such disinclination: and I thank him equally as the steadiest friend I possess.

There certainly is a vacancy in the Consular Department at Petersburgh, for though the present incumbent, Sir Something Bailey, is gone back there, I know he has tendered his resignation, and that Marshall, the Consul here, has several times written soliciting that preferment.

Can you find out *quietly* whether it is the intention to place me here as Consul, or to send me elsewhere, of course a vacancy occurring to facilitate the business.

Ever yrs.,
G. B.[1]

It required all the personal charm of Brummell to keep his creditors quiet for so long. "Whenever anyone of my creditors calls upon me, the moment he enters the room I commence an amusing conversation, and tell him anecdotes that I think will interest him," he said to Major Chambre in 1829. "This has hitherto succeeded very well, for I divert their attention from the subject that brings them to me. We shake hands and part on good terms. But," he added dryly, "my stock-in-trade is exhausted, and I am now completely used up. I have nothing left to tell them, and I do not know what to do." Chambre, who would appear to have been of a practical turn of mind, suggested the sale of his costly furniture and valuable snuff-boxes; but to these Brummell clung so long as he could, as being the last link that bound him to his days of fame and comparative opulence. "I found him," Chambre noted of him at this time, "a quiet gentlemanlike man, without pretension, apparently about fifty

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of the Earl Fortescue, K.C.B.

years of age, and exceedingly agreeable. He was in his usual morning costume, a dressing-gown and gold lace cap, which he invariably wore in the earlier part of the day."

So much that is harsh has been said and written about Brummell that it is pleasant to be able to credit him with charity. Even in his charity he was whimsical: A beggar asked him for alms, even if only a *sou*. "My poor fellow," said the Beau, "I have heard of such a coin, but never possessed one; here's a franc for you."

Jesse, who was not at all in sympathy with the subject of his memoir, did, however, include in his book one favourable opinion of Brummell expressed by a female tobacconist at Calais:

> "I was remarking that the hotels were fallen off since I was last in Calais, and in defending her town from the aspersion thus thrown upon it, she replied, 'Go and see Dessein's before you condemn them; your King slept there once' (like many of her class in Calais, she spoke a little English); 'and do you know, a friend of his lived here many years—we used to call him le Roi de Calais, he lodged at that house'; pointing to M. Leleux's, which was nearly opposite hers. '*Ah! c'était un bien brave homme, très-élégant, et avec beaucoup de moyens*—he always paid his bills, Sir, and was very good to the poor; and every one was very sorry when he left. I wonder," continued the bourgeoise, 'le Roi Georges did not take bettare care of his frandes.'"

No man, for obvious reasons, can subsist indefinitely on the voluntary contributions of relatives and friends. Brummell decided that come what may, he must use all that remained of his influence to get "a job" done for him. After several vain attempts, he enlisted the good offices of the Duke of York, who, in the autumn of 1822, asked George Canning, then Foreign Secretary, to find him a post. However, Canning, who had some conscience as regards the disposing of public monies, said he did not see his way to recommend Brummell, on his own responsibility, but that if His Royal Highness insisted, he would submit Brummell's name to His Majesty. Nothing, of course, came of this.

Then the Duke of Wellington took a hand in the matter, and, with his usual directness, put the matter before His Majesty, who did not take it at all kindly. He raised several objections, and abused Brummell, who, he said, had behaved very badly to him. The Duke let the King have his say, but came away having secured the royal success. Nothing, however, was done at the time, or, indeed, during the lifetime of George IV.—possibly no suitable vacancy occurred.

That Brummell heard of what Wellington had done is evident from the following letter:

George Bryan Brummell to General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson

Calais, September 11, 1829.

My dear Wilson,

Most happy shall I be to shake you once more by the hand, and I am delighted to hear that the contemptible prohibition against your *passe-partout* in these dominions is at an end.

I am still vegetating, for I will not call it living, with the fat weeds that sleep within the stagnant ditches that surround this place. I am, indeed, comparatively as fat, but that can be accounted for by the windy nature of my nourishment, hope long deferred yet still green and promising in the fancy. My dependence is placed upon the good offices of one great man, who, as he has always extended every kindness towards me, will not neglect any favourable opportunity to be of service to me.

Ever truly yours,
George Brummell.

I do not take in any French *journaux*. I read them *gratis* where I am lodged.

Shortly after the accession of William IV. Charles Greville saw Brummell at Calais. "I had a long conversation with Brummell about his consulship," he noted in the Diary, "and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of Wellington and ask him to do what he could for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing—some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green Macaw

perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding; full of gaiety, impudence, and misery." Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, decided that something must be done without further delay, and on September 10, 1830, Brummell was gazetted as British Consul at Caen. The salary was £400 a year.

The appointment was more than welcome, but the difficulty that at once confronted Brummell was his debts at Calais, which had to be discharged before he could leave the town. How considerable they were is not known. He had some valuable buhl furniture, which he reluctantly sold. Also he disposed of some very valuable Sèvres china, which he had collected—though how he had been able to pursue this expensive hobby is far from clear. The amount realised by these sales went to pay off some of his liabilities.

His indebtedness was considerable. He had been granted an extensive credit by Leveux, his banker at Calais. Leveux is said to have declared that he could refuse Brummell nothing. Without being unduly cynical, it may be that Leveux saw his profit in so doing, since Brummell introduced his English friends to him for the purpose of their opening accounts with him during the period of their stay in France. At the time of his appointment, Brummell had overdrawn his account by twelve thousand francs.

It is not without interest to scan the list of his other creditors:

	Francs.
To his valet, François Sélègue, for house expenses and et ceteras	6,162
Bill at Dessein's for dinners	3,488
Lefêvre, hatter	54
Lamotte, Pion, } tailors	373
Baudron, Samson, } chemists	176
Lafond Bressell, Bonvarlet, Lemoine, } upholsterers	75

	Francs.
Parqué Waillier, draper	309
Ducastel, decorator of ceilings	24
Desjardins, Boissard, } jewellers	35
Fasquel, bootmaker	150
Piedfort, perruquier	8
Washerwoman	100
Fille de chambre	50
Isaac Precquet, banker	500
Cr. o.	Dr. 11,504

Brummell was at his wits' end, and actually feared that he would, after all, be unable to take up the consulship. However, a way out was found. Leveux was persuaded to cancel the overdraft and to pay off the other creditors—on terms. The terms were that he should receive £320 a year from Brummell's salary—and Brummell, being helpless, wrote to Lewis Hertslet, the Librarian of the Foreign Office, asking him to make arrangements for this amount to be paid direct to Leveux.

At the end of September, Brummell, much harassed, set out on his journey. He was fortunate in so far that he was able to travel free of charge so far as Paris with a King's Messenger—whereby hangs a pretty story:

> "On the return of the King's Messenger to Calais, Mr. Marshall curious to know how they had fraternised on the road, and asked him what kind of travelling companion he found Mr. Brummell? expatiating at the same time on his powers of conversation, his fame and amusing qualities: 'Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, Sir, very pleasant,' replied the messenger. 'Yes, but what did he say?' said Mr. Marshall. 'Say, Sir, why nothing; he slept the whole way.' 'Slept the whole way!' replied Mr. M., 'do you call that being pleasant? perhaps he snored.' The bearer of despatches acknowledged that he did so; but immediately, and as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added with great gravity, 'Yet I can assure, Sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman.'"

CHAPTER XI

Brummell at Paris—Again in his element—Lord Stuart de Rothesay—His arrival at Caen—Mme. de Guernon de Saint Ursin—Letter to Captain Marshall—His popularity has preceded him—Serious financial difficulties—Letters to his Calais banker—Charles Armstrong—Mlle. Aimable—Brummell's letters to her—The office of Consul at Caen abolished—No other port preferred—Captain William Jesse visits Caen—His first impression of the Beau—"Very much like a magpie."

BRUMMELL, on his arrival at Paris, *en route* for Caen, felt himself in his element. He found himself surrounded by many members of his old set, each of whom made it his business to make him happy during his brief stay. Among these was the British Ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who was delighted to see him again, and there were others of his friends on the staff of the Embassy. Talleyrand entertained him, and the Prince de Benevento, and Madame de Bagration. To Brummell it was London over again, or an excellent semblance of it. He threw off his cares, and yielded himself to the pleasures of the moment. If he was an exile at Calais, he was a king at Paris. During these few delicious days, he put away from him everything disagreeable. He even forgot his poverty—forgot it so far that he ordered to be made for his collection a snuff-box costing two thousand five hundred francs! He left Paris with a gesture—a coach, four horses, and two postillions.

On October 5, 1830, he arrived at Caen, where he descended at the Hôtel de la Victoire. There, he demanded the best room, and ordered the best dinner and the choicest burgundy. He then sent for the Visitors' Book, and wrote in it: "George Bryan Brummell, His Britannic Majesty's Consul." The hotel

was uncomfortable, and he soon removed to apartments in the house of Madame de Guernon de Saint Ursin, *née* Aimable Ange Vastin. She had been adopted by two old ladies of the family of Guernon-Ranville, and had married a cousin of theirs. She and her daughter, at this time aged fourteen, were greatly devoted to the Beau, and rendered him many a kindly service.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CAPTAIN SAMUEL MARSHALL, AT CALAIS

October 25th, 1830.

MY DEAR MARSHALL,

You would certainly before this have heard *de mes nouvelles*, had I not been occupied and put out of my usual passive way of existence by endeavouring to settle myself in this place. After passing a week in Paris *en route* (I wish, by-the-bye, I had never seen it, for Stuart and several of my friends have spoilt me for at least a year to come), I arrived at my destination, and underwent all the horrors, and all the more horrible cheating, of one of the worst hotels, I am confident in Europe; though they tell me it is the best here. During seven days I gnawed bones upon unwashed dowlas in this charnel-house—what a difference, after Stuart, Talleyrand, Madame de Bagration, and Montrond! and during seven nights I thought it necessary to scratch myself without sleeping, though I must in justice say, I believe there was no occasion for such penance.

Good fortune at length led my steps to an admirable lodging, half a house, the property of a most *cleanly* devout old lady (the cousin of Guernon de Ranville, one of the condemned ministers) excellently furnished, with a delightful garden; two Angora cats, and a parrot that I have already thrown into apoplectic fits with sugar.

From the letter which I brought with me from Paris to the Préfet, the General, and three or four big-wigs, given to me by no less personages than Molé and Sebastiani, you must know, that without a sixpence in my pocket, I am become a great man here. They dine me and fête me most liberally; and I have already been elected a member of their Société or club, a sort of Brooks's but in a more magnificent house, *without ballot*, an *honour* not before accorded to any Englishman. All the newspapers and latest periodical productions are there taken in profusion, and as much franc whist, écarté, and billiards as you please, till eleven o'clock at night. All well-educated, well-mannered,

and well-conditioned people; no industrious master of arts, like . . .; no superannuated imbecile clodhoppers, like . . .

To-morrow I dine at a grand to-do given by the Préfet and Monsieur de la Pommeraye, the député; and I am preparing a *neat little extempore*, which I shall let off upon success to the commerce of the two countries being toasted. The English residents here are very respectable persons; they keep large and hospitable mansions, and derive the best advantage that families can do—the best possible education in every branch, both male and female, that the whole of France can produce.

The two leading *Amphitryons de nos compatriotes* established in Caen are Messrs. Villiers and Burton, two very good men of independent fortune, with numerous families. Their houses, and, without exaggerating, they are like Devonshire House, or the Embassy at Paris, are generally open at half-past five to a well-provided dinner, and Heaven knows, I have as yet profited most abundantly by their kindness, and always *portes ouvertes* in the evening. The French of the best class mingle much in this society, and there is always a fiddle for the amusement of the young ladies.

I am doing all that I can to make all parties satisfied with me. I condole with the outs, and agree with the ins: as to my own nation, I have called upon all who are worthy of such a compliment. I shake hands and gossip with the fathers and mothers, and pat all their dirty-nosed children upon the head, and tell them that they are beautiful. What can I do more with my scanty means?

I foresee, that little or nothing is to be made of my department; *n'importe*, I shall try something in the spring to better it. I am perfectly with my *Chancellor* Hayter, who is well versed in his business, and from my investigation, I believe to be an honourable *adjoint*. Prostrate my remembrances at the feet of Mrs. Marshall, and of all your family. Scribble me what is going on in *your little fishing-town* of Calais, for I shall always bear an interest towards it; and if there is nothing better to record, tell me whether it makes fine or bad weather.

Very truly yours,
George Brummell.

It was a blow to Brummell that his valet Sélègue left him shortly after his arrival at Caen. The account for between three or four thousand francs owing by Brummell having been settled,

this amount, together with what he had saved, induced him to give up domestic service and set up at Boulogne a café in the Grande Rue, to which he gave his name.

No sooner was Brummell established at Caen than everybody left cards on him. Not only was he His Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, but his fame as a dandy had preceded him.

He held his levée there as he had in London, and these were well attended, not only by the French, but by members of the small English colony there.

It may be taken that the duties of his office were light, and that he was hard put to it to fill up his day. He still had his exclusiveness, not because of any snobbish tendency, but because it was his nature. He amused himself at Caen, as at Paris, with sketching, with the writing of verse, and with his correspondence. When he was more than usually bored he would sometimes yield to the fascination of cards or dice, but, of course, for small stakes.

Brummell was, of course, soon again in serious financial difficulties. Owing to the fact that he had arranged that Leveux, the Calais banker, should draw £320 a year from his salary of £400, he himself was confronted with the nice problem of how to live on the remaining £80 a year. This, of course, would have been extremely difficult for anyone, but for Brummell it was out of the question. In fact, it was such a rank impossibility that he probably never made any attempt to cope with a problem so insoluble. His principal extravagance was laundry—for which, really, he may almost be forgiven. He had not yet learnt to do without a valet. Some small amount of entertaining was, it may be presumed, incumbent on him, not only because of his social position, but in virtue of his official duties. The difference between his income and his expenditure was met by credit, which was not refused to the English Consul.

Such accounts as he could run up did not, however, provide him with ready money, and after he had been only a few months at Caen his affairs were in a bad way. In his distress he turned again to Leveux:

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO JACQUES LEVEUX, AT CALAIS

Caen, le 14 *Avril,* 1831.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,

Je ne croyais guères il y a six mois me trouver encore exposé à l'extrémité de recourir à votre bonté. J'ai trop calculé, comme vous le savez, sur les promesses de mes amis ; ils n'ont rien fait pour moi, et il sera peut-être encore un autre pénible siècle de quatre ou cinq mois, avant qu'il ne leur plaise à me tirer de la position actuelle dont j'ai dernièrement lutté contre les désavantages.

Cette position est enfin devenue plus périlleuse, je ne me soucie pas de la privation des luxes ni des agrémens de la vie, il y a longtemps qu'il m'a fallu savoir m'en passer : mais il y va à l'instant de mon honneur, de ma réputation, et de tous mes intérêts présens et à l'avenir, puisque j'ai lieu de craindre que le manque total de moyens de pourvoir même aux dépenses officielles qu'imposent chaque jour les obligations de mon consultat, et que l'eclat de l'ignominie qui m'envisage d'être continuellement poursuivi pour des petites dettes, que j'ai contractées dans cette ville de Caen, ne soient bientôt cause de la perte de ma place.

Je vous supplie donc de prendre en considération les divers embarras de mon état pour vos propres intérêts, que je vous jure me sont plus sacrés que les miens ; je vous supplie d'y réfléchir et de tâcher en subvenir à l'extrême besoin. Ne consultez que ces sentimens de libéralité et amitié que vous m'avez témoigné pendant quinze ans, et que je n'abuserai jamais. Ne prêtez pas l'oreille aux indignes conseils de ceux (je les connais sans les nommer) qui pour satisfaire leurs injustes at misérables demandes contre moi, cherchent à me nuire dans votre estime.

Avec la plus parfaite considération.

Je suis, mon cher Monsieur,

Votre très-fidèle et obéissant serviteur,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Je me suis flatté, mon cher Monsieur, pendant un mois, d'avoir de vos nouvelles. Poussé à la dernière extrémité, et pour me soustraire aux poursuites des gens de cette ville, pour sauver enfin l'habit à mon dos, qui est véritablement à peu près, tout ce qui me rests."

The second letter had the desired result. Leveux discounted the bill. Driblets were useless to sustain him for any length of time. He seems no longer to have been able to depend on pecuniary assistance from his friends at home. Probably his friends and relations thought the salary of £400 a year attached to his post should provide for him adequately. That it might have done—but what they did not know was that he had mortgaged the greater part of it. It is something at least to Brummell's credit that he did not inform them of the difficulties in which he found himself.

In these days of stress he secured the good offices of Charles Armstrong, an Englishman in the Rue St. Jean, who—for a reasonable reward—turned his hand to anything to serve his compatriots. According to Jesse, Armstrong "united in his own person the several occupations of packet-agent, grocer, and tea-dealer, and wine-merchant: he also hired houses for his countrymen, and cashed their bills." He certainly advanced money on more than one occasion to Brummell.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CHARLES ARMSTRONG

Caen, August, 1831.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

I have been reduced to so low an ebb during the last three weeks, by delay, and not receiving promised remittances from England, that it is impossible to hold up my head, or to exist in my actual state a day longer. For ten days I have actually not had five francs in my possession, and I have not the means of procuring either wood or peat for my scanty fire, or of getting my things from the washerwoman. A trifling advance would arrange these difficulties, and give me further time, but I know not who to apply to in this place.

You have as yet been a good friend to me, and may have sufficient confidence in me, and inclination to extend some additional timely service to me. What I have already assured you I now repeat, with every honourable intention and feeling, you will not repent your kindness.

I have not anything to offer you by way of security, excepting my signature, if it is not my small stock of plate, for which I paid six hundred

francs, and my watch and chain, worth as much more : to these you are welcome, only do not let me be exposed to the utmost distress and want, from my temporary inability to command a few miserable francs. I am not going out, and if you can spare five minutes in the course of the morning, you will oblige me by coming down here : these matters are better arranged in person than by writing.

Yours,
G. B.

There were all sorts of financial troubles. Isidore, who had become Brummell's valet in succession to Sélègue, gave notice and demanded arrears of salary. The bankers, Gilbert and Bellamy, refused to renew his bills and threatened legal proceedings. In these, and in other cases, Armstrong, to whom appeal was made, came to the rescue.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CHARLES ARMSTRONG

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

That d——d ungrateful brute, Isidore, persecutes me at every instant : the fellow says he is going to Paris on Thursday, and will not depart without being paid, in money or by bill, and I believe him capable of employing a *huissier*.

I am wretchedly bedevilled, and out of spirits, and hate going out of the house, or I would call and thank you for your note of yesterday.

Truly yours,
G. B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CHARLES ARMSTRONG

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

I am positively pressed for two hundred and eighty francs, at the moment, that is, before four o'clock to-day, or I shall be exposed to the utmost disgrace. The things, that is, the plate, are in the closet in my room, and you may have them by sending any confidential person for them ; but I do not like to *trust* my servant with them, as it may be known, or she may be seen with them in the street. It is the urgency of the moment that I am anxious to weather ; small

difficulties often extend to irreparable destruction of character; such is my situation at this instant.

Yours,
G. B.

A great pet of Brummell's was his landlady's daughter, then aged fourteen, and to her at school he wrote often.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MLLE. AIMABLE

November, 1831.

MY DEAR MISS AIMABLE,

During the present week I had led a most idle and unprofitable life; never in bed before the moon has retired, and in consequence unable to open my jaded eyes till the morning has almost vanished. I am angry with myself, now that this dissipation is passed, because it has made me inattentive to our correspondence in English. I shall certainly turn over a new leaf, and amend the evil courses of these late hours, if it is only in deference to my promise to improve you in the knowledge of my uncouth native dialect. You are anxious to learn, and you merit every commendation for your assiduity. If you were not influenced by such laudable solicitude, I am sure you would not voluntarily undertake these constant peregrinations to Miss Wheatcroft's, in such abominable weather, for the purpose of conferring in other languages than your own with Miss Davidson and Signor Matteo. The former may possess the instructive talents of the celebrated Mrs. Tirmmer, and for your sake I hope she does; but for the *soi-disant* Signor, I must confess my doubts with regard to his capacity to impart either the idiom or the accent of the *lingua Toscana*. Prosecute your studies with the same amiable attention and emulation that you have already evinced, and you will soon be omniscient.

I am half asleep; my ideas are so dense and foggy as the morning; and one might write as well with Ourika's paw, as with the pen with which I am labouring.

Very sincerely yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Thursday evening.

It is in vain I had promised myself a quiet evening at home. I am really *obsédé* to attend a stupid *soirée*, and, without being guilty of a palpable excuse, it is impossible for me to send an excuse.

I am compelled, then, to defer the pleasure of writing to you more diffusely and more academically till to-morrow morning.

Good night, and happy dreams be with you.

Always yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

December 24, 1831.

MY VERY DEAR MISS AIMABLE,

All the plagues of Egypt, in the shape of visitors, have obtruded themselves upon me this morning, on purpose, I believe, to intercept my transcribing verses, or otherwise communing in manuscript with you. It is not, then, my fault, though I daresay you will accuse me of idleness, than I am compelled to be brief in writing to you; but you have promised to take a lesson with me to-morrow morning, Christmas Day! What a period of rejoicing and *fête*, according to the customs of my native country, this used to be to me some years since; while now, of "joys that are past how painful the remembrance"!

I am out of humour with myself this morning, and more so with those troublesome people that break in upon my domestic tranquillity. I have not, indeed, much to enliven me; but with all my cares, you are always a consolation to me.

Most sincerely yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Tuesday.

The moment I had begun to write to you yesterday morning, one of my time-destroying friends came in and extended his visit and his idle confabulations till it was too late in the day to pursue my letter. I am this instant out of bed, though I am half-asleep, knocked up, and tormented with the headache, and I really feel myself incapable of inditing two rational connected sentences to you.

My own venial *amour propre* will not then allow me to scribble nonsense, and I must *enforcer* my shivering knees into the fire, and my crazy head into the back of my *bergère*, while I commune with my inveterate morning companions, the blue devils—and be assured, my very dear Miss Aimable, that one of the most prominent and vexatious

THE HOUSE OF MADAME GUERIN DE SAINT URSIN AT CAEN, WHERE BRUMMELL LIVED FROM 1830-1832.

From a photograph kindly supplied by J. Preston Beecher, Esq.

of these evil spirits is the compunction of having neglected my promised duty to write to you. I believe I am falling into second childhood, for I am incompetent to do anything but to ruminate over the broken toys of our past days.

Most sincerely yours,
G. B.

In May 1832, a heavy blow fell upon Brummell—perhaps the greatest of all his misfortunes. The office of Consul at Caen was abolished by Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

How this came about has never been definitely decided.

Jesse thinks it probable that the Foreign Office inquired officially whether there was any necessity for a Consul at Caen, and that Brummell replied that the work could easily be done by a Vice-Consul.

The other version is that Brummell wrote to Lord Palmerston saying that there was little or nothing for him to do at Caen in his official capacity; that he wrote this privately in the hope of being transferred to a more lucrative post in a more interesting town. Brummell himself is said to have told a friend (who subsequently passed on the information to Jesse) that his communication to Lord Palmerston was voluntary on his part, and was actuated by his desire to obtain the consulship at Havre or Leghorn.

George Bryan Brummell to Lord Palmerston

Your Lordship must be aware that by informing the Government of the inutility of a consul at Caen, I am actuated by purely disinterested motives. Your Lordship will also bear in mind that my bread depends upon the trifling emoluments which I receive as consul at Caen. Should your Lordship, therefore, on my suggestion, think fit to abolish the office, I trust some means of subsistence will be provided for me by the Government.

Brummell was disappointed by the result which his letter brought about. As has been said, the Consulate at Caen was

abolished ; but nothing was offered him in lieu of it. He had left Calais on the belief that the appointment was for life, and, in order to take up the post, had made the unsatisfactory state of his finances more unsatisfactory.

It was just at this time, in February, 1832, that Captain William Jesse, who twelve years later was to publish a biography of the Beau, paid a visit to Caen. There he met Brummell at an evening party and noted that he was " very assiduous in making himself agreeable," and appearing " the most light-hearted person in the room. Evidently Jesse was in all respects most favourably impressed by the Beau, whom he curiously describes as " this satirical epitome of elegance."

Jesse gives the assurance that having spent the last six years with his regiment in India, he knew nothing of the niceties of man's attire or, so it would appear, of manner (rather than manners) in the best English social circles. But Jesse had best be left to give his impressions in his own words :

> " Despite my ignorance, however, the polished ease of his address, and the extreme neatness of his person, were so peculiarly striking, that although he entered Mrs. B——'s drawing-room with several other visitors, I immediately selected from the group the one who I felt could be no other that the exiled Beau. It was quite pleasing to see the graceful manner in which he made his way through the crowded *salon* up to the lady of the house ; the profound bow with which he saluted, appeared to me made thus low as a particular tribute to her. The presence of his other female friends was duly noticed, and I could almost fancy that his bow to each was graduated according to the degree of intimacy that existed between them, that to his friends being at an angle of forty-five degrees, while a common acquaintance was acknowledged by one of five ; and if this deviation from the perpendicular was more than requisite, a slight relaxation of his features expressed his recognition of the fact, that she was an inhabitant of the same planet as himself. Brummell had all the *bel air*, as the French call it, of a man of fashion ; his *tournure*, for it must be admitted that men have it as well as the other sex, was perfect ; and it would have been difficult indeed to fail in

distinguishing him from the rest of the party, though by this remark I certainly do not mean to infer that those who entered the room with him were not gentlemen : they were so, and of the best Norman families in the province. But ancient lineage is not always accompanied by elegant manners ; moreover, though of the best society in Caen, they were still provincials, and had not the courtly air of him whose whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of external accomplishments, and who had been so much in the society of that royal personage who was universally considered the most elegant man of his day.

" Though I have spoken of Brummell's style of dress in his early life, I shall again briefly describe it here as it came under my own observation. He stood to his Whig colours to the last. His dress on the evening in question consisted of a blue coat with a velvet collar, and the consular button, a buff waistcoat, black trousers, and boots. It is difficult to imagine what could have reconciled him to adopt the two latter innovations upon evening costume, unless it were the usual apology for such degeneracy in modern taste, the altered proportions of his legs. Without entering into a description of the exact number of wrinkles in his white neckcloth, I shall merely say that his tie was unexceptionable, and that his *blanchisseuse* had evidently done her very best in the ' getting up,' as these good bodies term it. I may here observe that I never heard the Beau accused, as I have some ' *lions*,' of having a tin case with a Bramah lock to keep his neckcloths in, folded, and free from the unhallowed touch of others, though he always gave careful instructions to his washerwoman how she was to fold them ; and his valet assured me at Boulogne, with becoming earnestness, that he never had a failure—he always succeeded in his tie. They were, however, subjected to the strictest inspection, and a speck on one of them, however minute, was the warrant for its return to the soapsuds.

" The only articles of jewellery that I observed about him were a plain ring, and a massive chain of Venetian ducat gold, which served as a guard to his watch, and was evidently as much for use as ornament. Only two links of it were to be seen, those that passed from the buttons of his waistcoat to the pocket. The chain was peculiar, and was of the same pattern as those suspended *in terroren* outside the principal entrance to Newgate.

The ring was dug up on the Field of the Cloth of Gold by a labourer, who sold it to Brummell when he was at Calais. An opera hat and gloves, that were held in his hand, completed an attire, which being remarkably quiet, could never have attracted attention on any other person. His *mise* was peculiar only for its extreme neatness, and wholly at variance with an opinion that I have already mentioned as very prevalent among those who were not personally acquainted with him, that he owed his reputation to his tailor, or to an exaggerated style of dress. He was indeed averse to strong contrasts in colours. One evening, subsequent to the one of which I have been speaking, when we had become more intimate, and the burgundy had helped him forward on the road to familiarity, he gently admonished me on this subject, and said: "My dear Jesse, I am sadly afraid you have been reading 'Pelham'; but, excuse me, you look very much like a magpie." I was *costumé* in a black coat, and trousers, and white waistcoat, and though I had never given that gentleman's adventures a second thought, I considered myself at least a grade above a magpie: even at this time the Beau was so much upon the *qui vive* on this point, that he remarked everything in a stranger's dress, his very shoestrings not escaping criticism."

It may be that it was Brummell's laughing reference to Jesse and "Pelham," which had been published some three years earlier, that embittered his earliest biographer, but in 1832 admiration still took precedence of annoyance, though in the following passages there is here and there a suspicion of pique.

"In the morning his outward man was equally quiet, and never varied; it consisted of a snuff-coloured surtout, with a velvet collar a shade darker, and a real cashmere waistcoat, made from a shawl which from the beauty of its quality, must have cost a hundred guineas. The ground was white, and though the waistcoat had gone through a French washerwoman's hand for many winters, it was still in as good a state of preservation as himself, partly owing perhaps to his coat being invariably buttoned up. Dark blue trousers, very pointed boots, the unrivalled white neckcloth, a black hat a little larger at the crown than the

circumference of his head, and primrose kid gloves, completed his attire. In summer the cashmere waistcoat was exchanged for a light Valentia one.

"The happy effect of this *ensemble* was not attained without considerable difficulty; his *batterie de toilette* was of silver, and complete and elaborate indeed were its details: amongst them was a silver spitting-dish, of about the same dimensions as a French wash-hand basin, therefore not very large: this was perhaps the one for the use of which he humorously accounted in the days of his splendour by saying, that 'it was impossible to spit in clay.' After his shaving was over, two hours were consumed in ablutions that would have gained him a reputation for sanctity in a Mohammedan country.

"In the morning visits that I sometimes paid him at his lodgings, the door of his bedroom being always left a little open to carry on the conversation, the secrets of his dressing-table were, much to my entertainment, revealed in the glass upon the mantelpiece of his *salon*. I think I see him now, standing without his wig, in his dressing-trousers, before the glass, going through the manual exercise of the flesh-brush, in a manner that would have brought tears of joy into the eyes of that regenerator of the epidermis, Colonel R——; when the strigil of pig's bristles was laid aside, he looked very much like a man in the scarlet-fever, and ready for the *camisole*, and a flannel one was accordingly put on. All the hard work was now done; but before the 'robing,' the Beau took a dentist's mirror in one hand, and a pair of tweezers in the other, and thus nobly armed, closely scanned his forehead and well-shaved chin, and did not lay them down till he had drawn, with a resolution and perseverance truly extraordinary, and totally regardless of the exquisite pain the removal of each elegant extract must have caused him—every stray hair that could be detected on the surface of his venerable mug.

"Be it remembered that these farcial details were daily repeated when he was upwards of fifty years of age, and in the full possession of all his faculties! Had Brummell known that I had ever caught a glimpse of him without his wig, he would, I think, have had a fit, and cut me the next time we met; for he did not like to be seen to disadvantage and 'shorn of his beams'; but my curiosity as well as my unwillingness to lose so amusing

an acquaintance, entirely prevented me from disclosing the event to any one."

Perhaps Jesse here displays too goodly a conceit of himself: the supreme Beau was used to an audience in his dressing-room, and probably would not have been perturbed had that twopenny dandy seen him even without his wig.

First-hand impressions, even when tinged with malice, are still of value, and so Jesse's descriptions shall be continued:

"Every hair being at last in its right place, and his hat a little on one side, *bien ganté*, with an umbrella under his arm, his body slightly bent, and his tie reflected in his lucent boots, he emerged from the *porte cochère* of the hotel, and proceeded creeping, snail-like, on tiptoe down the street, either to make a morning-call, or to kill the interval till dinner by lounging with an acquaintance in the Rue St. Jean, the principal of the town.

"When Brummell first arrived in Caen, he was in the habit of carrying a cane, but as the barometer there generally stands at change, and the mere probability of rain was alarming to him, he very often laid it aside for a brown silk umbrella, which was always protected by a silk case that fitted as accurately as his own coat. The handle was surmounted by the head of George the Fourth carved in ivory, with well-curled wig and smiling graciously. Though not such a splendid specimen of art as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of that sovereign, this effigy had one decided superiority over them, it was not flattering; perhaps the more prized by Brummell on that account.

"In the street, Brummell never took off his hat to any one, not even to a lady; it would have been difficult to replace it in the same position, for it was invariably put on with great care, and at a prescribed angle; added to which, his wig might have been disturbed—a catastrophe too dreadful to be wantonly encountered. In fine weather, the salute of his associates was acknowledged by a bow, or, if on the other side of the street, by an extension of his arm and a slight movement of his fingers in the air. In muddy weather, as there were no *trottoirs*, he was too much occupied with his lower extremities to think of noticing anything but the unequal paving-stones, on the highest of which he always

placed his foot, and so cleverly did he pick his way on the points of his toes, that I have seen him travel the whole length of the street, without contracting one speck of dirt on his boots ; the soles of which, by the bye, he always had polished, as well as the upper-leathers. But the Beau had an excellent reason for this, to ordinary understandings, outrageous caprice : he knew the proneness of human nature to neglect its duties ; and as, in consequence, he could never feel sure that the polish on the edge of the sole would be elaborated with the care that he thought indispensable, unless he adopted extreme measures, he endeavoured to secure his object by insisting that every part of *chaussure* should be equally attended to. To effect this important end, he conceived the idea of giving such a simple order to his shoeblack, as he could not have any possible excuse for misunderstanding ; especially as he gave him a private lesson, by absolutely taking up the blacking-brush, and cleaning one boot in his presence ; thus carefully enforcing all his directions by example.

" If I walked with him when the streets were muddy, he never failed to desire me ' to keep my distance ' ; an order that I had so often received on parade, that I obeyed mechanically ; and he always took this precaution, lest my more careless and assured tread should splash his trousers or his boots. Clogs he despised, and had a perfect abhorrence of them in the day-time, though they were almost indispensable, to get in tolerable comfort along the execrably dirty streets of this town. At night, however, when he could not succeed in getting a cast in a friend's carriage to a *soirée* and his *ten-sous* whist, he would condescend to wear them, as they were concealed by the obscurity of the evening."

CHAPTER XII

Brummell's desperate financial position—Advised to send Armstrong to England—His friends again come to the rescue—Letter from the Duke of Sussex—Brummell stays at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—Correspondence—Brummell has a slight stroke—Correspondence—Another stroke—Correspondence—A rumour of another appointment—Nothing comes of it—Correspondence.

So soon as it became known at Caen that Brummell's post as Consul had been abolished, his creditors came down on him, and flocked to his apartment at the hotel of Madame de Saint Ursin. His position was, indeed, dangerous, for he was threatened with arrest. He was actually penniless.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO CHARLES ARMSTRONG

Wednesday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Send me seventy-five francs to pay my washerwoman; I cannot get a shirt from her, and she is really starving on my account. I have not actually money to pay my physician, or for my letters to and from England.

Yours,
G. B.

Brummell wrote to his friends in England, putting his pitiable state before them, and one of them, no doubt, sending him some money at the same time, replied thus:

"I really think that a personal interview of Mr. Armstrong with the persons you have named would do more good than

letters. The difficulty of doing so would be great, but all that I can do to insure his seeing them I will. I don't know how to get at the Duke of Wellington or Lord Willoughby. I will write to George Anson and his brother, Lichfield, Bagot, Alvanley, and many others that may occur to me, and among them, by the way, old Allen, who, I assure you, spoke of you the other day in the kindest manner, and I tried to get a pony out of Coventry for you when I was in town. Worcester, I fear, is still ill in the country, otherwise I am sure he would have been more ready to exert himself than any one."

Armstrong, himself a considerable creditor of Brummell, undertook the difficult mission.

Yet a worse fate than impecuniosity was to befall Brummell. One day in the late summer of 1832 he began to indite a letter to the daughter of his landlady who was away on holiday:

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MLLE. AIMABLE

Sunday evening.

Oh this uncomfortable weather! I am freezing *au coin de mon feu*, and my ideas are as much congealed as my limbs. You must not, then, in common compassion, expect either amusement, or instruction from a *malheureux* in my torpid state. There are moments too, when I am subject to that sort of overwhelming depression of spirits that makes me incapable of anything but to brood over my own grievances, fancied or intrinsic, it does not signify. I cannot shake off its gloomy influence. I should like to retire to my bed, and, if it was possible, to sleep till the spring, or till nature would beneficently animate my dejected thoughts as she regenerates the leaves and flowers of the earth. I am at the instant subdued by chilliness and blue devils, and feel as if I was in my grave, forsaken and forgotten by all those who were once most dear to me. "*Le plus grand des malheurs est celui de ne tenir à rien, et d'être isolé.*" I am sick of the world and of existence.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd
In disappointment ends;
In short, there's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends."

You must perceive, that is, if you have the patience to read these vague saturnine jeremiades, that . . .

The above letter was never finished. Brummell was attacked by paralysis, and the stroke for some time seriously affected his right side. It also made speech difficult for him.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Thursday.

Mrs. ——, on her own part, and that of ——, wrote on Monday evening, to request Madame to make inquiries respecting my invalid state; this has only this morning been communicated to me. It has, like all kindness, most sensibly affected me; and I will humbly solicit you to impart to ——, and ——, my sincere gratitude for their flattering interest towards me.

I have risen to-day with my head perfectly quiet, my chest and all its vicinity composed, and free from that oppression and those excruciating spasms, which I thought, and at one time sacrilegiously prayed, would put an end to my sufferings in this world. Once more, thanks to Heaven and a constitution still unshaken, I am returned to my senses and at peace.

Yours sincerely,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Thursday, March, 1832.

Madame de —— will be *charmée* to receive the "black Infanta"; shall a palanquin for her, or will you pass her *en pannier?* Madame du Lac tells me, that the artiste for whom you inquired perfectly understands his *métier*, and that his *ressemblances sont frappantes*. I have already forgotten his name, as one does everything when talking to her, but he sojourns at the Hôtel de France. I will see him during the present daylight, if there is any left; and if he goes out to work, he shall be with you to-morrow.

D'Ison's convocation very good last night: all the brilliants of Babylon dazzling in their best; Mademoiselle ——, the prototype of Madame de la Vallière, when she took the veil. Mrs. G——, all bones and bravado, dangling like the skeleton of the barbarous Mrs. Brownrigg, in Surgeons' Hall. I was about to omit, that Madame de R——

will be happy to see you at her approaching squeeze, and, if from etiquette you would be starch, she will give you a preliminary call—you will of course respond. Still all the more worldly Béguines are now numbering their beads for the confederate honour *à faire le chaperon à* Mademoiselle ——. You really should sometimes assimilate your life to the *chanoinesses* of old; fulfil all your charitable and maternal avocations in the morning, yet elapse with the shepherd's star from your *dortoir* and mingle with the profane at night.

> " Shame his eyes, and grieve his heart;
> Come like shadows, so depart."

My first essay at movement yesterday was my descent at five to the *réfectoire*. I am quite *délabré* with all this unceasing racket, though I am now endeavouring to make myself decent for Dufrèsne's this evening. " Never doubt," as Hamlet says, I'm thine.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

May, 1832.

At the moment of returning a book to you yesterday, I have some vague recollection of having written a note, and it was probably in that inflated style which indicates the aberration of common sense. Since daybreak I had been answering an unpleasant letter from England, received the night before, and by the unblemished honour of good faith and sincere friendship to you, I am almost insensible of any delinquencies that may have degraded the tenor of my precipitate morning's address. I cannot say more to conciliate your never-failing absolution of errors.

A mandate of mercy arrives to me as I was about to envelop my jeremiades. I see you are only blind to the faults of others. It delights me to find that you can still write with secular gaiety, and I entertain sanguine hopes of your worldly salvation. If I am not allowed to visit you; I shall petition for an *ordonnance* from his Holiness. I congratulate you upon the treachery of the report of —— Menials are strangely addicted to flippant responses when interrogated about their superiors. *Déréchef* well-being and resurrection to you.

Most sensibly yours,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Thursday.

Do in compassion to my inveterate *proprieté* send back the sullied envelope that contained my last packet, and accept this explanatory billet. No such impure contagion as *grease* ever came from me. The gloves, too, which delivered it, were spick and span, devoted to a cordial compression from the heated hand of the corpulent Madame de ——; but alas! it must have visited your kitchen, and that explains the blemish: yet I give you my word, I took no liberties *avec la cuisinière.*

Ineffably yours,

G. B.

In the meantime Armstrong had been to England, and his visit had been successful. Even after an absence of sixteen years his friends remembered him well, and showed their loyalty to him by generous aid. Everyone mentioned in the letters Brummell received from his friend in England who advised Armstrong being sent to London came forward to Brummell's aid—the Duke of Wellington, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, George Anson, Lord Litchfield, Bagot, Lord Alvanley, "King" Allen, Lord Coventry, and Lord Worcester; and among others besides these were Lord Burlington, Lord Pembroke, Charles Granville, and Standish.

No doubt Armstrong paid himself at least a part of what was owing to him out of the contributions he received in England, and it is to be hoped that Mme. de St. Ursin received some part of the heavy debt incurred to her by Brummell during the two years he had resided under her roof.

Madame de St. Ursin was a Legitimist, and Brummell was able at least to endeavour to be of some slight assistance to her in obtaining some information that she wanted.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SUSSEX TO GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Holkham, April 19, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

A period of twenty-two or twenty-three years have elapsed since the circumstances to which you allude took place, I cannot

state facts so correctly as I might have done then. A person, of the name of Count ——, was introduced to me at Mr. ——'s, by ——, with whom I was acquainted. In consequence of this presentation, a communication took place between us, and after some time, by virtue of the Alien Act, he was removed out of the country, and went to Portugal, afterwards to Spain, when I totally lost sight of him. I never *knew* him to be a *Spanish grandee:* indeed, though naturally clever, he was a man of no education, and could not write. He took me in at that period, as he did many others; and I bought my experience at no less a price than from eleven to twelve thousand pounds: however, the circumstances occurred so long ago, that I have forgotten much of what took place at the time, and consider myself fortunate in having lost sight of him. He certainly *did live* for a time in —— street, previous to his removal from the country. I have written these lines to answer *your inquiries only*, as everything that took place at that time was in consequence of the French Revolution, and connected with it. I understood him to have come from Italy, where he had connections; however, as I said before, he took the road to Portugal and Spain, when sent out of England by the Government of the day.

I am, dear Sir, with consideration, &c., &c.,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

It is certain that Brummell did not—indeed, he could not—discharge in full his indebtedness to the poor lady, else he would not have left her house in the manner he did, that is to say by just going away without warning. He himself later explained this to her. "*C'était un original que ce monsieur,*" she told Jesse; "but I confess to you that I was mortified at such egotism; however, I took no notice of it. Six months after, to my great astonishment, he knocked at my door, and entered the *salon* as if he had seen me only the day before; my reception, however, was not very flattering, for I considered that he had not only been ungrateful, but guilty of a great piece of rudeness, *une impolitesse*. On my telling him this, he appeared greatly distressed, and I was wondering how he could get out of the scrape, when he rose from his chair, and, taking my hand, said,

with great emotion, 'Mme. de St. Ursin I would willingly have wished you good-bye, but I was in tears.'"

Brummell did not, however, pass entirely out of her life, o that of her daughter.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MLLE. AIMABLE, AT LUC-SUR-MER

December 10, 1832.

You are wrong in supposing that the presence of Monsieur de Saint Quentin, or of any other person, interfered with my promise to write to you. "Heu! quantum minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse." I have been engaged during the last four days with letters upon business; irksome, indeed, to indite, but which admitted of no delay. So, mistaken Miss Aimable, do not unjustly reproach me with negligence or forgetfulness.

This cold morning has almost deprived me of the use of my fingers as well as my faculties; therefore, in commiseration, you must not expect a prolonged epistle from me. You are certainly severe, but incorrect, in your conjecture that the destruction by lightning of the tower at Harfleur, struck on the 2nd of Dec., 1832, was a judgment of Providence against the English heretics who built it. Pardon me, but you betray a little anachronism in your ideas; at the period at which this tower was constructed by the English, their religion, if they professed any, was universally of the Catholic faith. Martin Luther and Calvin did not appear till more than a century afterwards, to preach and promulgate those rational Protestant doctrines and precepts that have since been so deservedly estimated and followed, in England, in the Low Countries, and in a considerable part of Germany. Would it not be less partial to your own countrymen, and more morally probably, to suppose I shall ever be immutably yours in this world; and if our most devoted wishes and memories are allowed in the next, mine will still remain inviolable towards you.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Addio, ben amata—it was my intention to go to the sea-side for a day, and be dipped, as they treat unfortunates suffering under hydrophobia; but, without a miracle, I do not presume, that I shall

have regained force of resolution and intellect adequate to my attempting the voyage. And there, too, I should see you again, source and spirit of all my tribulations, and my cicatrising wounds would bleed anew; still that would have been my sole object in going, to exist amphibiously, like an Undine, between raging billows and desolate rocks; and yet the shepherd in Virgil grew, at last, acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. But you would laugh clandestinely at me in your bustled sleeve; for there is nothing more ridiculous than a person in my desperate state; and I should only have to 'bay the moon' with my solitary plaints and exasperate you, and the winds and the waves, with my vain jeremiades. For the future, I shall haunt you with sentimental elegies upon mourning paper, with a death's head crucified upon bones, by way of an appropriate vignette.

I think—beautiful, and I like her manner as much as her face. If you send me back—I shall suppose you are offended with me: keep it with you at Luc; that will be some consolation to me while I am at the St. Luke's of this place. What am I to do for a diurnal matinal correspondent and afternoon gossip, now that you are "over the hills and far away"? I am almost inclined to think that your *sensibilities* are as *marbrées* as your snowy complexion; still that this summary infliction from above against the innocent tower, indicated the wrath of Heaven against those modern, insidious, Jesuitical, and intolerant Catholic priests, whose pernicious influence and profane buffoonery exasperated the whole nation, and effected the downfall of the unfortunate Bourbon dynasty? The same perdition, an age and a quarter since, fell upon the last of the reigning Stuarts in England, because, against the general will and remonstrance of the country, he chose to be perverse in the mockery and treachery of Catholicism.

But enough of religion; my fire is extinguished, because I have paid more attention to you, and my *plume* than to the tongs, and I am freezing. The best faith, I believe in this weather, is that of the poor Laplander, who adores the sun alone—when he sees it.

Very sincerely yours,
George Brummell.

Soon after Brummell recovered from the stroke, in September, 1832, he left (as has been said) the house of Mme. de St. Ursin, and took a room on the third floor of the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

His health was practically restored, and the successful issue of Armstrong's visit to London had greatly relieved his mind. There was, however, little for him to do at Caen, and he led rather a dreary life, especially in the summer, when most of his friends went to the various summer watering-places. From time to time, he amused himself sketching.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO AN ENGLISH LADY AT CAEN

Monday.

I am ashamed to send you so unworthy a sketch of a beautiful woman; it is the rough outline from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire;—the miniature, which I afterwards finished, was given to Lady Harriet Cavendish, now Lady Granville.

Do not unjustly fancy that you are for a moment forgotten, because I do not immediately remit to you my relics of past times in writing, or *en crayon*.

You shall have others as I go on, unwillingly digging in old green boxes: in the meantime I send you some lines of Lady Granville's, which I am sure you will admire. The sun shines bright, and promises me the consolation of meeting you in your morning's whereabouts.

Yours, for ever and ever, Amen!

G. B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MLLE. AIMABLE, AT LUC-SUR-MER

Tuesday, July [1833].

Millions of thanks to you for Ayesha. I have not quite finished with her; for I cannot read, nor write, nor do anything in a methodical way; therefore, I return her to you, with every expression of admiration for your mutual excellences; with Ayesha, indeed, I have only made a transitory acquaintance—*you* I know already by heart.

Why, in the name of common prudence and my own tranquillity, could I not have been contented to restrict my knowledge of you to the worldly etiquette of taking off my hat to you when we casually met? During those years that I have vegetated upon the barren moor of my later life, I have sedulously avoided running my crazy head into what may be termed, inconsequent distractions; and now,

in spite of all my theoretical circumspection and security, I find myself over head and ears, heart and soul, in love with you. I cannot, for the life of me, help telling you so; but, as all considerate reason has not at times utterly abandoned me, I shall put myself into a strait waistcoat, and be chained to the bed-post.

Perhaps, after having undergone such compulsatory infliction, and the bereavement of at least half the blood in my veins, I may be restored to my more cool and sedate senses. Adieu! I have yet sufficient command over my drooping faculties to restrain any tributary tears falling over my farewell; you might doubt their reality; and we all know that they may be counterfeited upon paper with a sponge and rose-water!

The Same to the Same

Saturday evening, August, 1833.

That ourang-outang of a bookseller has sent me a miserable French translation of a Manzoni, instead of the original Italian which I demanded. He says the other was stolen from him. I am ashamed to convey this to you: from a superficial glance it looks as if it would bore you. If such may be its fate give it a worse, and cast it into the sea. There has been nothing as yet *affiché* in London or Paris which offers any assurance of being worthy to be read: the moment there is, you shall have it.

My existence here has become perfectly dreary, insipid and unprofitable: scarcely I see any one, speak to any one; and I find myself so miserably *abattu* and *distrait*, that I am incapable of passing away the lingering hours in those occupations which used to be my resource and my amusement. This is all very wrong. I am conscious of all my culpable lassitude of mind and spirit, but for the soul of me I cannot collect sufficient energy to force myself away from this wretched place, much as it would be beneficial for me to do so. I have not sufficient fortitude, or the patience, or the resignation of Sadak, who wore away his life in traversing the wilds of Asia to find out the waters of oblivion. My only excursions from my cell are to the Cafarelli—not a civilised being now there to exhilarate my solitary ramble—with all the persecuting delusion of my distempered thoughts, I detect myself frequently looking back in the fancy of seeing you and . . coming over the bridge; but no such happiness awaits me. When

I get home I strive to propitiate a few hours' forgetfulness in sleep—all in vain, and the morning comes again bright and blooming, but as little refreshing and satisfactory to me as the past night. But enough of these fantastic vapours of the brain. To change this *larmoyant*, &c.——

[Here comes a copy of "The Butterfly's Funeral."[1]]

I could go on writing all night, but my perverse lamp is getting sleepy and closing its eyes. It will leave me in the dark, as you did, *par parenthèse*, by the abrupt and ungenerous termination of your last amiable note to me. Good night, good night; unfading welfare and happiness be constantly with you, and may you dream of butterflies.

Eternally yours,

G. B.

The Same to the Same

Tuesday evening.

May the recording angel, who registers above the amiable feelings and thoughts of mortals, preserve you for having written that last note to me! It has at once extricated me from the very abyss of gloomy and disconsolate reflections, and has restored me to peace and equanimity. After reading it, I sought another wander to the Cafarelli, and returned home to my solitary room at the hotel, contented with myself and all the world. I do not know myself again.

I have this morning perambulated over this deserted town, acknowledged every one whose physiognomy was familiar to me, *lancé* two bad jokes at His Excellency Monsieur le Baron de ——, in judgment of his new heathenish mouse-coloured pantaloons, and even disturbed my hat with my best strait-laced salutation to Madame d' A——, and her contemptible troop of monkeys in the shape of men. When I mentioned the Baron to you the other day, as having fallen into an inheritance, it was all mythological moonshine.—Poor fellow! I believe he has nothing but his pantaloons and his misconceived *amour propre* to which he can look forward.

"Upon my knees I supplicate one of you to write to me, when you have not any more interesting object to divert you, when the expanse

[1] *See* p. 97.

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

From an etching by Gillray.

p. 200.

of waters, and the unfruitful waste of earth which surrounds you, have wearied your unvaried prospect—pray write and tell me you think of me, be it so or not; "be for once forsworn," if you are thinking of any one else; it will gratify me beyond all other sublunary blessings.

Do not imagine that I am endeavouring to flatter you; I never did encourage such a subtle and degrading intention, and I never shall, but you write beautifully.

I have sent you some books in continuation of "Les deaux Fiancés," which I have never read, by way of courier.

Ever yours,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

December 25, 1833.

It is the hallowed fête of Christmas, nativity, mince-pies, mistletoe, wind, gentle evergreens, and *étrennes*. Sanction the latter *offrande* with your habitual Christian amenity, and *comblez* the charitable feeling by the recompense of one of those halcyon billets *de reconnaissance* that you know so well to write. I solicit you to prostrate it *aux pieds de Mademoiselle . . . en boudoir*, as I should not like that she blushed at its significance *en société*.

I must forbear to dedicate any sentimental effusions to you upon this festive yet consecrated day. I am no Don Escobar, nor do I bear the sanguinary badge of the cross of Palestine upon my shoulder, still I am anxious to get through the morning's commemoration with every exemplary propriety, as a sort of anticipated penance for the trespasses to which I may be exposed in the evening—for I dine with the Pharisees.

My fire is going to give up the ghost in sighs of smoke from suffocation, and my wayward fancies are congealed by the severity of the breeze that moans upon entrance under my door—I am as cold as the dormouse without a home—my regard for you all may be said to be, just now, as pure but inanimate as the falling snow, and my best friends in good faith and fair truth, seem to be frozen at the bottom of the well. When addressing you, *c'est toujours un dégel de cœur*, but, at this instant my torpid hand and faculties refuse to answer to the grateful summons of more deserved eulogy, and, in timely silence, *sans complimens*, I will bid you good-morrow, peace, and welfare, and redeeming thaw to myself. Mademoiselle—writes like a recording

angel! If you have any Canterbury Tale to *épancher*—pray let me into the secret.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

P.S.—Madame de Rigny announces a *bal paré* on the 31st. I must elapse from my *sabots* upon the occasion, and *galope* with the rest.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY

January 3, 1834.

In vain I have been expecting Beckford's Letters from Paris; this moment the answer comes to me, that there is not a copy remaining, and I must attend the republication—they were destined for your acceptance, and it is very hard upon me. *En attendant;* I will take the liberty to submit the offering of a modest tribute intended as an accessory more harmonising with your fair hands, than the forbidding instrument that usually administers to your morning's repast (in plain language I mean cutting bread and butter!) which by some treacherous tache à *la tartine*, may endanger the opening or the record of the page you read. I wish it consisted of one Genuine Pearl!—it is but the nominal mother of them. Yet, you possess the happy privilege to claim that congenial title, and I beg to present it, as the humble counterfeit of yourself.

Korizaida is a beautiful modern Greek name which Byron mentions as often found among the "native seraphs" of those soft classic isles—its construction is "Cluster of Pearls"; should you be disposed to change your own, it would, in metaphor, be appropriate to you all.

I have no news favourable or adverse to communicate; for many days I have not transgressed the wicket of my cell before vespers—I sit *en Calmouk*, enveloped in sable, musing over the fire like a poet in distress, and ruminate upon other times, and fairy prospects that will never come again, and I scarcely know whether the sun has been in shine or in sorrow.

I was up to a dissipated hour this morning, playing at five-sous whist, with Madame d' A——. Improvident pursuit! She made half-closed eyes at me, instead of attending to the game: this afflicted me afterwards with a relative *cauchemar*—I fancied, in the dream, I was struggling with my Aunt Margaret's ghost—I am still *dormant*, and only just able to whisper to you how

Sincerely I am yours,

G. B.

A few months after the above letter was written Brummell had another stroke, which seized him while sitting at the *table d'hôte* at his hotel. He was able to get to his room, to which he was confined for some time.

There is something of unconscious humour in Jesse's description of this distressing incident. "Towards the end of April, 1834, poor Brummell was again attacked by paralysis: he was seized at the *table d'hôte;* and the circumstance that first made him conscious of the fact, was finding that his soup was trickling down his chin instead of going into his mouth," the biographer writes. "Instead of making any exclamation or gesture of surprise, he, with his usual presence of mind, immediately rose from the table, and quietly putting his napkin to his face, left the room with such perfect deliberation and self-possession that none of the guests were at all aware of his misfortune, and they imagined that he retired merely from some feeling of temporary indisposition. But before going to his room, the staircase leading to which was on the other side of the court-yard of the hotel, he went into one adjoining that in which the *table d'hôte* was held, and consulted the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. One glance was sufficient, for it showed him that his mouth was drawn up to his ear, and he hastily retreated to his apartments. The mode of proceeding was characteristic of the Beau, who had a great antipathy to being thought either old or ill." What in the name of wonder, it may be asked, did Jesse want the Beau to do? To call attention to his state, and frighten the other diners? Anyone but Jesse—and Grace and Philip Wharton—would have regarded Brummell's unostentatious withdrawal as the natural and proper thing to do.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MLLE. AIMABLE

Monday morning.

Allow me to present you with a sketch; it is in a sadly unfinished state, but it will at least prove to you that I can sometimes keep my promise, and *travailler* for your album. I have lately possessed neither nerves nor capacity to go on with other drawings that I have

sur les mains. They require more assiduity and fatigue than I can at present bestow upon them, and, as I am anxious that they should be perfect, you must accord me time and health to accomplish them.

The sketch is from memory : it is a resemblance of a very amiable person, who is now no more—of Georgiana, Lady Worcester. In former days I drew a miniature of her, which Worcester now has, and the traits are still fresh in my remembrance. It is the first thing that I have attempted since my resurrection ; for you must know that I have been in the other world, and I can assure you I found it no paradise.

It seems that I have recently been in a state absence, or aberration of mind, and utterly unconscious of it till this morning, when, upon my interrogating him—I mean one of my doctors—he told me that when he came to me eight days ago I was in a high fever, and that during three days and nights I had frequently asked absurd questions, and talked to him in a distrait and unconnected manner ; in short, that I was wandering in my senses, and " babbling about green fields and butterflies." I recollect nothing but their having deprived me almost of daily bread, and my making resistance and wry faces at lancets and lenitives. As I do not like to be regarded as a confirmed lunatic, pray keep this a secret.

I am not of adequate dignity to have daily bulletins of my health, for I hate troubling people about it ; but now, that the visitation is over, I can produce ; if necessary, under their hands, the authenticity of what I have taken the liberty to represent to you. I am now passing well, though rather reduced and weak : let all your *amabilité* be gathered together to commiserate me.

Do you intend to summer among the mermaids ? I have the truest wish to shake hands with you again ; but do not, which you may mean in kindness, ask me anything about my health ; it makes me melancholy, and that *abaissement* sometimes makes me very childish. *Addio cara amica*.

Ever sincerely yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Thursday evening.

It would be trespassing too much upon your indulgence, to retain your album any longer. A wandering sea-gull, dripping from the

waves, has this morning perched at my window, and has told me delicately, through the curtains, that you were at every moment anxious about it—he did not tell me why.—I restore it to you. It was my wish to have delivered it in my own humble person this very day ; but maturer reflection, and indisposition, have dissuaded from that gratification.

I am unwell—I had flattered myself that I was progressing towards my ancient regular health ; and now those who look after me professionally, will insist upon it that my lungs are seriously affected, and pester me with all the alarming hyperbole of their vocation, upon my malady. They are weaving a shroud about me ; still, I trust I shall yet escape.

I have obtained some new magnifying-glasses, and have been striving to make two drawings for you. I have accomplished all the early preliminary outlines and to proceed, I am only waiting for my colours, which Mrs. B—— (devil take her carelessness) has decamped with to the country. I am however, concerned to perceive, that I cannot draw and finish as I used to do ; my vision seems to grow opaque, and indiscriminating ; (I need not tell *you* this) my head is scarcely ever exempt from some disquietude or other ; and my hand, from a sort of nervousness, which incessantly visits me, trembles like the rushes that shade the " Grave of the Butterfly."

I have sent to Paris and to London for other drawings, that will better suit your fancy and your purpose. I do not admire engraved vignettes and prints introduced into an album where there is only writing ; besides they are always commonplace, therefore I do not take the liberty to send you any.

In regard to poetry, I dare not monopolize even half a vacant page in inditing sonnets to your beautiful eyebrows, or in pathetic numbers singing, like the dying swan, my own elegy. You already possess my album, which is a faithful record of almost all the metrical romance of my past days, and also of the productions of several of those brilliant planets who once diffused their rays about the world. If it may sometimes be of use or amusement to you, accept it from me ; it is but a poor old album indeed, and unworthy as a gift to you ; but it has been for years the constant companion and friend of more solitary hours, and has often solaced and diverted me through the many vicissitudes, errors, and disappointments of my life.

It has been intimated to me, that I must be prepared to leave

Caen; this is from Government in England; how soon, I know not. I am ignorant also of my destination—that will depend upon, and be dictated by, those in power, who have still the kind consideration to think of me and my broken fortunes. For years, I have cherished the wish to go to Italy; and, if what I have solicited in my answer should be accorded me, I shall take up my wallet and my staff, and seek the auspicious heaven of that country and climate. This is no fairy dream!

Yesterday, for the first time for four days, I left my room and dined with —— and Henri de Vauquelin; the former seems delighted to be released from refreshing billows and herrings—happy *huron!*

And now I will bid you the best of all good nights, *faites moi l'amitié de me prosterner moi et mes souvenirs les plus devoués*, at the feet of Madame . . .; you will not reject them, though from their frequent iteration they may have become rather *ennuyeux* and *maussades*, and in one brief month from my disappearance, do not forget the earnest interest and friendship that I shall always feel for you.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

Brummell was much excited at the prospect of being appointed to another Consular post. Lord Palmerston was still at the Foreign Office, but in November, 1834, when Peel became First Lord of the Treasury, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which office he held until Lord Melbourne returned as Prime Minister, when Lord Palmerston returned to his former post. Neither Lord Palmerston nor the Duke of Wellington, however, did anything for the Beau.

George Bryan Brummell to Mlle. Aimable

Tuesday evening.

My colours are redeemed, and without any further intermission you shall be obeyed, and I will prosecute *mon travail* for you. In the meantime, to demonstrate to you that I have not been idle and *forgetful* of you, I prelude my humble oblations at your shrine, *and your shrine alone*, by a precipitate sketch, which is out of my usual way of drawing, as it is a landscape, but which between ourselves, is not so bad a beginning.

I am much afraid I wrote some sad nonsense to you on Saturday night. I had been in pain during the day, and had recourse to that deranging drug, at least for the senses, laudanum—I know all my failings when I come into the possession of my intellects again.

I have had a letter from Granville, in reply to one I wrote to him at the same time I enclosed my letter to Palmerston through him at Paris, requesting his admonition, and he tells me, there is no vacancy in Italy or elsewhere at present, excepting the one *which he recommends me to refuse*, and which I was ordered to prepare for ten days since, and I have declined it. I shall now remain here ; and I can assure you that the predominant *agrémen* in my continued *séjour* will be, the attraction and charm of your friendship and society. I shall be again dead and buried, if you do not write me two words bearing the absolution of my sins ; and what is of much more consequence, telling me that you are well again. I have ordered a cab, as the sun seems to be in a good humour, and shall shake hands with you in a few hours. Pray endeavour to assume a smile or two, for I am dreadfully in the dismals—*elle est bien gentille votre cousine.*

Most sincerely yours,
George Brummell.

Keenly disappointed as he was, Brummell would not bare his heart even to his most intimate friends, and only remarked that he hoped he would not be allowed to "die, like William the Conqueror, in Normandy."

Even that modest wish was not, as will be seen, granted him.

George Bryan Brummell to Mlle. Aimable

Saturday evening.

From my very soul I believe in the sincerity of your professed friendship for me, and I should be an infidel if I could ever again doubt it. The convincing proof of the never-failing ascendancy you do or say to me in kindness, is, that after I had read over your delightful note about twenty times—for at first it was illegible for my foolish tears—I felt as if I had been rescued from the grave, and that all my former self, all my sinking spirits and health, were restored by some miraculous transformation ; and God only knows that I have lately suffered more deeply, both mentally and physically, than I have ever

dared to express. May the light of every happiness descend serenely from heaven upon your beautiful head! Why cast a passing shade over the cheerful comfort of that note? why the invidious introduction, even if it was *par plaisanterie* of the *possibility of* my ever *forgetting you*, or *repenting* the gift of anything that was ever dear to me, to you? If you knew me better you would never have written such a reflection upon me; and I have a great mind to repeat some of my former rhapsodies and adjurations to you, only I dare not (how I hate that word dare). I shall simply and frankly say that every thought, every sacred feeling of my future life, will be devoted to you, and to you above all others. You can never deprive me of the rooted interest I cherish towards you, though it shall be always expressed by your injunctions. I am still unfit to write you another long letter.

I shall go and get some new magnifying glasses, and then recommence *mes ouvrages* to you. I send every day to Mrs. B.'s for my colours, and the daily response is "that the poor child is dying!" I wish it was in Heaven! I shall be able to find nearly the same implements here with the exception of the proper paper—that which I have is like drawing upon a sponge. As to quitting this place for Italy, or for any other remote part of the world, my itinerant disposition has most wonderfully changed; I will not now abandon Caen for embassies or for worlds; while you are here and rest the same dear and excellent friend to me, I shall never depart; I would rather starve.

Are you unwell? If so, in kindness tell me. I remember warning you about too much of that odious sea. Send back the keepsake which conveys this note when you have finished with it; I have only borrowed or rather stole it. If I said anything in this note that you disappove of, say so; but do it gently and with your natural good grace.

Ever most sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Thursday morning.

To you most beneficent of beings, I first turn with anxious penitence, for I see in my writing-case two notes, the last that were written to me by you, the one demonstrating your never-failing good feelings in asking after my health, the other in anger with me; the sense of it I miscomprehended, conceiving it was only a reproach to me for having

babbled about you. I now see my error; there is nothing that impeaches me for having said anything relative to you by implication; it, however, refers to two notes which you had apparently received from me on Monday, by which I am justly criminated in having in an unmannerly and flagrant manner offended you. It seems to me as if my senses had migrated in some frightful dream; the present consciousness of having wounded your feelings and *amour-propre* rends my very heart-strings, and I scarcely dare supplicate your forgiveness the only plea, the only possible extenuation I can offer for having so transgressed, is, that during three days and nights I was in a perfect state of delirium; my better faculties revived, and my feelings are now, as they used to be before I knew you, suppressed and tranquillized; yet the injury of which I have been culpable towards you corrodes like a poisoned dagger in my heart, and will remain rankling there, till you, with a Samaritan's hand remove it. Mercy then, Mercy to him that crieth in the wilderness! I am no longer the victim of delusion, and with every deep-felt contrition, I am prostrate at your feet; tell me, with all the angel consideration that is innate in your being, that you forgive and will forget *for ever* all my past faults and follies towards you. You will never repent such redemption, such regeneration of me; restore me to the number of your nearest friends; let me, while you remain at Caen, endeavour to amuse you as I used to do when we were first acquainted; give me the gratifying privilege of resuming my original letters to you, and the flattering office which you attach to me in your enchanting dream, before I disturbed you, of patronising you as my favourite and *protégée*. I can venture to assure you that in such halcyon capacities you will find me a much more agreeable friend as *cicisbeo* than you ever did as a disconsolate lover and aspirant. Try me by some delightful probation; never entertain fears of my relapsing into new insanities; my eyes will be without spectacles and my nerves well strung; and my heart is already crystallized into adamant. You will never find me again a culprit in your fair train; and should some sinister cloud hereafter lower upon your beautiful brow, and I be near, or thousands of leagues from you, try me more strenuously, and you will find me the same pretending and indeviating attached friend, who would cry with you, laugh with you, and, if it was necessary, immolate his life to promote your well-being.

My Esculape will not allow me to go to De Chazot's to-day; I

must, therefore, have recourse to another, and I trust, an early day. Louis de Vauquelin says you are looking remarkably well; if you have never read them, read "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

Ever yours sincerely,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Friday evening.

With every abject sense of the injury I have offered you in daring to address you two letters which I believe were written and sent to you at Luc during the last six days—with every intense agony of repentance, and the deepest affliction of heart and mind that may become a man who never yet was lost to the sacred influence of honour or to the kindest feelings of nature, prostrate to the earth I supplicate your forgiveness; I ask it as the responsibility of my existence, for I never can survive the consciousness of having insulted you; save me in the hallowed name of Him whom we both adore, but who has forsaken me in the hour of tribulation; save me from the destruction that is before me; save me from myself. Tell me at once that you forgive me; that forgetting every past dereliction, spontaneously from your benevolent heart, you forgive me. You never more shall hear from me nor see me—solemnly I swear this to you, if you may enjoin it—therefore, neither you nor the world can be acquainted with what has befallen me. Farewell.

Yours with every submission and sincerity,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Saturday.

By my eternal and omniscient God in Heaven who now sees and hears me, and by my sacred hope of redemption hereafter, I am *innocent* of that of which you now accuse me.

I have never even uttered your name to any earthly individual since I have known you, but with the purest respect, deference, and panegyric. I see at once I have been traduced and villified by some fiendish, execrable person or other, to you—what you adduce against me affects not only the vital feelings of my existence, but even impugns

me in my honour as a man. I cannot suffer *this* even from you. I am not in a state to trust myself to say more at present to you ; but you *must* instantly disclose to me from what quarter and *who* is the person that has attempted to defame me in this infamous manner ; you will then know whether I have been culpable in thought, word, or deed, respecting you, and whether I am worthy of your precipitate condemnation, or your approbation. I must be informed of this, or I cannot live a day longer without having recourse to measures that would be disgusting to you ; but I cannot breathe, assailed by this atrocious ignominy. Write instantly to me *without reserve*, and you will have nothing to apprehend.

In regard to my two notes to you which you mention, I have already told you they were the frantic effusions of jealous feelings maddened by laudanum, which rendered me wretched and insensible of what I said to you. I have implored your forgiveness more than once for this unintentional crime, and I do so again from the very depths of my departing soul.

Ever sincerely yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

I can do nothing but sit and cry over your letter to me last night. I am lost in perplexity and heartbroken anguish to unravel the intrinsic cause of your having deprived me of your favourable opinion and friendship. You say my " note awakened you from a delightful dream ; " I wish, with all my soul, you were still sleeping ! In Heaven's mercy then, let me see that note again, marked at the parts that are so obnoxious to you, that I may know the extent of the irreparable insult or injury that I have done you and myself. I cannot recall any *very serious transgression* upon your feelings of which I have been unconsciously guilty in thought, in utterance, or in conduct to you ; and if I had been so really culpable with premeditation, even in a moment of insanity, it might be sentenced with more compassion, and its recollection softened in time to come by the penitence you would have witnessed in me in every strict and contrite probation which you might have imposed upon me. I told you, indeed, that my going down to Luc was solely in the prospect of seeing you ; I might have exceeded that expressed intention in saying that seeing

you was light and life to me. Well, I told *you* the simple truth, but to no other human being *but yourself did* I ever divulge one atom of my purpose, *so help me, G——d!* It might have excited your displeasure at the instant; but why in amicable clemency did you not gently correct it, as from one friend to another? By desiring me not to repeat it you would have been scrupulously obeyed—*but it does not still deserve* the punishment of your future reprobation and animosity.

You then allege against *me* my having said, "I know you by heart." I remember having used these very words towards you in a former note; I think it was when I returned you the novel of "Ayesha"; *but I never uttered them since to any living being, so help me, G——d!* I never have mentioned your name even except when it came into casual and harmless conversation with those whom I might be with; yet even then, it was observed by me with guarded care and circumspection (for you too have your enemies), and with the pure and sacred consideration that I would have spoken of a sister. This is all true; as you may hear hereafter a simple and explicit enumeration of all that I have breathed concerning you, so help me G——d!

I have now lost your indulgent regard and trust—you tell me so briefly and with gaiety—by the damning and diabolical falsehoods of others, friends upon the earth who invent mischief, merely for the sake of seeing it propagate and destroy. I shall bow with every humiliation, whatever it may be, to your arbitration, whether in unprejudiced equity and common humanity you should give abrupt and implicit credence and act upon it with the harshest precipitation, to what you *hear* from persons who are vigilant and eager to seek *your own detriment* by perfidious fabrications—*or* to the solemn asservation of an unfortunate man who has lived with honour through his varied life, and who would willingly sacrifice that life to serve and promote your welfare, earthly prosperity, honour, and happiness—to that man to whom seven short days ago you extended every proof of confidence and friendship! With every submissive sentiment of the most profound respect and regard for you,

I am always, most sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

P.S.—I do not comprehend what you mean by offering to return the Byron I gave you. O Ellen! have you reduced me to this ignominy in your estimation?

THE SAME TO THE SAME

I will still thank and bless you for your kindness ; it is the tribute of the best feelings of my heart for having rescued me from remorse that would have embittered and destroyed my life. This latter grace is more beneficial than the first, when in other days you explicitly told me your reasons for interdicting any alteration in the expression of my friendship towards you, for I was then insensible of my sins against you. If there could possibly be any venial excuse for having in my more recent insanities reverted to my former recollections, it was from the constant disquietude I felt at the words *you must have known* in your allusion to certain circumstances relative to a third person, and I should have mentioned it to you long since *vivâ voce*, and with all my reliance on your friendly indulgence, if I could have found the opportunity *which never came ;* I should not then have entangled myself in all this invidious explanation. In regard to my more atrocious offences I have no defence to offer in mitigation but that of phrenzy, and I know not even now distinctly what I may have dared to write to you under its influence—let them in future charity be erased for ever from your remembrance—and above all, let the recording angel drop a tear upon these words " inexplicable dissimulation," and blot them to all eternity ! If you have any faults, and I am not conscious of any, you least deserve that reproach ; and your note of forgiveness in betraying the excellence of your good, innocuous feelings, at once incontestably verifies the contrary.

Your note with all its compassionate feelings is still frozen and forbidding ; none of these trifling indications of former kindness—no E upon the seal ; and nothing but the discouraging termination of *subscribing still truly.* I have lost your confidence, and with it all those little tokens of *amabilité* that used to delight me—and the worst infliction is, that I have merited this deliberate excommunication ! I will still hope, for hope is the child of penitence, and without it life would be to me barren and insupportable.

I will hope by my future devoted friendship and zealous allegiance to you, unalloyed by thought, word or act that can be in any sense perverted into treacherous faith or recall the past, I may prove to you how gratifying to me has been the probation, and how conclusive to you the testimony of those consecrated sentiments which will remain sensibly alive and unimpairable, to the last hour of my life. Can you not in imaginary complacency fancy that our first acquaintance was

now dawning? That all the sinister spots that for an instant clouded its earlier horizon were met by evanescent vapours which the meridian sun dispelled? Fancy this in friendship to me, and when we meet again let it be with open hearts and hands, with no disheartening shade on your fair brow; you will find me sincere in my heart though I may have been heretical and deranged in my manner of expressing myself. With such sober and matured reticence I may still adore you, without wandering from the precepts of my Christian tenets and proscription.

Tell me that you wish me to go on with my drawings for you; you will not perhaps believe me, but I have hurt my *poitrine* in stooping too much and too frequently over *mes ouvrages*. Ask the doctor if I am a dissembler; they do not like me, but I would rather die this death for you than any other.

Ever most sincerely yours,
George Brummell.

The Same to the Same

Tuesday evening.

When your amiable note asking *de mes nouvelles* arrived here on Sunday night, I was suffering agonies from having like an idiot, taken an excess of laudanum, to dissipate all my afflictions at once, as they were not to be mitigated by more gentle and rational means. I was perfectly out of my sense, and unconscious of writing to you. All that I can recollect is that I had a note from you in my hand and that I attempted to answer it. If I said anything in that answer which *I ought not to have said*, forgive me with that angel-like compassion which you have so unceasingly shown towards me.

You know too well why I was so anxious to go and stay at Luc, my every thought and feeling were centered in that purpose, and I regarded not those *désagréments* and privations which your kind-hearted *prévoyance* had foreseen. Since, therefore, you admonish it, I have relinquished this long-meditated pilgrimage; still you must see me for an hour when I go down sometimes there; bear, I conjure you, with all my weakness, for I am certain I cannot drag on my fated existence without seeing you.

I have not the courage to ask again for what you promised me when I last saw you.

Yours sincerely and devotedly,
George Brummell.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Sunday evening.

God bless you for your benevolence; I am not well, I have hurt something in my chest by that fall last night. I wrote to you to-day, and sent my note with an offering for you by the diligence which was to leave Caen at 8 o'clock this evening. Continue all your beneficent interest towards me, and I shall soon recover myself; but the least thing that concerns you unmans me, and I am again sick of health and even of life. Write to me to-morrow, and extend to me what I ask you. Why mention my intention of returning to Luc to me now? I must see you or existence will soon be extinct in me! What matters it whether or not I may be comfortable there? I shall continually see you; that is all my thoughts, all my object. If you have, however, any other reason for not wishing me to come, say so at once; your sentence will be always sacred to me. The man will not wait any longer for my answer; good-night, and do not forget me.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Sunday.

In memory's calendar it seems almost a century since I promised you a lorgnette; you must, *de bonne grâce*, forbear to reproach me with *insouciance* for the delay; forgetfulness of you is not among the number of my faults, for, believe me, I have been most anxious to accelerate its earlier *envoi* to you.

It come to me at last, and with the wings of sight, flies to its happy destination! With humility I prostrate it at your feet, and if the romance of my days was not sadly on the wane, I would, also, address it to more appropriate attraction—to your beautiful eyes. Sentiment from the shades would be but a poor offering to you, and I will not attempt vainly to trespass beyond the simple privilege of unassuming friendship, in assuring you, but

Very sincerely, I am yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Early in the spring of 1835 this correspondent of Brummell decided to go on a visit to England, much to the regret of the Beau.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A YOUNG LADY

You cannot in any just sense feel offence at my writing to you *sans réticence*, for it is dictated sacredly by the most interested anxiety for your eventual well-being. You asked me the other day why I gave myself the trouble to write letters to Brighton on your account. You are incapable of meaning that question to be in unkindness; therefore, as I do not wish to expose myself again to your disapprobation, I shall say no more about it; I will only trust myself upon one retrospective subject. I owed you reparation for past errors; for days and months they preyed incessantly upon my mind, for I was deeply sensible that I had lost that fairest attribute of good faith, your confidence. To the extent of my poor ability I sought every occasion to retrieve them in your estimation—they were errors only of the moment, repented as soon as betrayed, and might in charity have been regarded as more venial. In recent instances I have voluntarily, zealously, and with undeviating loyalty to you endeavoured to befriend you when I considered your earlier hopes and present tranquillity to be implicated.—I did so with utter indifference to another opinion but your own, and with every passive disregard to any other feeling than the desire to conciliate your perfect forgiveness. In some partial sense then my delinquencies have been expiated. You have since told me you would never forget my kindness; that assurance confirms my fears as far as I can ever regain it, and is my recompence. Preserve, I implore you, the remembrance of that consolatory expression, and my gratitude will be as boundless, devoted, and surviving as my friendship to you.

I cannot call to say farewell, even if you would see me; I have not sufficient strength of nerves, and I have already cried myself into second infancy at your departure. I will faithfully attend to all my promises to you, and to everything that more nearly and dearly affects your interests; I think I can secure the means of communication wherever you may be in ignorance of every one but yourself?

Ever yours sincerely,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

P.S.—I ought not, in consecrated regard to your excellent feelings—and excellent I know them to be—to have touched upon the conclusion of your farewell note to me; I had resolved to do so when we met the day of your going away, but I could not then utter a word, and

if I had attempted it I should only have conducted myself with boyish weakness. "Disunited"—more I dare not say; these mysterious words have affected and perplexed me more than I can express. Am I unworthy of your confidence? Believe me when I speak, and it is from the very depth of my soul, had you reposed any confidence in me, it would have been hallowed as sacredly as my faith and hope in Heaven. Deal with me, I implore you, with that ingenuousness and truth which are impressed upon your countenance; you will never repent it.

The Same to the Same

Thursday.

You are going away. It is a melancholy reflection for me that this is probably the last time I shall ever again write to you. Some day, perhaps, ere long, you will read more of me, with the rest of the world who may give themselves the trouble.

Our acquaintance has been destined to a limited probation; but had it been for years I could not better estimate all your many amiable perfections, or more sensibly deplore your absence. If I can, at any time or under any circumstances, be of the remotest service to you, either in England or elsewhere, I will humbly request you to remember, that the same zealous interest towards you which has always influenced me, will remain undiminished to the end of my life.

There are two drawings before me dedicated to your album, with which I proceed alternately; but, alas! too slowly—they will not, I fear, be *achevé* before your departure; I am anxious they should be well finished, and deserving of their destination, and there is much to be done. The days are short and dense; and they will be more gloomy when you are away, and my fading vision will not allow me *à travailler* by the taper's light. If they are not ready by Wednesday they shall be faithfully transmitted to you by . . . or through any other channel you may indicate.

Farewell, my *protégée*. May Heaven, in its kindest mercy, make you happy! I pray you will sometimes read the lines on that depressing word which are in my album: they are a faithful transcript of my feelings. Once more, Adieu.

G. B.

Sent with this letter were the following verses:

ON THE WORD "FAREWELL"

Thou cruel word whose magic power
Of pleasure cheats that precious hour,
Which doubly dear to parting friends,
Too swiftly flies—too quickly ends.
Parents of sighs, what sorrows swell
The breaking heart that bids farewell!

What shivering chillness thrills the frame,
When by the taper's glimmering flame
We rise, and hail with the grief the day
Which bears us from our friends away;
Where all our dearest pleasures dwell,
Pleasures we now must bid farewell!

Then the full heart attempts to say
Ten thousand things that die away,
Unheard, upon the faltering tongue;
Then o'er our weaken'd nerves a throng
Of fears, ill-boding, wildly tell,
We may for ever bid farewell!

Let those whose hearts have learn'd to glow
With warm affections teach me how
To paint the tumult of the soul,
When heavy wheels, with sullen roll
Of joy departed sound the knell,
And bid us take a last farewell!

From each pale cheek the colours fly;
Tears tremble in each swimming eye;
By turns each offer'd hand we grasp,
By turns each much-loved friend we clasp;
Whilst bursting sighs too plainly tell
The anguish of a long farewell!

But if you've shared the Wanderer's pain,
Pity the wretched who remain:
Fix'd on the lessening wheels they gaze;
Watch where the road, with winding maze,
Conducts them near yon opening dell—
Then, weeping, sigh once more, Farewell!

Yet ah! Wher'er they turn their eyes,
Some fond remembrance seems to rise;
The vacant chairs can e'en impart
A poignant sorrow to the heart;
Still on their ears the voices dwell
Which lately sigh'd a sad farewell!

At length the long, long day is pass'd,
And gentle evening comes at last;
How simple wonder oft beguiles
The lingering hour how many miles
The weary travellers may tell,
Since they at daybreak bid farewell!

But, soothed by evening's peaceful calm,
New life, new hopes, their bosoms warm;
Fair truth unfolds the instructive page,
Her precepts every grief assuage,
Whilst of a brighter world they tell,
Where they no more shall bid farewell!

The Same to the Same

Caen, March, 1835.

Inclosed I send you letters, if you should wish to have recourse to them during your *séjour* at ——. I have taken the liberty to mention in them the name of . . . The persons to whom they are addressed are two of my oldest friends, high in their office at Court; and I will be responsible, that through their mediation you will be favourably received in the quarter to which they will present you.

I will not now attempt to advert to the resources of another and gayer sphere of life to you—the time is unfortunately not appropriate,

still, *pour chasser de sa souvenance* anything that may be *ennuyeux* one may persuade oneself that new scenes, and faces, and voices, may in some measure contribute to dissipate more melancholy thoughts, and the domestic gloom of long evenings at this period of the year; and you may always avail yourself of the opportunity I have the pleasure to offer you.

In the progress of time you will visit London, and I have already told . . . of the gratification I should derive from being the humble means of introducing you to some of those exalted female *coryphées* who still control what is termed the fashionable world: to those among them who deserve to know you, and may be of service to you, I will equally answer for their attention to you and . . .

In this remote place I am apparently sequestered and estranged from those with whom my former life was intimately connected; but I am neither forgotten nor neglected by them. Should you enter into society, let it be confined to the best part; no other is worthy of the most distant *connaissance;* and to the best alone I venture to recommend you. I am afraid that . . . and . . . are not much calculated to propitiate this primary object, nor any other of adequate advantage; but I will not drop a Sibyl's leaf in your path: devoutly I pray it may invariably be strewed with unfading flowers.

My nerves are too shattered, and my rheumatism too inveterate, to enable me to call and take leave. I mourn your departure, and cannot more truly represent the dejected thoughts that at the instant press upon me, than by those beautiful lines of Petrarch:

"O giorno, O ora, O ultimo menento,
O stelle congiurate a impoverirme!
O fido sguardo e chè vole 'tu dirme
Partend' io per non esser mai contento?

Addio, amica per sempre carissima—mai intanto deplorata!"

G. B.

April, 1835.

For more than a month I have not heard a word from you; it is a disheartening lesson experience has long since taught me, that memories left to themselves, in absence soon fade away.

The prophet G ——, who seems to embellish material as well as spiritual subjects, tells me you are looking "charmingly well!"

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

From an engraving by F. Bartolozzi after a painting by J. Nixon.

p. 220.

Quelle gaucherie de sentiment! I was not inquiring after the cherry-ripe cheeks of Lady ——'s dairy-maid! I will, however, forgive the familiar barbarism of his phraseology: he has *navigated* back with such a redundant glow of freshness in his sainted face, that he may well dispense a liberal portion of the deodand to you; still he should identify you with more considerate reverence and becoming grace to the refined ears of those who are anxious about you—but what can one expect from a "true Englishman"?

I condole with you upon your meagre diet of reason at —— Park. Exclusive discussions upon animals, agriculture, and politics, are sorry aliments for your "elegant sensibilities"! A dog, indeed, or a horse, casually mentioned, might *en passant* be venial—the one recalling to you the absent moan of the faithful Gyp, the other a summer's canter on your Arab down to Luc, but "harrowing fields" must harrow up your very soul! and politics drawl you to death from prolixity!

There certainly exists *de nos compatriotes* of my nearer acquaintance, who are gifted with the happy tact, to make themselves agreeable, without descending to the abominations of which you complain. If their livelier senses are not in decline, I wish they were around you. London is now in its zenith, and they are of course flourishing in its favours; it is the sphere of their local homage, their hearts being generally tenfold entangled at this period; and form the *on dit* of a retired hermit, they would be loth to leave the fragrance of its incense for the remoter purity of sea-breezes, at least till the dream of the season is over! With all my panegyric of you, the attempt might therefore be arduous to convoke a few *en pélerin* to your shrine at ——. Do you sometimes enlighten the *gêne* that environs you by reading? You used to amuse yourself with a cursory meander in the romances of the day. Read "Trevelyan" if you have not; it is well written: I would also introduce to your lecture "Tynley Hall," if the prominent *rôle* was not evidently intended as the portraiture of a person much distinguished by your partiality.

You number, I hear, thoughts and instances in a journal, commemorative and touching as the effusions of Amelia Galotti! It is, alas! sacred from vulgar eyes, reposing in its sanctuary with you, as profoundly as ——. It drives me into a brain fever even to think of it!

I must close my scrawl, or I shall be too late for the post. With

all your distractions, *agréez mille fois répétés* my fervent acknowledgments for your "forget me not." You do not know the good your letter has done me.

Most sincerely yours,
G. B.

There have been preserved other letters of this period.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

This Eagle which once ruled the realms of Europe, but now reduced to the subordinate service of a *presse-papier*, used constantly to perch upon Napoleon's *écritoire* at St. Helena. It was given me as a relic by General Bertrand; after the death of his master, upon his return to France.

The "moaning Cayman" I picked some years since at Paris. You will find me most parsimonious of *pot-pourri*, only a handful remains to me, for every familiar cannibal who gives himself the *entrée* to my dormitory, considers himself authorised to depose a portion of it into his empty pocket. Will you accept the *paire de bas?* Should they accomplish *le bonheur de bien aller*, I think I can rout out a few pair more. The offering will be consecrated, though the gift itself shall not be in *holiness*.

We had last night what they denominate music at la Signora T——. No more flagrant lapse from Æolian harmony ever resounded at a cat's christening! Miss Kitty D—— in melodious rhapsody at the harp! *La belle* T—— *inetta* labouring in expiring agonies at the piano; neither the one nor the other resembling the celestial Hosannas of St. Catherine or St. Cecilia! A Mr. B—— degradingly producing the farewell intonation of a departing patient in the last stage of cholera upon a *basse-viole!* Oh! base indeed! and Captain Frederick C—— outtinkering upon the fiddle the blind minstrel in the street! Ye spheres of heavenly concord! Ye were, as Pope says, "swelling the dreadful pomp of sacrifice."

Yours in more general unison,
George Brummell.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Your note of Tuesday, which I only received last night, has given me the sincerest gratification. You are, as you were sure to do, treating the affair, the despicable affair, with the utter contempt it deserves. It could only spring from that blackest source which contaminates human frailty—a woman's envy—fabricated in despite of the remotest probability, and yet disseminated with fiendish rancour, from one, who lost to every feeling herself, either from the curse of nature, or from the experience of shuddering indifference on the part of those who had the misfortune to cross her path, has only transiently seen E——, for I do not believe she is acquainted with her beyond sight. She has, however, with a devil's yellowest eyes observed her many transcendent attractions, her mild and graceful sensibility of manner, and deepest wound of all, the tributary homage that unsought is won from every one who has the happiness to know her. From reports that have been made to me, authentic, I am persuaded, though not yet *tangible*, I shall soon be enabled *overtly* to accuse the execrable culprit. Forbear then for the present any interference *yourself* upon this detestable subject, its iniquity is unworthy of your notice, and without positive evidence of facts, you would only be controverted by barefaced denegations. Let the *sourde recherché* which I am employing by *confidential* agents positively ascertain the original author and confederate who propagated this infamous *complot;* and I pledge myself, as their conduct mercilessly merits, they shall be ignominiously *chassés* from every honourable and civilised society in this world, and I have no fears about their destiny in the next.

Yours, &c.,

George Brummell.

CHAPTER XIII

The state of his finances—Unable even to afford a short holiday—An annuity promised to him not paid regularly—Lord Alvanley's unremitting support—Brummell appeals to his old friends—Brummell's account with Armstrong—His creditors refuse longer to hold their hand—Arrested and imprisoned, May, 1835—His anxiety for the preservation of his papers—Correspondence with Armstrong and others—Verses to Mlle. Eugénie—Released from prison.

BRUMMELL'S finances were now, as ever since he left England, in a parlous state. He had even to abandon a brief holiday which he had promised himself at Luc-sur-Mer, owing to the lack of the small amount of money it would cost. How much he had looked forward to the change will be gathered from the following letter:

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A YOUNG LADY, AT LUC-SUR-MER

Saturday, July 20.

Why had you not the amiable recollection to write me *two words*, to say you had received the books I sent you on Tuesday? Do so in considerate amity to me to-morrow. I am very forlorn and miserable here—abandoned by every one whose presence was in some measure satisfactory to me—I start at my own shadow. I must put an end to this, or I shall expire upon my own solitary lucubrations. There is nothing left to liberate me from this state of mental dissolution but going down to Luc, and once more seeing and shaking hands with you all. That, I am persuaded, would do me more good than any other earthly regimen, and contribute to enable me to linger on in this world perhaps another year.

One of these lovely evenings (for I am not out of temper with the elements) I shall again make a pilgrimage to Luc, and ascertain that I have been haunted by you merely in imagination. But where am I

to repose in that land of infertility? I detest that vile caravanserai of Colignon's, and most of those who infest it. The nereids and mermaids are too cold in their disposition to extend to me any desirable hospitality; and the "yellow sands" (particularly if they retain their blue, which offends me) during the night, would promise but a poor forbidding pillow. I must "make me a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house"; but no one will come: so I believe it better for me to retrace my steps to Caen, arm-in-arm with the moon, if she is not too diffident and reserved to permit such social *tête-à-tête* travelling.

De Chazot has just called, and had the friendliness to invite me to accept his daily bread while I was at Luc. I told him of my objections to take up my quarters at Colignon's, and that I had abandoned the project. He would not be satisfied till I had promised to dine with him on Friday next, or Thursday, if I was sufficiently re-established in health. I shall go there, whether I am expiring or not, and I conclude that I shall find you flirting with sea-breezes on the beach.

Yours very sincerely,

G. B.

A letter to a former valet, then at Calais, makes allusion to his unhappy plight:

Caen, 14 *Janv.*, 1835.

François,

J'ai fait, et je ferai encore, tout ce qui est en mon pouvoir pour vous obtenir l'emploi que vous désirez; mais il faut d'abord qu'il y'ait une vacance; on aime rien romettre.

Dites à la blanchisseuse que je lui ferai remettre de l'argent par vous pour la pension de Mouton aussitôt que je l'aurai reçu; qu'elle ait toujours soin de cette pauvre bête.

Si les affaires deviennent pires chez M. Seleux, et qu'il lui faille enfin se défaire de la maison, tachez de vous emparer de Loro le perroquet et gardez le pour moi.

On m'a dit qu'il cour du bruit que M. Marshall pense à quitter Calais, ayant été offert un meilleur consulat. Si vous entendez quelque chose authentique là dessus faites m'en savoir de suite.

Mes meilleures souvenirs à votre femme et à François le beau père.

À vous

George Brummell.

P

M. Dabest, de Paris, m'écrit qu'il a un billet de fr 380 accepté par moi, et dû le 18 courant, qui me sera présenté ici. Dites à Valobra que je lui confiais une petite boite en or avec médaillons en émail dont je croyais la revente eut pu solder cette réclamation, et que je ne paierai pas le billet en question avant que je sache qu'est devenu la dite boite, et une autre en papier maché que je lui donnai pour modèle.

J'ai payé à Valobra il y à trois ans fr 450 la boite en or.[1]

Among other things that Armstrong when in London had arranged with Brummell's friends was that they should club together to make the Beau an allowance of £120. This annuity was not, it would appear, regularly paid. Anyhow, however careful Brummell was—careful, that is, according to his lights—he was soon again in debt. Lord Alvanley had written to Armstrong, when sending a remittance: "I beg that you will protect and assist poor Brummell, and rely on my making it good to you." Armstrong had advanced the Beau £200, or had paid his bills to that amount, and there was outstanding some six months' account at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where Brummell lived *en pension*, though this M. Fichet, the proprietor, liked his guest too well to press.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO THE LORD ALVANLEY

Caen [the summer or autumn of 1834].

MY DEAR ALVANLEY,

I have examined Armstrong's account of expenditure and receipts for me during the last twelve months, and I find it in every respect accurate and just. I have delivered to him the halves of the —— and —— Bank of England notes; but, alas! my dear fellow, this will provide but in a very trifling degree for the liquidation of what I owe for my humble support during the last year and during the present instance. . . . I am suffering from a most severe and apparently fixed rheumatism in my leg, and I am in dread lest I

[1] Now printed for the first time from the original in the possession of E. Preston Beecher, Esq.

should be compelled to have recourse to crutches for the rest of my ill-starred days.

My old friend, King Allen, promised, at least it was so represented to me, to send me some habiliments for my body, denuded like a new-born infant—and what a Beau I once was!

Ever most truly yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Armstrong's account has been preserved, and, by the kindness of Mr. J. Preston Beecher, in whose possession the original is, it is here printed for the first time.

GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ., IN ACCOUNT WITH MR. ARMSTRONG.

1831.		Frs.
July	To last M. Valette	732
,,	Dr. François, hatter	78·16
,, 29.	Dr. Servant	1,042·15
Aug. 3.	,, House rent	2,000
,, 5.	,, Servant	100
,, 5.	,, Self	50
,, 14.	,, Soye Soriray	81·10
,, 14.	,, Furon, tailor	389
,, 14.	,, Hôtel de France	55
,, 14.	,, Mr. Le Cavelier	600
,, 16.	,, Servant	33·80
,, 16.	,, Bill for sundries	10·11
,, 21.	,, Hair dresser	425
,, 21.	,, Wood merchant	74·15
,, 22.	,, Freemasons	242
,, 26.	,, Dalbert for snuff box	462·10
,, 26.	,, Bardont	150
,, 26.	,, Bassy	38·10
,, 29.	,, Le Bailly	21
Sept. 2.	,, Laundress	150
,, 2.	,, Bassy	86
,, 16.	Dr. Self	25

1831.		Frs.
	Groceries, wine, etc., etc., from 1st June, 1831, up to 1st Feby, 1834	2,595
	To last C. A.	500
	,, ,, ...	280
	,, ,, ...	30
Sept. 30.	Dr. Mr. Bellamy	590
,, 30.	,, Self	380
Oct. 1.	,, Longuet	800
,, 9.	,, Servant	69
,, 9.	,, Washer woman	30
,, 20.	,, News room up to 20 Oct.	15
,, 28.	,, To last self	25
Nov. 2.	,, For shirts	48
,, 8.	,, Porterage	·10
,, 10.	,, Letter to England	2·04
,, 11.	,, ,, ,, ,, ...	1·02
Dec. 3.	,, To last washer woman	38·09
,, 3.	,, Servant	79·16
,, 5.	,, Self	25
,, 7.	,, Letter to England	1·04
,, 17.	,, Blacking	·15
,, 18.	,, Letter to England	·16
,, 28.	,, ,, ,, ,, ...	2·08
,, 29.	,, ,, ,, ,, ...	2·08
1832.		
Jan. 6.	Blacking	·15
,, 6.	Dr. 2 letters to England	2·16
,, 6.	Paid to Mr. Cornwall (Shirts)	275
,, 11.	Washing	1·10
,, 11.	Dr. To last self	25
,, 13.	Dr. Blacking	·15
,, 20.	,, News room up to 20th Jany.	15
,, 25.	,, To last self	15
,, 28.	,, Letter from England	2·08
,, 28.	,, ,, ,, ,, ...	2·08
		12,705·05

As a credit against the above disbursements we find the following:

	Frs.
By bank post bill:	
£400 at 25 frs.	10,000
£50 ,, 25 ,, ...	1,250
By last from Mr. Boyd:	
£20 at 24·80 frs.	496
Balance due	959·05
	12,705·05

The accounts continue:

	Frs.
Balance due	959·05
Le Chevalier, shoe-blacker	72
Manoury, bookseller	36
Maréchal	65
Le François Bordon	45
Elie, baker	32
Boutilly, engraver	10
Sundries	95
Bills	47
Letters, etc.	28
	1,389·05

Then follow these lines in Brummell's handwriting:

These are the bills that Armstrong has paid for me since his return from England in July last.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Armstrong's accounts continue:

1834.			Frs.
		Balance brought up	1,389·05
March	3.	Letter	2·08
,,	3.	12 pairs of silk socks	60
,,	3.	4 pairs of drawers	30
,,	4.	To last washer woman	59·12
,,	13.	Letter to England	·16
,,	15.	Blacking	·15
,,	28.	,, ...	·15
April	10.	Washer woman	17·16
,,	12.	2 letters to England	2·8
,,	12.	To last self	25
,,	19.	,, ,, ,, ...	140
,,	20.	News room up to 20th April	15
May	6.	To last Mr. Hayter	181·04
,,	12.	,, ,, self	25
,,	19.	Blacking	·15
,,	27.	To last self	25
June	10.	Letter from England	2·08
,,	18.	,, ,, ,, ...	2·08
		Blacking	·15
			1,981·05

Under these accounts the Beau has written :

I hereby certify that Armstrong has paid the above-mentioned sums for me, and they are all right and correct according to the receipts which I have examined.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Caen, July 5, 1834.

From this time the tragedy of Brummell becomes deeper and deeper still.

His creditors had so far held their hand, hoping no doubt that the Beau's affluent friends would come to his rescue. As they did not, it was decided to bring pressure to bear. It will be remembered that Jacques Leleux, the Calais banker to

whom the Beau was heavily indebted, had agreed to hold his hand —in fact, to pay off Brummell's other creditors at Calais, on condition that he received £320 a year from the salary of his debtor as Consul at Caen. This amount was paid by the Foreign Office direct to Leleux so long as Brummell held his post. Leleux does not seem to have been inclined to harsh measures, but he was a business man. He exercised the utmost patience, in the hope that Brummell would be transferred to another Consulate, but when it became practically certain that no other appointment would be given, he decided on the drastic step of having the Beau arrested for the debt of the fifteen hundred francs still due to his firm. There was no malice in this. Probably he would have let the matter go, but for his confidence that, Brummell in prison, the debt would be discharged by his friends. His prognostication, as will be seen, was not at fault.

Early in May, 1835, Brummell was arrested at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

Before he was taken off to prison, he especially begged Madame Fichet, the wife of the proprietor of the hotel, carefully to preserve his papers. "They are the only things to which I attach particular value," he said to her. "They are of no use to anyone else, *mais pour moi ils sont un vrai trésor.* When I am gone, pray collect them and lock them up with your own hands." The papers were probably his correspondence, his Memoirs, and the manuscript of his book on "Male Costume."

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Caen, In Prison, May 5, 1835.

I still breathe, though I am not of the living—the state of utter abstraction in which I have been during the last thirty hours yet clouds my every sense. I have just received your note—may Heaven bless you all for your good devotedness in remembering me at such a moment.

I have been the victim of a villain, who has closed upon me, without giving me the remotest intimation of his designs. I am perfectly innocent of anything bearing the least dishonourable construction in

this *malheureuse affaire;* and if I was not deserving of the interest you express as well as . . . towards me, I would not demand it.

I will write to you when I *can.*

Ever most sincerely yours,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Caen, In Prison, May 11, 1835.

The kindness of every human being within the sphere of my acquaintance in this town has by degrees restored me to equanimity. How shall I be able to repay you for this benevolence? Devoutly I thank you for the Student; it will be an early resource to me. I am, I believe, this evening to be transferred from my present den of thieves, to the towers of Matilda, and to the sainted arms of *les sœurs de Charité.* There I shall again breathe fresh air, and be comparatively in peace. I cannot describe to you what I have suffered *here.*

H——, in the frequent moments I have seen since his return, has felt and acted towards me with the affection of a brother. I cannot to-day trust myself further in writing to you; remembrances of you and those who belong to you will crowd upon my thoughts, and I might relapse into my recent imbecilities by the endeavour. Adieu. Persevere in all your excelling goodness towards me. It may please Providence to guide the hearts of those who once better knew me to imitate your kindness.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

P.S.—You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced—I am about to seal to *you* with a wafer! Do not even whisper this indecorum, for perhaps I may again frequent the world.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MR. ARMSTRONG

In Prison, Saturday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Henri de St. Marie told me yesterday you had sent me a bottle of *Esprit de Savon—I have never received it.*

If it has been left to Bassy, the chemist, to send, of course I shall never see it; should it have been remitted for conveyance to the

GEORGE, PRINCE REGENT, AT BRIGHTON PAVILION.

From an engraving after a portrait by Cruikshank.

p. 232.

hotel, equal negligence will attend its destiny. In spite of all my friends have said to them in expostulation of the shameful pitifulness of the morsel they send to me by the way of dinner, they get daily more meagre and miserable ; and it is really not sufficient for the poor cat that keeps me company, neither does it arrive before half-past six, *malgré* your orders to them. I cannot help telling you what was the banquet yesterday dispatched to me.

One solitary chop, about the size of an *écu*, enveloped in a quire of greasy paper, and the skeleton of a pigeon, a bird I could never fancy. I must not omit to mention the accompaniment of *half* a dozen potatoes. Such was my meal of yesterday evening, after a fast of twelve hours. It is not, I am certain, the fault of the son, but the *ladrerie* of the *père et mère*, with which I have been so long acquainted. If they transmit me nothing more solid and bountiful this evening I shall be reduced to borrow a *tranche* of the *bouilli* from which the *soupe maigre* of my neighbours the brigands is extracted.

I have no news, and I am in the very slough of despondency.

Yours,

G. B.

The Same to the Same

In Prison, Monday.

My dear Armstrong,

Many thanks for your unremitting kindness in improving the quality of my humble repast. To your good offices, I had yesterday the satisfaction of being indebted for a sufficient though homely dinner.

I have sent to you two *serviettes*, which I had neglected, belonging to the Hôtel d'Angleterre ; they are the last remaining in my possession from that quarter. You will oblige me, by sending to me to-day, three towels for my toilette ; and the same number every six days, for I cannot procure even a clout to rub myself down in this nauseous place. You will not, I am sure, forget either, that every three days it is incumbent on me to pay for the necessities of breakfast, *eau-de-vie*, candles, etc.—while you are here or during your absence.

I will beg you carefully to take charge of everything I left behind me at the hotel, particularly two boxes ; the one mahogany with brass ribs, and G.B. on a plate at the top—the other with a glass on

the top, covering worked birds drinking out of a vase; it was the labour and gift of the late Duchess of York, and I have a reverence for it—the latter has a leather case, which is either in the cupboard or the *armoire* out of the sitting-room, or in the other recess where you will find my trunks, etc., etc. Pray send me what remains in the drawers of the bed-room—there are some waistcoats, drawers, pantaloons, etc., and in the upper *tiroir*, sundry trifling things which I forgot, but which I may have occasion for. The clock, vases, brown candlesticks, and in short everything in the room, are my own, not omitting the old green velvet armchair. There is one insignificant article which I also wish you would transmit to me; it is under the small *commode* in the sitting-room, with a white marble-slab on the top (which also belongs to me), and of which I am every evening in want, a *boot-jack* that shuts up. *Let the large basin and water-jug be taken great care of.*

This is all that I can recollect—perhaps there may be other trifles in the *armoire*, adjoining the sitting-room, which at the instant escape my memory; let them be preserved.

Enclosed, I deliver to you a list of every debt which I owe in this country of France; you will have the goodness to add your own just and excellent claims upon me, and those due to the hotel—those in the list to whose names I have attached a cross. I am ignorant of the precise amount of their remaining claims upon me; you can easily ascertain them. Beyond these, so help me Heaven, I have not an existing debt, either in my handwriting, or by oral promise, in this country. Young B—— is waiting below to carry my letter; therefore, I can only add, my dear Armstrong, how very sincerely

I am, yours,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

In Prison, Tuesday.

Most earnestly, I thank you for your amiable *billet*. Seldom I forget kindnesses; but my grateful remembrance of yours will survive to the end of my destined days. D—— should have answered my last note; it would have been a consolation to me in these hours of wretchedness.

Your valet has quite won me by *ses petits soins* in administering to

my lingering vegetation at half-past five. The good-humoured luckless brigand, who acts as my Frontin, and who receives my diurnal portion through *la grille*, is proud of his *connaissance*, and flatters him by saying, " *C'est un bon diable que ce Figaro là !* " Godefroi is my host ; that is I *partage* his more humanized cell, excepting during my sleeping hours. Heaven help me.

I try to slumber upon the hope of removal to a more salubrious atmosphere and humanized intercourse on Monday, *à l'Hôpital*. Last night my dreams were violently disturbed by the abrupt entrance of the *corps de garde* of the prison, who were on the alert in consequence of a rapid fire that was blazing without the walls, but within thirty yards of my cell and were obliged to pass through it, in order to be ready for the approach of flames, or the attempted escape of the *détenus*. I threw on my cloak and followed them. It was dreadful, being upon a timber-merchant's premises, but magnificent. I remained at a loop-hole gazing on the destruction till past two, when it subsided. This spectacle caused me a severe rheumatism ; and I wish I had slept on, forgetful of my own *malheurs*, instead of witnessing those of others.

Thank you for Zohrab ; I prefer it to Ayesha, but neither of them equal Hadji Baba. How can I requite all your commiseration and kindness towards me ? If it may be any trifling retribution I never cease to think of it.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

In Prison, Saturday.

You must believe me when I tell you that my senses have not been in an adequate state of composure to attempt manuscript : I should probably have written stark-staring bombast, in the essay to express my thanks for all your persevering kindness ; and, even at this instant of comparative sanity of mind, I will only trust myself to assure you, that, with every worthy feeling that remains to me, I do thank you from my heart.

On the evening of this sacred day it was my authorised custom to sit around your fire, and endeavour to requite my welcome by making you laugh at my nonsense. Most heartily I pray that those happy

periods may come again, though I scarcely dare look into future destiny.

I try to dissipate the sinister troop of blue devils that haunt me, with the hope that I may be allowed to be transmigrated, the early part of the week, from this den of thieves to the pure atmosphere *de l'Hôpital*, and to the more delightful intercourse of the *sœurs de Charité* instead of the contamination and blasphemy of the felons that surround me. I am wretched here—I cannot describe the nausea of my sensations when I descend in the morning from my cell, and from the grate of the window see miserable outcasts dancing in chains, with every apparent gaiety of spirit.

What, in the name of all my faults or in common justice from the remembrance of those many friends with whom my better years were passed, have I ever done to deserve this purgatory?

Of all those I have recently known in this part of the world, I can only speak with unqualified praise;—their attention and good feeling towards me surpasses almost any example in my recollection. Still I am lingering in this *enfer sur terre*, and Providence, I believe, can only tell whether I shall ever again transgress its walls alive.

Very sincerely yours,

G. B.

The Same to the Same

In Prison, Wednesday.

You are always good and amiable, but you will be the best of beings, if you will have the kindness to renew your benefaction *en forme de gâteau*. I can assure you, it is my principal nourishment, for the *mesquin* repast they usually send me from the hotel would not be adequate to sustain even a *demoiselle* lost in love. I may represent an additional claim upon your bounty at this moment: my companion *Minette, la chatte noire*, who is in the straw at my feet, having produced three hungry kittens—her delicate state disdains the unleavened bread of the prison. I have another favourite belonging to my more private apartment: it is a spider about the size of a bee, which I have so far *apprivoisée* that it comes regularly to me from its web every morning at seven o'clock to demand his *déjeûné*. You must forgive then my anxiety for the sustenance of these familiar friends, as well as my own; they are, perhaps the only ones that will soon

remain to me. I am sadly out of sorts with the world and with myself; no propitious tidings come to me! Nothing cheers me but the occasional sunbeam that looks in upon me from heaven; when that retires, all is darkness and despondency. It seems to me a century since I have been in this intolerable bondage; every week that lingers away is a year in the calendar of my life!

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, Wednesday.

If the Student had not belonged to you, I should not have been able to wade through ten of its pages: it is equally barren of incident, definition, or plain language, and I can only wonder that the author of Eugene Aram and Pompeii, should have buried his brains in such a production—at least have published it. When you have something more worthy of cheating miserable hours, I know it is unnecessary for me to refer to your amiable recollection of my present desolation, and you will send it to me. I am still sustained with hopes of emancipation from these disgusting regions, and, though it is consoling to me to remember the kindness of others, I wish to heaven I could forget myself. I cannot tell you how much it gratifies me to know that your *domestique* brings my daily bread from the hotel: these trifling circumstances do me worlds of good at the moment. Good-bye for the evening. My friend Godefroi, the editor from whose table I address you, is looking with anxiety at the ink; to continue paragraphs that will probably prolong my detention here ten years longer. He is really a good-hearted man, and does every thing *à me distraire*. Say everything that is gracious for me to . . .

Ever sincerely yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, Saturday.

If you knew the many hours that were relieved by reading "Lodore," [1] you would not be displeased at my retaining it so long.

[1] A novel by Mrs. Shelley.

The story is, perhaps, rather unconnected, but the language is always good, exempt from the usual pseudo sentiment of modern romances, and there is a natural pathos pervading the whole which perfectly corresponded with my melancholy thoughts. Should you have anything else dozing upon your table, and unoccupied by brighter eyes, transfer it to me with your never-failing charity forthwith.

During the principal part of this morning, I have been reduced to the forbidding study of the human face, not divine but demoniac, which infests the cour beneath my window. Groups of these wretches condemned of Heaven and of earth, attracted by the sun, have been sauntering in their chains within ten paces of me ; and, for want of more palatable resource, I sat contemplating their hideous physiognomies, till I was recalled from my visions of the fabled Rinaldo Rinaldini and his bandits, by one of them exclaiming "*Qu'est-ce qu'il regarde donc, ce scelerat de milord ?*" This I soon perceived was addressed to my innocent self ; and I retired from my reflections and "*ma loge grillée,*" amply convinced that all I had read or heard of the atrocities of this *trempe* of malefactors was realized to my view.

I have nothing auspicious, in respect to my unfortunate interests, to impart. A *month* to-morrow, I have been *here*, in tribulation, in suspense, and, at length, nearly in broken-heartedness ; no news has, as yet, arrived to me from England—friends indeed may not be *found*, though they must be already acquainted with my position. I speak only of those who, during my more prosperous days, were zealously served and assisted by me—to *those* it was as much, I considered, a *duty* as a necessity to appeal, at such an annihilating crisis. I had a right to promise myself instant emancipation from their mutual aid ; from the delay, this confidence seems to have been deceived, and I cannot bear up against, nor long survive, the prolonged disappointment.

My first *presentiment* upon this infamous farce, this insulting calamity, coming abruptly upon me, was, that I should never leave these abhorred walls alive ; the despondent *prestige* now gains influence upon me, and I shudder even to think of it. God bless you for all your kindness.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, Tuesday.

Remercimens réitérés for Washington Irving very delightful in both stories. I can answer for the truth of his account of poor Byron's never-dying attachment to Mary Chatworth; for I have frequently heard him romanticise for hours about her. I remember being with her at her house, Colwick, near Nottingham, during a week, a few months subsequent to her marriage. She appeared to me to be always vigilant for admiration, coarse in her manners, and far from resembling what I should have conceived the *beau idéal* of Byron. . . .

It is the first time I ever heard mention of the sequel *de la petite dame blanche.* These descriptions recall to me a treasure in my possession—several letters upon most interesting subjects to ***him,*** written to me in our familiar days. Moore, when he was arranging his biography, which turned out to be unworthy of his memory, requested me to assist him with the letters in question, and I refused to entrust them to him. No eyes but my own, and those of one other person, who is now no more, have ever seen them.

If you have anything arrived or remaining that will distract or set me to sleep, waft it to me with my evening's nutrition; it is that of the fabulous little good mouse, "three pears and a bit of brown bread"; but she was afterwards transformed into a princess, and fed upon pearls; will such ever be my fate and recompense?

The sun is now looking in upon me with a smile; it is the only flirtation left to me; when he descends to his watery couch, I cannot help relapsing into the very slough of despondency. Happier hours and fairer prospects wait upon you and yours. Such is the constant wish of

Yours most truly,
G. B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO MR. ARMSTRONG

In Prison, June.

MY DEAR ARMSTRONG,

You would not, I am sensible, like to be imposed yourself, nor that I should be famished with hunger in a prison.

I am ignorant both of the name and of the residence of the *traiteur,* or rather *traitor* have employed to purvey my daily meal; he has,

indeed, but one merit, and that is his punctuality at five o'clock. You shall judge yourself of his liberality, and I will neither exaggerate nor extenuate in my report. Yesterday's *portion* was the following : *half* of the skeleton of a pigeon ; which I firmly believe was the *moitié* of a crow, buried in rancid butter, and the solitary wing of an unfed *poulet*, without even the consolatory addenda of its *cuisse*—half-a-dozen potatoes, and, by way of excuse for dessert, half-a-score of unripe cherries, accompanied with *one* pitiful biscuit, that looked like a bad halfpenny—this is the positive total of my dinner's calendar.

Twice I have beseeched you to send me three towels, and to repeat that number every six days. I have been reduced, for the last eight-and-forty hours, to rub myself down with my dirty shirts, and that resource is now at an end, for they are gone to the washerwoman.

Will you have the kindness to speak in a peremptory manner to those about you, if it is owing to their negligence I am to suffer these privations ? I only ask for wholesome sustenance for my body, and salutary cleanliness for its outside. It is impossible to find these necessaries within this hell upon earth ; and with all my dejection, I should be loath to give up the ghost from famine or filthiness. Amend these indispensable wants before you leave the town *this* evening. I am also in want of some old waistcoats and pantaloons, which were in the drawers of the bureau in my bed-room at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. There was also a pair of patched boots in the closet of the sitting-room ; and in the *armoire* a small glass bottle of Macouba snuff—will you have the goodness to transmit them to me ?

Pray tell my friends that I am very fond of strawberries, when they are in full season, and that they always do me good. In the schedule of my debts in Caen, which I wrote to you, I omitted to make the observation, that I was utterly in rags, and without the means of procuring better raiment.—Good-bye ; I would give half the remainder of my days to go down to the sea-side with you this evening.

Most truly yours,

G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Friend

In Prison, Friday.

I am sinking fast into the delusions of presentiment, and the credulous faith of dreams ; but, during my last night's slumber I

THE DANDY CLUB.

From an Etching by Richard Dighton Dec. 29th, 1818.

fancied you had received a note for me from England, and yet *sent it not*. When my Cerberus unbarred my cell at seven this morning, I scrutinised anxiously his iron hand, expecting the cheering sight of a scrap of paper, and even I asked him impatiently if no letter had been left at the wicket for me. He shook his gory locks at me in the forbidding sense of negative, clanked his *bouquet* of keys in my awakened face, and left me in disappointment.

Was my nightly vision merely the effect of a distempered brain in darkness, or have you *really* received a *word*, which bids me look forward to liberty and relief? I am dreadfully *abattu* with all my thoughts of the past as well as the future. I have this instant received a visit from Monsieur Target. He said he *did not know* I was here, and hoped I was *à mon aise!!!* Oh the Saracen! What reptiles are those who administer to the justice and dynasty of this country! They cannot be so in our country, though I begin even to suspect *them*.

The bearer of this is one of my confidential *keepers*. I will not boast of my new acquaintance; but I believe there is not one whose heart I have not gained, and who would not open my prison door to me on my parole.

Ever yours sincerely,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Monday morning.

The night is as weary as the day. I dream continually. If there should exist any reciprocity of prescience between us, do pray endeavour to dream that you have once more seen me *à flaner* in the Rue St. Jean, or upon the Cours, with my hat on one side, and in gaiety and *persiflage* of heart *à rire* at the absurdities of our *compatriotes*, who I hear are fast replenishing the town, when all its better indigeneous inhabitants are regaling themselves with roses and strawberries *à leurs châteaux*. It may identify reality.

Do pray recount my nocturnal vision to . . . when you next write, if you have a "poet's corner" left in your dispatch: it may amuse her to know that her note haunted my recollection even in the shadows of somnolency. Tell her too, that I will write to her, as my spirits and faculties may be ameliorated by the never-failing intensity of my prayers to *Him* to whose mercy and clemency she

recommends their address. My anxiety to see those friends who have been so kind to me surpasses every other wish, should the blessing of liberty be regained by me. I feel, though I began my note to you in comparative calmness, that I shall lose it if I dwell upon its concluding subject.

Ever sincerely yours,
G. B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY AT LUC-SUR-MER

In Prison, July.

Your last note has had the mystic charm of the words of the talisman of Oromanes: it has revived hope, given me sufficient rest for two successive nights, and I have this morning looked up to the sun as I would congratulate the smiling face of an old friend.

Armstrong says he shall depart for London on Tuesday next: on the result of this mission will depend my destiny, the delight of seeing you and all my friends again, or the death warrant of my interment here.

I am ashamed of myself for having so long incarcerated Simeon. He has amused me, though he does not communicate any description or observation very new; but when I can meet with anything that cheats the monotony of desolate hours, I am selfishly unwilling to release it. I was much pleased with Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; but it makes one sorry to find that so delightful an author can only afford one scanty volume at a time.

Have you Fanny Kemble's "Journey in America"? Should it be out of sight and still in hand, pray confer the favour of its loan to me; if not, any other recent production that may be dormant upon your table. That familiar representative of the dead as well as the living, Caspar Hauser, told me the other day that Mademoiselle—— lives an amphibious life during this fine weather, half aquatic, half pastoral; flirts with Highland butterflies in a gondola, and then dines upon a haycock; imbibes porter, and familiarizes with earwigs and wasps. May I request you to whisper to her that I am distracting myself with a few innocent stanzas in honour of her and her truant sisters? They may be infected with the local gloom of everything that surrounds me, yet they will not be unworthy of their amiable subject.

Spare me now and then a desultory moment and write. I will allow you every marine latitude in your social *entretiens* with the innocent Nereids, but I know not a Triton upon your shore worthy of your community. Would to Heaven I was liberated from my unjust bondage within these inexorable walls!

Very sincerely yours,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, July.

Since Sunday last, I have been really so much occupied with the departure of the Sieur Armstrong for England, that I have really been unequal to attend to my first of duties, that of writing to you.

You are always commemorated as the *coryphée par excellence* of those "ministering angels," who best attend to my exigencies; my thanks to you are almost as much worn out as my patience, not to mention *ma capote*. I am indebted to your *bonté* for Fanny Kemble: our acquaintance has just commenced. I like her upon our earlier flirtation, and therefore, our intimacy will be soon at an end.

With all my usual abstractions or rather distractions, I find, I must inadvertently have dropped something yesterday about having indited a few effusions in the metrical line, in which the consecrated name of Eugénie was recorded; believe me, it was not profaned, it was written on a rainy day when I was, from depression of spirits, more fit for what is called the *camisole* in Bedlam, than even a cradle at the foot of Parnassus. I am now ashamed of them; we all have our little vanities, and upon looking them over this morning, I find so many faults and disabilities in the abrupt attempt to do justice to their difficult theme, that they must be corrected, curtailed, and amended, before your mutual eyes. You tell me she has been *screaming* to see them: assure her from me, that she must not interrupt your evening siesta with these impatient ejaculations; that they are perhaps unworthy of her attention; but as she desires a survey, I can refuse her nothing—they shall be transmitted the instant they are rationally revised. Good night, good night.

Yours very sincerely,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, July.

My favourite pet brute, Cerberus, is going to take a stroll by moonlight, and I cannot neglect the opportunity of tying a note to his iron collar, *à votre adresse*—it is in persuance of my promise, I send you enclosed, what I had the indiscretion to tell you I had written on a desolate rainy morning, it is nonsense to endeavour ameliorating such namby pamby, and I submit it to your mercy and that of Mademoiselle Eugénie, in the barbarous state in which it dropped primitively from my disordered brains. I have only omitted a few stanzas, which, as I could not understand myself when I afterwards looked them over, it would be too unjust, and hard upon you both to record. Good night : the *dog* is waiting with impatience, playing with his keys, as if they belonged to your watch, and they make my head ache.

Ever yours,

G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

In Prison, July.

Not a word yet from England ; but I hear, not however *officially*, that things are *at length going on favourably*. This reminds me of your consolatory prediction, two months ago ; and I shall never be able to express my gratitude to you for its most amiable and friendly augury.

The shadow of my poetic spirit haunts me still, and will not suffer me to rest, till I have exorcised it with further castigation ; the doggrel I sent you the other evening was transcribed at dusk ; and that *dim* period is *darkness here*, which induces me to fear that my autography may have been as flagrantly *en dépérissement* as my minstrelsy ;—let my retiring vanities be peacefully appeased in their *adieux*, by the ultimate effort at correction, not that meridian beams are shining in upon me ; and my senses are better *réglés*—particularly that of sight. In her second shroud, I submit to your forgiving inspection, the remains of a deceased muse, that I have already intimated to you were interred on a rainy morning ; they are the only particles I could preserve from their confirmed decay ; the rest were in a deplorable state of decomposition, and utterly unworthy of being embalmed by your *lecture* ;—have the charitable grace to bestow an Ave Maria over them.

I am almost enjoying this partial sunshine that is glancing in at my *grille*, though it may revive other thoughts of other days; would to heaven I was once more delivered from the noxious vapours of this earthly Phlegethon! The most adverse destiny shall never entrap me again! On Wednesday I will send you the history of an *outré brigand*, who I saw the day before yesterday attempt to escape, even with his load of chains, over the wall of *our garden*; he is a remarkably good-looking animal, mild, too, in his manners, and has frequently moved my humanity, even to assisting him in my humble way.

I shall remember to my last hour, his cries and struggles to avoid the additional irons that were forced upon his arms and throat, even to the arrival of six *des militaires* when he was *quieted* to insensibility, and conducted to his eternal subterranean cell. And yet I exist in close adjacency to these outcasts.

Cerberus *le porte-clef* told me, when he left my last letter at your gate of Paradise, that you were still gathering sea-breezes, shells, and dust, on the shores of Luc. Your friend D—— annihilates me with *petits soins*; he sent me word the other day, that he regretted his visit to the country, because his absence would deprive him of seeing me.

I hear Mademoiselle Eugénie is advancing in the knowledge of pure Celtic, which they say is always best taught and learned by the eyes! Pray remember me devotedly to her.

Yours, very sincerely,
G. B.

Mademoiselle Eugénie, a pretty girl of fifteen, inspired Brummell to poetry, and he indited the following verses to beguile the weary hours in prison:

TO EUGÉNIE

LINES WRITTEN IN PRISON ON A RAINY MORNING

O'ercast in gloom arose the day,
No genial ray
From Heaven, to cheer the fetter'd or the free;
Mute was the slumbering scene around,
And hush'd each sound,
Save the soft plaintive orison of Eugénie.

On fancied roses she had slept,
But waking wept
To find so soon the charm'd illusion flee ;
That dream of absent sisters dear,
Approaching near
To hail the morning's dawn with smiles to Eugénie.

'Twas breathed in accents low,
As southern zephyrs blow
O'er banks of violets, or the faint aerial lullaby
Of music's distant notes,
That in the silent evening floats
In cadence dying on the ear, the plaint of Eugénie.

" Alas ! " she murm'ring said,
" The world to me seems almost dead ;
No social echo of our home's forsaken gaiety,
No thoughts reciprocal express'd,
Affection's fairest test,
To vibrate on the heart, or sympathise with Eugénie.

" Fast falling showers,
In shadows dim the ling'ring hours,
As if they sought to mourn with kindred memory and me
Weep o'er the dreary space,
And the bright promise of the vision chase,
That flatter'd with delight the fairy dream of Eugénie.

" Still one revered remains,
Who when the tremulous voice complains,
Pleading the grief of those away with fond humility,
Will not the suppliant advocate disdain,
Nor long refrain
To mingle mutual feeling with the hopes of Eugénie.

"'Ah! mother justly dear,
Dispel each latent adverse fear
That clouds the happy compact of our filial trinity;
Towards thee in undivided love,
Our supplicated union prove,
Let them return; it is the prostrate prayer of Eugénie."

This brief soliloquy address'd,
Was from a neighbouring nest
O'erhead, a redbreast listen'd on its shelt'ring tree;
With friendship's votive wings
To me the tender tale he brings;
Some natural tears he shed, and sigh'd the name of Eugénie.

Trembling the poor bird fled again,
He heard a chain!
Raised his light pinions in the pride of cherish'd liberty,
And left me lone and sorrow'd
With pensive strain he borrow'd,
And doubly fetter'd with the downcast cares of Eugénie.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady, at Luc-sur-Mer

In Prison, July.

Mes remercîmens to you, I have often repeated, are infinite, but almost exhausted. I restore Mrs. Butler to your protection; that name is more *convenable* to her language than Fanny Kemble. I began to be fatigued with her *postiche* sensibility, and, as she wishes to believe her natural refinement: perhaps more recommendable qualities will be cherished under your discerning supervision. Have you anything else arrived to relieve the absolute vacancy of my studies?

You will say that I am puffed up with my own solitary consequence, which is usually generated by living almost constantly *tête-à-tête* with oneself; and that I vainly imagine people are voluntarily to impart their thoughts and even their whereabouts to me, because I am in local durance. It is not, however, so with me; there are but few of

whom I think myself—fewer, I am sensible, who ever think of me: *you*, and yours, are exceptions, that is only a consolation, but a pride to me, to remember almost every hour; for you have invariably extended to me every kindness: forgive this egotism, it is as barefaced as Fanny Kemble and her *me's;* but I cannot reconcile to my sequestered vanity why . . . disguised her intention of precipitately leaving Caen. If it was only the abrupt vagary of the moment, excited by meridian beams to court the cooler atmosphere of the sea-shore (where by the bye, there is no friendly umbrage saving that of her parasol), I will give her the desertion, and implore her absolution of my transient worldly vanities; but it is impossible for amiable beings like her, to be lost in sight even for a day.

I have been lately infested with a *good-natured friend*, who has favoured me with the *cancanneries* of the graceless reptiles that adorn this town; those who are amusing themselves in chains at *saut de grenouille* under my window, are saints in comparison.

If Mademoiselle Eugénie has any narcotic, or other composing nostrum; that will speedily propitiate oblivion, pray tell her to let me have some, I can find none here—in exchange I will send her back all my recollections; if she has any vanity in her composition she would jump at the proffered compact; they are replete with admiration and praise of her, and as they are reflected from her living self, they form a most enchanting biography of two months, in the shape of a romance: if she refuses them, they will be consigned to the Styx, which I shall soon pass over.

If you have a vacant instant from the Nereids (I beseech you to avoid the Tritons), do let me learn *de vos nouvelles.*

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

In Prison, July.

You will soon be as well acquainted with our "Newgate Calendar" here as myself. I send you *l'Ami de la Vérité*, because it contains the account of a triple murder of the most horrible description, committed by a wretch who has just been surrendered by the *gens d'armes* to this last receptacle of his living days. He is rather a decent-looking reprobate, and I could not discriminate, by his countenance

or manner, the least trace of compunction or shame. He seems so quiet and *insouciant* of his enormous delinquency, that I shall seek an early occasion to make him confess the whole detail of the circumstances attending his crime; for I understand he is very accessible upon the subject, and is even *proud* of relating them. God of heaven, what creatures bearing human faces and forms surround me! This instance, however, is the most atrocious within my immediate cognisance; and I have already made up my mind to hear this dreadful tale, the first time I find him alone at the *grille* which separates our departments. The various histories of the others, almost equally nefarious, they have unreservedly related to me *vivâ voce;* for, when once their existence is condemned, they appear perfectly unconcerned who may know the worst—a few *sous* always obtain their explicit confidence. I have made constant memorandums of many *entretiens* with them when I was released from their proximity.

Adieu; as Fanny Kemble says, "do not forget *little* me." The poor spoiled girl is a sad egoist; but if you could see her face you would forgive her.

Yours, very sincerely,

G. B.

On July 21, 1835, Brummell was released from prison.

It was probably about this period that one has a glimpse of the Beau in the Reminiscences of General Sir George Higginson, now in his ninety-ninth year, and probably the only man now living who has seen him: "At Caen we passed a night, and, as we sat at dinner, my father said, 'Take a good look at the gentleman opposite.' I noticed the not very striking features of an Englishman who nodded to my father. After tea they foregathered, and an invitation to his lodgings was accepted. Our host was Beau Brummell."

CHAPTER XIV

Brummell's release from prison effected by Armstrong—His English friends pay off his debts—Some of them provide him with an annuity—His joy at being set free—He returns to the Hôtel d'Angleterre—He attends a reception on the day of his release—His struggle to appear cheerful in public—Sadness now claims him for its own—Correspondence.

THE release of Brummell was brought about by the efforts of Armstrong, who had gone to England on his behalf early in July. His first visits were to the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Alvanley, who, always loyal to their absent friend, whipped round once more for subscriptions. King William IV. gave a hundred guineas; Lord Palmerston was induced to make a grant of double that amount from the public funds in consideration of the monetary loss that Brummell had sustained by the abolition of the office of Consul at Caen. Other friends hurried to the rescue—the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Sefton, General Upton, Colonel Dawson Damer, Standish, Charles Greville and others.

Armstrong returned with money enough, if not entirely to pay off Brummell's debts in full, at least to make a composition with Leleux and the other creditors.

Further than this, those good fellows, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton, and Charles Greville, pledged themselves to provide an income sufficient to keep the Beau, now in his fifty-eighth year, in decent comfort for the rest of his life.

So it came about, that, after some ten weeks' incarceration, Brummell was set free. He had borne imprisonment, as he had

borne his other misfortunes, without repining; but he was, of course, overwhelmed with joy at his release. "On that day," M. Godefroi has related, "he seemed to recover the elasticity of spirits he must have possessed in his youth, and the originality of his character came forth in such bright relief that I could easily comprehend why he had been so celebrated and his society so much sought after by the greatest and most talented of his countrymen."

Brummell took up his old quarters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. In the evening of the day of his release he went to a reception. As the news that he had been set at liberty had not reached that assembly, his appearance came as a great surprise. Everyone present received him with delight; little speeches of congratulation were made, and the Beau responded: "Messieurs, je suis bien obligé pour votre bonté, et charmé de me trouver encore une fois parmi vous. Je puis vous assurer que c'est aujourd'hui le plus heureux jour de ma vie, car je suis sorti de prison—et j'ai mangé du saumon."

There, in that brief remark, is the native humour of the Beau. He showed no sign of the strain of prison life, but none the less it had made its mark on him. Many a time must he have reflected upon the difference in his lot and that of his former companions, who were living as of yore, most of them anyhow, in the midst of the gaieties of London. What, after all, he may well have asked himself, had he done, that he should be taken and the rest left?

Sadness now began to claim him for its own, and in spite of the good fight he put up to appear cheerful, sympathetic folk could detect the sense of melancholy that he tried to conceal. "I regret," said a lady to Jesse, "having lost several letters, and some poetry, that he sent to me at this time. Elles étaient empreintes d'une trilesse qu'il ressentait dans la solitude, et qui lui permittait de réfléchir au passé si brillant, au présent si triste et à l'avenir si effrayant pour lui; tristesse qu'il affectait de rejecter loin de lui, dès qu'il était dans le monde, ayant l'air de braver la fortune et de rire de ces coups."

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO A LADY

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Friday.

Une petite couvée de perdreaux vivant ce matin à l'aube du jour, font vol *sans haleine* à votre cuisine.

When I had last the pleasure to see D——, a week since, I was anxious to thank him for all his past kindness to me; but the past still lingers upon my memory, and nothing but time, and other sums, and other scenes and occupations, ever can do me any effectual good.

During the early period of my purgatory in the other world, there was, as you may have heard, a destructive *incendie* in a magazine of wood beneath my iron window. All the administering demons of these nether regions were upon the *qui vive* at this congenial *fête*; and awaking from deceitful dreams of former Paradise, I rose from my straw, and attended their passage, which was through my cell, to the outward summit of the prison. Amidst the disheartening tumult that was raging, I distinctly heard a hoarse bewailing voice, in fear and tribulation frequently ejaculate, "*Ah, mon pauvre bijou! Ma chère guillotine! La leste coquine, elle va me quitter!*" I requested one of the fallen angels at my elbow to tell me whence came that extraordinary lament? He replied, "*C'est l'amen de ce vieux gueux Joseph,*" who was, and had been, during twenty years, "*bourreau en chef,*" that he numbered upon his sanguinary fingers twenty-three human heads, and that he was more fondly attached "*à la machine chérie*" than to his two sons, who was "*aux galères à perpétuité,*"—that it was his only hope and means of existence. Such is the theme and pretext for the four lines paraphrased from "*tes yeux bleues*":

C' EST LE BOURREAU QUI PARLE.

Rien n'est plus touchant que tes baisers ravissans,
Chère Guillotine, par tes caresses de fer!
Ah! puissent ces feux n' emflamment, ni le cruel sort condame,
Comme toutes tes victimes, tes beaux jours aux Enfers!

I fear it is beyond expectation to encourage the thought of prevailing upon you to look in at the General's *caserne ce soir* for a charitable hour. In the meridian of sunshiny liberty,

Still your *fidèle prisonnier*,

G. B.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL TO M. GODEFROI

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Lundi.

Grondez, mon cher Monsieur Godefroi, le perfide chef de cuisine et non pas ma fidèle mémoire, d'avoir tant retardé l'offre d'une petite couvée de perdreaux, couchée dans leur muraille de croûte. Le faquin m'a dit qu'ils étaient encore trop enfantins pour être étouffés dans un pâté, et peu digne de mériter l'attention d'un appétit recherché. Faites-y indulgence.

Ayez la bonté d'adresser mes amitiésau preux père Bassy, et faites lui en partager au moins une *cuisse ;* ce lui sera peut-être le seul attrait féminin qu'il puisse caresser dans sa retraite actuelle.

J'avais, je vous assure, la louable intention de passer chez vous ces jours derniers—mais un arrêt tout inattendu de mon ci-devant créancier, le rhumatisme, m'a empêché de faire les pas en avant vers votre hôtel.

Je vous prie de me prosterner, moi et mes tendres souvenirs, aux pattes veloutées de Mademoiselle Minette ; elle est parmi mes hautes connaissances dans ce Pandémonium terrestre. Ayez aussi l'indulgence de faire passer ma consodération distinguée au respectable Adolphe Lavigne, et à son jumeau Baptiste ; n'oubliez pas non plus le Nestor Frémont ; ni cet enfant gâté d'imbibition spiritueuse, Brillant.

Vous serez content d'entendre dire qu'on a dernièrement vu perché sur la diligence, faisant route à Honfleur, notre ci-devant Lafleur, le Maréchal Paul Lépine, gai comme la voiture qui le transportait, l'Hirondelle ! environnant de son bras d'Achille la belle taille d'une Princesse de sa trempe et de sa capture, dont la tête auguste était couronnée de trois plumes, rouges comme l'enfer, et coome la défiance de ses joues éclatantes ; ainsi montent progressivement de la fange les héros de votre patrie !

Est-ce que le cannibal qui immola sa mère, sœur, et frère, a été jugé ? Si vous avez le procès, faites-moi le plaisir de me le prêter.

Toujours sincèrement à vous,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Miss Amiable, to whom so many of Brummell's letters were addressed, was still in Sussex in 1835, but he maintained his correspondence with her.

Thursday.

You are, I am told, in serious dudgeon with me, for having neglected one of my most flattering avocations, that of writing to you. If I was conscious of meriting this reprehension, I would solicit forgiveness on my prostrate knees, though it might be an idle position with this distance between us. May it please your more indulgent consideration to learn, that during many a lingering week, I have not possessed a stray sentence of interest to impart to you, from these desolate regions of *ennui;* and, that if I had vainly attempted to divert your attention with my local *fades jérémiades*, you would have found them as dreary and insipid, as the monotonous sorrow of your old friend and pagan idolater, Werther. You are too amiable, and too merciful in your judgments, to attribute the neglect of my accused silence to the imputation of forgetfulness of you; believe me, and I speak with simple truth, the deep interest that I have always felt for you has never deviated from my remembrance; and if you could suppose that your lamented absence from this place has for an hour escaped my best thoughts, you do me an injustice.

I had for months cherished the hope that you would, ere this, have returned. That expectation is still, I find, to be procrastinated during another month: you will then really revisit us; and none will welcome your restored presence with more honest cordiality and implicit faith in your kindly feelings towards me, than

Your very sincere friend,

G. B.

Presently his correspondent returned, and Brummell amused himself and her by drawing for her album.

Saturday.

You are, I dare say, anxious for your album, and I am mutilating its pages in attempting to draw and write upon them. I know not how it is, but I cannot design upon leaves that are bound.

Yesterday, I sketched three figures—you, and . . . I then got out of temper with my labours, and tore out the leaf: do not be angry with me for this piece of delinquency; I will make it up tenfold to you upon more propitious paper. I am wishing to portray you and . . . together, but though my memory is accurate in regard to yourself, I have not . . . sufficiently impressed upon it to achieve

anything that would gratify you. Let me but still have my health, and you shall *sans vanité*, be contented with me. I have no drawings left in my possession—they have all been given away, perhaps to thankless persons—except a few miniatures *encadrés*, perfectly uninteresting to myself as well to you. The only one left is a half-finished crayon, which I began some years ago, as a model for another, which I accomplished afterwards in colours ; it is the late poor Duchess of Rutland ; we were great friends in those days, you must know, and so, indeed, we remained till her death, ten years since. Pray have a respect for her, and protect her, now she is no more—at least, in naming her, do not let her be approached by sacrilegious eyes and hands : of course I do not mean . . . and . . . for I have every confidence in them ; but there are others who sometimes surround you, and I can assure you, when the original was living, she was never profaned by the familiar contact of *gens de cette trempe*.

I would rather have written the two copies of verses addressed to you, than all the rest of the contents of your album ; they are pure, natural, and beautiful poetry ; and I am quite in love with . . . for having so delightfully done you justice. As to the rest of the productions, they are generally of that ephemeral embroidery, of that *postiche* pseudo-class of dissembled French sentiment which has nothing to recommend it but the crowquill ; and has neither heart, nor soul, nor genuine meaning, nor above all, delicacy in it.

Ever yours most sincerely,

G. B.

Wednesday evening.

Daignez agréer l'offrande d'une esquisse pour votre album. I have been the better part of a month about it, early as the lark, and industrious as the bee ; my anxieties, however, as usual, have turned out adversely. I am discontented with it ; it is too deeply shaded, and that fault has been unavoidable from the *maudit papier qui buvait* as they say, whenever my contending crayon came in contact (pretty alliteration) with its spongy surface. Receive it as it is ; the only merit to which it may pretend is, its being *original ;* as you said of some of my other productions, I never *copied* anything or *anybody*. I am going on with two others in all the colours of the rainbow, and with happier sunshine in their countenances, which will be *plus digne* of your acceptance. Do not consider me impertinent or *irregular*, but

you are the only person existing for whom I would give myself this trouble, and you deserve it. Deny me not your thanks for the drawing; and if you are the same amiable creature that you used to be in our earlier acquaintance, tell me, that I may still cherish the faith of existing *sempre* in your continued friendship.

You were, I trust, amused yesterday evening *au cirque;* you must, no doubt, have been so, by the *refined* society around you. I will simply, yet humbly ask you, Were you, during your absence in England, exposed to the intercourse of any compeers resembling it? You will, I am confident, answer, with a forgiving smile—Never.

I have just received your charming note. I shall not attempt to answer it till I have taken my laudanum, and surpassed the prolonged doze of the Seven Sleepers; to go without it would be suicide, from neglecting the high fever excited by your flattery. Pray have the kindness to whisper to Madame (and if she has forgotten the circumstance I shall be equally contented) that *ce juif d'Ison* made me pay him for Pantaleone's *billets;* she might consider me also an Israelite if I mentioned the subject personally to her. The best of nights to you.

Very sincerely yours,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Thursday.

During the morning of yesterday, I called, *chez vous,* without being admitted. I must, therefore, transmit the scraps you desired by the unhallowed hands of my Frontin. I have not yet waded through the heap of manuscripts in my possession; it is an unpleasant occupation, to disturb the dormant remembrance of days that are gone by; but as I proceed, you shall have more of these documents, if you wish it.

Upon ransacking other *débris* of former times, I cannot find any note-keepers, in better preservation than the two wrecks you now receive. Their only recommendation may be, that that the green one was worked by Lady Sarah Saville, subsequently Lady Monson, *ensuite* Lady Warwick; the other, of the dove tint, like her eyes, was the travail of Lady Foley; both of them, at that halcyon period, blooming in surpassing beauty, now, perhaps, faded, like their *cadeaux.* My

only excuse, in offering to you and Mademoiselle . . . these recollective relics is, that they may prove *échantillons* for any you might provide, through the gentle *travail* of those in your family, whose hands are as *blanches* and competent as those of the prototypes I recall.

The General's dull as a funeral last night. The *dodue compatriote* looking as faded as the flowers in her hand, drawling through the mazy dance, like a pied raven, her throat white, and her body black: *malgré* the melancholy of her weeds, I observed that whenever she had *déployer le pas en face de son amie*—she most indecorously burst into laughter. You are, I trust, both again in pristine well-being. I understand . . . had no loss from her absence last night, that harbinger of favourable reports and concillatory truth T——, told me that it was dreadfully dull, and that Madame G—— was flagrantly *outrée*. Dr. K——'s punch was a salutary antidote for his poisonous drugs; and I find myself to-day *en première jeunesse*. Why do you patronise that Dr. ——? If you have any favourable "Canterbury Tales" to *épancher*, pray let me into the secret.

Yours devoutly,
G. B.

The Same to the Same

Monday.

Du Pille has just left me; he will be *charmé* to be with you to-morrow evening, and I will bring him at half-past eight. Monsieur de Valmont told me he was dying with anxiety to be *prié* to your *soirée*. He said he had in the morning met a Monsieur O'Gradig (he pronounced the name as you do, Zadig), who promised to intercede with you for his admission. He requested me to add my endeavours to O'Gradig's solicitation. You may, perhaps, have seen this *chevalier* at Luc during the last or the previous summer. I can only say of him that he is a Norman gentleman, well known to all the French residents here. He is also young and gay, though his personal recommendations are rather dilapidated, and there is no fear of his making any serious impressions on your fair daughters.

Ten days since, I sent to Paris for Bulwer's last production, which I saw advertised—not yet arrived: also I desired the "Prairie," by Washington Irving, announced, but I do not believe published.

The "Two Friends" dreadfully tedious. I wish you well through

R

their acquaintance. Lady Blessington, in the wane of her days, like all reformed saints of her class, is getting too severely penitent, and suffocates one with assumed morality. If you have still a book unread by me, illuminate me by the loan of it.

Mr. W——, on his way to matins, told me you were favourably convalescent this morning: he went so far as to say, that an hour's airing on the Cours, in the *civière de l'Hopital*, would by no means be detrimental to you.

Send back my missive to seal in the morning, for I dine out to-day, and pass my midnight with Madame de Temps; and I shall be *trop épuisé* to crawl out of my shell in time to call *chez vous* with the summons of chanticleer.

Always yours,
G. B.

The Same to the Same

Thursday.

You cannot, in reference to ——, mean to designate me as your treacherous Guy Faux, when you date your note the morning of the Gunpowder Plot. I can assure you I am too faithful a Protestant in my professions.

Our *blanchisseuse* tells me this morning, with tears of turpentine trickling down her cheeks of deal, that *Madame va bientât partir jamais à revenir parmi nous.* It is deplorable how this class of persons enjoy the propensity to remind one of disagreeable subjects. The man in the street tells me you propose taking up your future quarters at B—— towards Christmas: if this be authentic, without whispering it in Gath, I shall be there before you.

Always your shade,
G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Tuesday.

I hear that you have been indisposed; if that is the case, do not go and throw yourself away on Cautez's fiddle this evening.

Yesterday I was reposing in amicable *tête-à-tête* with "Japhet," when I heard the Venetian ballad of "La Biondina" humming upon the stairs; in walked Alfred de Launay with the *Quotidienne* in his

hand to show me a paragraph in which I was named. I send it to you for your amusement *à déjeuner*. It is the most preposterous fabrication that ever was transcribed; no truth, no humour, no accuracy of date in the period. Return the paper to me when you have read it, as he is most anxious to repossess it.

Whenever from inadvertency, for I am incapable of the intention, I have been guilty of any impropriety or unbecoming bad taste, I am vexed till it is acknowledged by myself, and, if possible, expiated.

I had forgotten that the contemptible *jeu de mots*, "Broken Beau," was extant *au pied de l'esquisse*, which I had taken the liberty to offer to your album, till D—— asked me yesterday what the meaning was in *French;* of course I answered simply, "*l'arc cassé.*" These ridiculous words were written in a moment of haste, and with no other idea than being laughed at by *you* as a *mauvaise plaisanterie* not to be seen by others. I entreat you *instantly* to erase the words in question, or throw the sketch into the fire. I will make you a hundred others in lieu of it.

If you are out to-morrow when I call, send me the book in the evening. To-day I am too much subdued by the shadows of Vallombrosa at Madame de Seran's last night, to hold up my head if I saw you. I shall take to rouge if this goes on.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

January 1, 1836.

The infidels have frustrated my expectations; they have sent me but *one* annual from Paris, and they prevaricate by saying, no other has been *imprimé*.

Que faire? You are sensible that *la Signora*——is my nearer friend, I will not say favourite; for that would be comparative and familiar. *De plus* she may be more immediately deficient in the disposition and the means *à chasser de sa sounvenance l'ombre et l'ennui qui la désole*. The moon emaciates just now, sympathising only in profile; and they say, novelty is the earliest heaven of melancholy—it will be but an inconsiderable time I shall languish in disappointment at being the debtor to Mademoiselle——.

There is a *gentleman* starting for Albion on Friday or Saturday;

he swears he is the soul of probity, and I do not think his physiognomy would hang him. He will take charge of the *paquet*, and salute the book at the *douane* that they are for his nearest relations, and that the *jupon en soie* has experienced twenty gallopades. You must address them in your own autograph, for I would not denote my ways of confidence to the walls of Babylon.

My nervous *compatriote* has just come in; he has lived so long at Madrid, that he dreads the Inquisition even at Southampton. He consents to take over the annual, and a note enclosed in it. His courage declines about the *jupon*, though I have sworn there is no lace, heresy, or treason, concealed in its folds. Send, then, back the book, that I may entrust it to the provident traveller.

The author of the pretended tour is a Russian prince, Mouska Pouska, the greatest impostor that ever existed; no dentist, that was always supposed to excel in fabrication, could possibly equal his misrepresentations about English society.

Mine was the "Rake's Progress" last night; and I have but this instant escaped from sepulchre, while the sexton was asleep: I am still in my shroud, and incapacitated of writing to the living in this twilight.

Yours very sincerely,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Saturday.

It disappointed me much not to shake hands with you *en adieux* yesterday: it was, perhaps, the last occasion I shall find in this world, to express my devoted gratitude to you and yours, for all your kindness towards me: may we meet as good friends in the next! Pray remember me, with all humility, to ——, and while you enact the *chaperon*, with all commendable discretion, do not forget the spirit of indulgence, for youthful feeling that pervades the lines of my old album, "Oh! let the young enthusiast stray": tell her also, for it is the simple unassuming truth, that wherever I may hereafter sojourn, far away, she will never for an hour be forgotten by me. Adieu! God bless you.

Ever sincerely yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

CHAPTER XV

Brummell's correspondence with Armstrong—Age taking its toll of him—His memory fails—He cares less and less for his appearance—A mysterious lady—His mind begins to give way—He lives almost entirely in the past—His phantom receptions—His physical infirmities—His passion for heat—Lytton makes fun of this in "Pelham"—Another mysterious visitor—His last years—His death.

The annuity for which Brummell's friends and relatives had subscribed amounted to one hundred and twenty pounds per annum. One half of this Armstrong, who acted as almoner, sent direct to the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre for the Beau's board and lodging; the remaining sixty pounds a year had to cover all other expenses. Brummell, never penny-wise, was constantly in trouble, consequently; though at this later period he did not seriously outrun the constable. He literally could not give up certain small things which were undoubtedly luxuries, but which enabled him to keep his self-respect during his long exile.

George Bryan Brummell to Mr. Armstrong

November, 1836.

My dear Armstrong,

Mulet, the boot-maker, has this instant been with me, in an insolent manner, and says that as you have refused positively to pay his account, or the principal part of it, for *vernis*, he shall proceed against me for the amount of this debt, without it is settled the present day. Send me the money on *my own account*, and let me instantly settle it. I have, so help me Heaven, not four francs in my possession, and it will utterly destroy me to see a bailiff enter my room, or assault me in the street.

I will enter into any promise with you upon the subject of this d——d polish, that you may demand, if you will instantly enable me to pay this scoundrel.

Most truly yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

December, 1836.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Do not any more be out of temper with me. I do not deserve it from you; I have never trespassed upon the rules of economy which you dictated to me, excepting in one instance, and that has been that d——d execrable blacking. I have now relinquished it for ever!

You are of too good a natural disposition to be displeased with any part of my conduct in this place, during our more intimate acquaintance in this last year. So help me Heaven, I have never trespassed from the economy you dictated to me, and when I have solicited assistance from the utter want of necessaries, the request has never been solicited by my applications but from positive need. Let our good friendship remain between us as it has ever yet done, and you will never have reason to repent it.

You must not be again exasperated with me, when I make solicitations for your most kindly assistance, for you shall not have reason for it; and at this moment, I am not ashamed to tell you candidly, that I have not two *sous* remaining of the twenty francs you had the goodness to send me.

Most sincerely yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

[1837.]

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

You have hurt me more than I can express by your note to me this morning. I put down this infernal debt to the lottery-office, because I would conceal nothing from you—it amounted to its present amount, from my inability to pay *three* original *mises*, and I desisted from continuing to add to the insane obligation at the close of the last year. I am, believe me, sensibly ashamed of myself for this act of past folly; and if you overlook it, and still promise me your services,

both here and in England, I give you my sacred word of honour, I will never again commit such an extravagant and senseless error.

I will endeavour to write the instant I am restored to calmness to the Duke of Devonshire, and with your permission, I will send you the letter for conveyance to England.

It would affect me to suppose that my immediate unfortunate affairs interfered with your better interests in other quarters; but do not allow the precipitate anger for the moment, in regard to the past insanity of speculating in the lottery, to damp and destroy your friendly efforts to save me. Write to

Yours,
G. B.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

[1837.]

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

It is, I can assure you, with the greatest reluctance I am compelled to solicit occasional assistance from you; but I told you the truth yesterday, when I represented the abject condition of my linen to you. I have not a single shirt that will hang to my back, nor are my socks and drawers in a better state.

After what you have most kindly done for me, I cannot attribute my almost want of the means to purchase any necessary, however trifling, to a disinclination on your part to serve me. I would rather be d——d than ask for anything that was not readily accorded; and therefore I can assure you, that it is with pain I have latterly been obliged to make requests to you. After the experience I have met with in this place, I have a horror of contracting new debts; and yet, during the last two months, I have not possessed five francs for the most indispensable purposes. I am in ignorance as to those who, through your mediation, have befriended me on the other side of the water, nor do I know precisely the amount of their contributions; therefore I am unable to write to them my thanks for what they have done, or to make them acquainted with my continued destitute situation;—the belly, indeed, is filled, but the hand is empty, and the back and limbs unprovided for.

I have not heard from any one of them, excepting as you know, from my sister; and I could almost suppose she was laughing at me, when she says she hopes that I "have everything comfortable about me." Surely, my dear Armstrong, I had better immediately write to

her, to Alvanley, and to others: they may imagine I am living comparatively in comfort, if not at ease, and the positive reverse is the case; and I see it cannot last long with me.

Yours,
G. B.

About the year 1837, when Brummell was fifty-nine, and had spent twenty-one years in France, age took its toll of him. His memory began to go. He began to weary his acquaintances with the constant repetition of his stories. When dining with a friend, he would severely criticise the viands, forgetting where he was, and imagining him to be at the table d'hôte at his hotel.

Brummell had during his long period of adversity struggled to keep up appearances. He had dressed with the same care as when he was the lion of the London season. Now his means prevented him renewing any article of the wardrobe. Even the tailor at Caen that he had patronised felt sorry for him. "*J'ai honte de voir une homme si célèbre et si distingué, et s'était crié une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux,*" he told Jesse; and while he could not afford to give him clothes, he did keep them in such decent repair as was possible.

The Beau's sole remaining pleasure seems to have been some biscuits flavoured with maraschino or curaçoa, and even to obtain these he had to sell or pawn such valuables as remained to him. His gold repeater went, pieces of china, a snuff-box or two, in fact, all that he had.

His acquaintances at Caen, or, at least, most of them, became shy of him. His shabbiness, his shuffling gait, his forgetfulness, his stories now dreary and over-elaborated, made them feel ill at ease with him. Less and less they asked him to their houses.

And then, as Jesse relates, an extraordinary incident happened:

> "An event occurred during this winter (1837) which proved that there was still, in some distant quarter, one who either took an interest in his condition, or had an uncontrollable curiosity to see the ruin before it fell.

"This was a lady, who arrived one cold and gloomy morning, without equipage, servant or luggage at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The stranger was of a certain age, and plainly dressed, but her air and manner indicated that she had moved in the highest circles. Seeing this elegant apparition pass the window of his bureau, the landlord went out into the yard to meet her, when she requested that he would show her to a private room. He did so, and was about to retire, when she desired him to remain and asked if Mr. Brummell was still living in the hotel.

"'I am most anxious to see him,' said the lady. 'Can you put me in the way of doing so, without the chance of his seeing me?'

"'Nothing can be more easy, Madame,' replied the landlord, somewhat surprised at such a demand. 'At five o'clock Mr. Brummell invariably descends from his room to the table-d'hôte. His apartment is on this very staircase, and he must pass yours. I will, therefore, with your permission, rejoin you at that hour, and, when I hear him coming down, I will go out and meet him. If you then station yourself at your door, you will see him distinctly, for he always carries a light in his hand.'

"True to his appointment, Monsieur Fichet met Brummell, and held him in conversation for a few minutes on the stairs, in a convenient position for being scrutinised. On returning to the incognita's room, he found her in tears and much affected, and it was some time before she could thank him for his civility. This done, she paid her reckoning, and left the same evening for Paris, by the *diligence*."

Who was the woman? Jesse thinks it may have been Lady Jersey or Madame de Bagration? A novelist could make much of such a situation. She should have been a woman whom Brummell had loved or who had loved him—perhaps it was, indeed. She should have taken him for the rest of his life under her personal protection, or at least have made provision for his comfort. As it was, she "left the same evening for Paris, by the diligence."

Brummell's mind began to give way. He sometimes for hours together lived entirely in the past. He had to have an

attendant always with him. Him he would sometimes tell of an evening that he was giving a reception, and the attendant, to humour him, would light an extra candle or two, and announce the guests whom the Beau had said he expected—the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton, and the rest. Each he, as host, would greet, assure him how glad he was to see him, talk about what they had done yesterday and to-day, and what was going to happen to-morrow. . . . The pathetic farce was played with terrible seriousness.

Soon Brummell's physical infirmities increased. He stumbled when walking; he had not the strength to wash himself. . . . He was only happy when seated opposite a blazing fire, which he enjoyed as much in summer as in winter.

It was this passion which Lytton made fun of in "Pelham" —let it be hoped that the novelist did not know it arose from an infirm mind:

> "It was a very small room in which I found him; he was stretched in an easy chair before the fireplace, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in anything but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend, who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which, aided by the earnestness to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning fire, like a cucumber on a hotbed. Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the window, and (gasping for breath) attempted to throw it open.
>
> "'What are you doing? For heaven's sake, what are you doing?' cried Russelton, starting up; 'do you mean to kill me?'
>
> "'Kill you!' said Sir Willoughby, quite aghast.
>
> "'Yes, kill me! Is it not quite cold enough already in this d——d seafaring place, without making my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough drafts? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months? and must you now terminate my miserable

existence at one blow by opening that abominable lattice ? Do you think, because your great frame fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested their hides into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted water-proof without pitch, because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as imperious as an araphorostic shoe, that, I, John Russelton, am equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my room like children, begetting rheums and asthmas, and all manners of catarrhs ? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will allow me to die a more natural and civilised death.' "

Tom Moore saw him at Caen in July, 1837, and observed that: " The poor Beau's head was gone, and his whole looks so changed that I should never have recognised him. Got wandering in his conversation more than once during dinner." In the following September, Lord Alvanley wrote to Thomas Raikes: " Poor Brummell is become imbecile. He saw ——, and knew him ; but a few minutes afterwards forgot him, and said that his friends had been kind to him, with the exception of ——, who was a shabby fellow, and had done nothing for him, after having promised everything. He is grown slovenly and dirty ; is, however, otherwise well, and lives on what we subscribe for him."

About this time, in 1838, another mysterious English visitor came to Caen to see how Brummell was faring. Although Fichet, the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, assured him that his visitor could not recognise anybody, the stranger contrived to see Brummell while himself was hidden from view.

Fichet opened the door of Brummell's apartment. " Good day, sir," he said, " and how are you feeling ? "

" Very well, thank you," replied the Beau.

" Have you heard the news ? " the landlord remarked. " George IV. is dead."

" Is that so ? " said the other indifferently.

Fichet returned to the stranger : " Well, sir, I touched upon

the point I thought most likely to rouse him. You see, he has quite forgotten the past. His mind has gone completely."

"He has indeed completely altered," the Englishman said sadly. "I can scarcely believe I have seen George Brummell." Then he added: "I was once very intimate with Mr. Brummell. Should he require anything that his allowance cannot provide for his comfort, please provide it, and let me know. I am Lord S——."

Was it Lord Sefton?

No one can desire to linger over the tragedy, and the account of his last years shall be briefly given.

C. Armstrong to a Gentleman in London

Caen, November 28, 1838.

My dear Sir,

I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions, but I am sorry to say I have failed. I have also tried to get him into a private house, but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state. In fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in.

For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him day and night, and still we cannot keep him *clean;* he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the Hotel, and what to do I know not.

I should think that some of his friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days.

I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiocy he is in.

Yours faithfully,
C. Armstrong.

At last he was removed to the hospitable shelter of the Bon Sauveur, where he was kindly tended by the Sisters of Mercy.

He passed away not long after, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery. His family erected a tombstone of black marble, on which is the inscription :

In
Memory
of
GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq.
who departed this life
On the 29th of March, 1840,
Aged 62 years.

THE ALBUM OF GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

THE ALBUM OF GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

Brummell, who always had some leaning to letters, amused himself by keeping an album, in which he induced his friends and acquaintances to write verses. Among those who did so were the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Byron, Charles James Fox, George Ellis (who founded the "Anti-Jacobin" in conjunction with Canning), Lord John Townshend, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Tom Sheridan, the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards second Viscount Melbourne), Payne Knight, George Canning, Lord Erskine, and many others.

Of the two hundred and twenty-six poems in the Album, many have been reprinted in collections of the authors' works, and most of these have been omitted here; but enough are given to provide an indication of the minor occasional verse of the day that, it may be assumed, appealed to the taste of its owner.

Jesse has given a description of the famous Album: "This volume is a ponderous quarto, of plain vellum paper, and, though totally devoid of interior decoration, is, nevertheless, an example of Brummell's taste and extravagance, for the corners and clasps are of massive embossed silver-gilt, like those on old missals, and the binding is dark-blue vellum."

When at Caen Brummell sent the Album to a lady who had been kind to him when he had fallen upon evil days:

George Bryan Brummell to a Lady

Wednesday, April, 1834.

If you are fond of poetry, and you have not anything more dull to read, you may, perhaps, find something in my old Album to yawn

over, if it does not actually close your eyes; what it contains was written in other and happier days, and most of them were given to me by the authors *themselves*, long before their minor productions had assumed any other form than that of manuscript: such as the Duchess of Devonshire, poor Byron, Sheridan, and Lords Erskine and John Townshend—all now peacefully sleeping in their graves. The principal part of those verses that are not recommended by the name being attached to them, are the namby-pamby compositions of an unfortunate person who shall be nameless, but whom you cut dead during the last several evenings, and who in desperate consequence has been measured for a winding-sheet this morning.

Always devoutly yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE GAMING-TABLE

By Charles James Fox

A spot there is, say, Traveller, where it lies,
And mark the clime, the limits and the size,
Where grow no trees, nor waves the golden grain,
Nor hills, nor vales, diversify the plain;
Eternal years without the farmer's toil,
Through all the seasons clothe the favour'd soil;
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
By human hands prepared, enrich the ground—
Not Indian coasts produce an ampler store,
Pearls, ivory, diamonds, gold and silver ore:
Yet, Britons! envy not these wealthy climes,
Perpetual war distracts and endless crimes
Pollute the soil; pale Avarice triumphs there,
Hate, Envy, Rage, and heart-destroying Care;
With Fraud and Fear, and comfortless Despair.
Their government not long remains the same,
Though they, like us, revere a monarch's name;
Now Cromwell-like, a low and base-born knave,
Nobles, and Kings and Queens presumes to brave:
The nobles fall, the king's a captive slave.
Britons, beware! let Avarice tempt no more—
Spite of its wealth, avoid the fatal shore.

On the Death of Faddle,
a favourite spaniel of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who died an early victim to love; his father, Faddle, senior, having perished by a similar fate.

By Charles James Fox

Not Edward, when he saw with courage fell,
The beaten foe beneath the stripling run,
And, his career in Cressy's field begun,
Did the black warrior's future fame foretell—
Not great Pelides, when in that dark dell
Of grisly Pluto from Laertes' son
He learnt the trophies by his Pyrrhus won,
And stalk'd away, the proudest ghost in hell,
More joy'd—than ancient Faddle's shade, when late
The tidings through the grove of myrtle flew,
That mighty Love had caused young Faddle's fate:
Thus mortals, to their follies ever true,
Of favourite passions would extend the date,
And, in their offspring, love or fight anew!

On the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie

By Charles James Fox

She loves truth, though she lies till she's black in the face;
She loves virtue, though none in her conduct you trace;
Her delicate feelings all wickedness shocks,
Though her lover's Lord Robert,[1] and her friend is Charles Fox!

[1] Lord Robert Spencer, son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, with whom Mrs. Bouverie lived for many years and married, in 1811, after the death of her husband.

Lines

By George Canning

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young princess that went up a hill ;
And, to interest the hearts of the fair, be it said,
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
Would you know why th'eleventh of June I remember,
'Twas because on that day ('tis with pride I assure ye)
My sainted progenitor took to his Brewery.
That morn he began his first brewing of beer,
That evening commenced his connubial career :
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels cried : ' Look ! here's old Whitbread a-coming ! "
So that day I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beet with an E, and his bier with an I.
And on that day each year, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family feast together.
My Lords, while the beams of this hall shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court
(Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos),
While the beams of the sun shall shine in at the windows,
My name shall shine bright, as my father's now shines,
Emblazon'd on Journals, as his is on Signs.

On the Death of James Hare [1]

By the Duchess of Devonshire

Hark ! 'twas the knell of death—what spirits fled,
And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear ?
Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead,
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare ?

Shall not his genius life's short date prolong
(Pure as the ether of its kindred sky) ?
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
And beam in vivid flashes from his eye ?

[1] James Hare (1749-1804), a friend of Charles James Fox, and a well-known figure in society. Like Fox, he lost his fortune at cards.

Oh no !—that mind for every purpose fit,
  Has met, alas ! the universal doom ;
Unrivall'd fancy, judgment, sense and wit,
  Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit, rest ! for gentle was thy course :
  Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew ;
For still benevolence allay'd the force
  Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore
  Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear ;
But weep to think I shall behold no more
  A loved companion and a friend sincere.

I've Known all the Beauties of Sight

By the Duchess of Devonshire

I've known all the blessings of sight,
  The beauties that nature displays,
And traced in the splendour of light
  The glories that stream'd in the blaze ;
Yet though darkness its sorrow has spread,
    I grudge not the pleasures I've known,
Since, reclining, I thus lay my head
  On a breast that I know is my own.

I have valued the charms of the rose,
  As I pluck'd it all fresh from the tree ;
I have kiss'd it, and bid it disclose
  Its sweets, for I meant it for thee.
But memory still has its bliss,
  Though no longer I gaze on thee now ;
More sweet than the rose is thy kiss,
  And more fresh and more lovely art thou.

The life of the roebuck was mine,
As I bounded o'er valley and lawn,
I watch'd the grey twilight decline,
And worshipp'd the day-breaking dawn.
I regret not the freedom of will,
Or sigh as uncertain I tread,
I am freer and happier still
When by thee I am carefully led.

Ere my sight I was doom'd to resign
My heart I surrender'd to thee,
Not a thought or an action was mine,
But I saw as thou bad'st me to see.
Thy watchful affection I wait,
And hang with delight on thy voice;
And dependence is soften'd by fate,
Since dependence on thee was my choice.

Here in the Bower of Beauty

By the Duchess of Devonshire

Here in the bower of beauty, newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephys found the child
In Flora's cheek, when first the goddess smiled;
Nursed on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing.
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then arm'd his head with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipp'd his shining arrows with desire.
Hence joys arose upon the wings of wind,
And Hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender Pity softens into tears.

My Cherish'd Hope

By the Duchess of Devonshire

My cherish'd hope, my fondest dream,
Still, dearest ! rests on thee ;
A blank without thee all would seem,
And life would lifeless be.

The place thy presence glads to seek
Is where I'm ever best ;
And when I hear thee kindly speak,
And speak to *me*, I'm blest.

But should hard fate command it so,
Still, dearest ! I'm resigned ;
And if from me thou'rt bent to go,
Or alter'd, or unkind—

Unfelt by thee, my silent care
Shall never claim relief,
And still I'll wish thou may'st not share
My solitary grief.

Borino the Brave [1]

By the Duchess of Devonshire

A baron so bold, and of parentage fair,
Was riding beside the green sea ;
His vizor was up, and his forehead was bare,
His face it was comely, and long was his hair,
And tall, and full portly was he.

[1] Jesse states that the hero of this ballad was Lord Morley, then Lord Boringdon, a strong supporter of Pitt. These verses were written before his marriage with Lady Augusta Fare in 1804.

He slowly rode on, 'twas for exercise' sake,
  Nor trotted, nor canter'd did he;
He mused on the speeches he'd made, and would make,
Of the vows to fair damsels he'd keep or would break,
  And on many a quaint repartee.

Oh! from him let the barons of England beware
  How their loves and their palfreys they guide;
Many women may love them, for whom they don't care;
Many horses may stumble, unless they're aware,
  Or if loose in their stirrups they ride.

A Bedlamite Duchess was bathing hard by,
  When she saw the young Paladin pass;
He bewilder'd her brain, and he dazzled her eye,
Her guides could not stop her, she strove to rush by,
  And swore that she would, "by the mass!"

The baron was frighten'd, with reason and truth,
  For her love and her frenzy were strong;
She turn'd as he turn'd, and with gesture uncouth,
Her arms she elongated straight at the youth,
  And they seem'd to be half a mile long.

He spoke not, he flew not, he only could scream,
  When plump in the water he fell!
And lo! all this bustle, though strange it may seem,
He found by awaking was only a dream,
  Was a very good story to tell.

And now still at midnight, the supper just o'er,
  Her spirit he seems to behold;
The story he told though he told it before
For each night, as the clock strikes, he tells it once more,
  And forgets it has ever been told!

A Ballad

By George Ellis

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the hunt in Leicestershire,
On that fatal field of glory
Met full many a dashing squire.

There fell bold Borino,[1] never
Horse did such a baron bear,
Thinking he could ride for ever,
Mounted on so dun a mare.

Scarlet spencer deck'd his shoulders,
Of his coat the skirts were blue ;
Pantaloons charm'd all beholders,
Leather, and of yellow hue.

Huge his hat, to put his head in,
Longer queue was never seen ;
Round his neck his 'kerchief spreading
Check'd with faded blue and green.

Leaps he though were quite delightful,
Hedge and ditch, what'er might hap,
Even gates were not too frightful,
Leap he would—and chose a gap.

O'er the gap the dun mare vaulted,
Glow with joy his noble blood
Pass'd the gap, the dun mare halted—
Dropp'd the Baron in the mud !

" Although young I fall believe me,"
Cried this lord, of noble mind,
" Think not, sirs, a fall would grieve me,
'Tis to fall before we find :

[1] *See* footnote, p. 279.

"Comforts twin my griefs have lighten'd,
Though your grooms have seen me down;
First I prove I was not frighten'd,
Next, the spencer's not my own."

Laugh'd the grooms, the farmers hearty,
Laugh'd the huntsman till he cried;
Laugh'd each sportsman of the party,
"Good, my lord, thus ever ride."

Baron, bolder, wiser, graver
(Riding Spanish, sure to fall),
Lord in scarlet spencer, braver,
Started ne'er from Brooksby Hall.

To Robert Adair, from Lady Hunloke

By the Duchess of Devonshire

Undone and plunder'd, waddling, sad, and slow,
From Chatsworth to my dingy home I go;
The barren heaths and mines of coal I view
And turn my back, but not my thoughts from you;
The dreary landscape renovates my care,
Since gloom and cinders but recall Adair.
What though on all my smiles incessant shone,
Except when Bessborough the rubber won;
Though softest meanings on my accent spoke,
Save when I cursed Lord Granville Gower's revoke?
And though soft looks express'd my feelings bland
Except when squinting into Denman's hand;
Yet though on all with varying grace I rose
Repeating scraps of poetry and prose;
May ample learning though I deign'd to show
And quoted French and Latin *à propos*—
Yet still on thee my anxious thoughts were bent,
For thee, the smile, the nod, the wink were meant.
And though, at first, I little understood
The flattering import of thy pensive mood,

Thy frowning brow, pale cheek, and downcast eye,
And absent wandering of each set reply;
Yet soon I triumph'd in the inflicted smart,
And prized my conquest o'er a statesman's heart,
And, as bright rays, to one fixed focus brought,
Concent'ring there to blazing flames are wrought,
My charms with shafts of fire inflamed thy pond'rous thought,
'Twas rash in me the dangerous sight to view,
Though fat, and red, I caught the infection too:
And, though much courted by the lordling band,
Though e'en Lord Ossulston on tiptoe stand;
In spite of all the attentive Morpeth spoke,
All Bennet's pedantry, and Townshend's joke,
All Granville's beauty, and Ducannon's youth,
To thee I vow my constancy and truth.
No longer, then, be politics thy care—
For can a motion with *my* heart compare?—
No longer strike the Treasury bench with dread,
Nor like Lord Burleigh shake thy meaning head.
E'en Fox will yield the lightning of thy eye,
Thy frown terrific, and thy mute reply;
For generous Fox can never disapprove,
That public toils should cede to happy love!
Let Buonaparte sway the jarring world,
Be realms, be empires, from their bases hurl'd,
No counter revolutions me shall wait,
No restoration of a monarch's fate;
For soon as poor Sir Harry breathes no more
I'll fly to meet the lover I adore!
Bucks and Archbishops I'll alike discard,
And thou of all mankind alone regard.
Then take no mission to the Baltic's tide,
To freeze my soul and pinch thy scanty side;
To warmer comforts let thy fancy turn,
Nor longer from thee joys connubial spurn.
Now let thy quondam party's tricks prevail—
Tell them their reign is o'er, their maxims stale,
And that thy choice is pudding beef, and ale:
Bid them alone their empty schemes pursue,
A glittering card-purse opens to thy view.
Then doubt no more, but hear thy Hunloke swear,
With thee, her life, her love—her jointure, too, she'll share.

Robert Adair's Reply to Lady Hunloke

By Lord John Townsend

In times like these when to St. Stephen's walls
A starving land the legislature calls !
Now when the patriot band should be prepared,
Nor pamphlets now, nor paragraphs be spared ;
Why rove I here when Parliament is met ?
Why stray my steps beyond thy shop, Debrett ?
What means this stupor in a statesman's breast ?
Fame, virtue, sleeps—ambition is at rest—
My long-made maiden speech remember'd not !
The House of Commons, the Whig-club forgot !
Far other cares thy lover Hunloke knows !
All Hackman's sorrows, and all Werther's woes !
Lost and extinct, my party zeal I see,
And pity fools that think of aught but thee.
What though, unmatch'd in diplomatic fame,
Beyond the Baltic they revere my name ?
Though now at Luneville the Congress wait
Adair's decision upon Europe's fate ;
Should at my feet the mighty Consul fall,
France, Austria, Russia, I would scorn them all.
Not Fox's mission would I deign to carry,
Here let me stay, the rival of Sir Harry !
Thou knows't how first at Chatsworth I was made
Thy hapless victim, as at whist we play'd ;
Each wink, each shrug, each whisper, and each look,
For softest hints my vanity mistook ;
Too soon I found, how rash was my conceit,
All eyes but mine thou could'st contrive to cheat.
Say not for me were meant thy sly regards,
Not me they ogled, but Lord Bessborough's cards ;
Too plain I saw (no wonder in the dumps)
Thy side-long glances at his trumps ;
Thou say'st that when Sir Harry leaves thee free,
Thy heart, thy card-purse, shall belong to me ;
Nor beef, nor ale, nor pudding wilt thou grudge —
All this thou say'st—but all thou say'st is fudge.
Soon as Sir Harry's fatal knell shall toll,
Oh ! that 'twere mine his widow to console !

But ah! some youth more delicate than I,
Shall hush thy murmurs, and thy tears shall dry.
Some sturdier swain more suited to thy taste,
With keener stomach for the rich repast.
Then fly me, fly—to Wingerworth [1] repair,
Forget, renounce, abjure the lost Adair!
Yet say my Hunloke, thou who every part
Of Shakespeare's drama canst repeat by heart,
Where's the mock envy, or fictitious spleen,
But some similitude in me is seen?
Long nursed and train'd in Melancholy's school,
One sad epitome of every fool.
Oft hast thou heard me sigh, and seen me look,
Like musing Jacques stretch'd by a murmuring brook;
Seen me its stream augment with many a tear,
And mourn and moralise the passing deer:
Vain of my yellow hue, oft seen me move
The piteous pageant of Malvolio's love.
Oft, too, like Romeo's, is my woeful plight,
Banish' from thine, as he from Juliet's sight;
Prostrate the holy priest beheld him fall,
And heard the frantic wretch for poison call;
From thee exiled, not less I madly rave,
Or "take the measure of an unmade grave";
Not less resolved to play some desperate freak,
And stare, and terrify poor Parson Peeke!
Yet oh, vain cares, not all the fire I've felt,
"That solid, ah! too solid flesh can melt"—
Vain is my vacant stare, my random talk;
Vain the slow grandeur of my pensive walk;
Vain is my faded form's pathetic grace,
My hopeless, endless, comfortless disgrace."
My sallow cheek—my sad funereal air,
And deep and hollow groans, that paint the soul's despair.
Then rouse, Adair! assume a noble's part!
Let fame, let glory, re-inspire thy heart!
Lo! where St. Stephen's chapel greets thine eyes,
Its proudest triumphs are thine easy prize;
There anxious ever, ever on the watch,
Each trick of singularity to catch,

[1] Wingerworth Hall, the seat of the Hunloke family.

To pause and bow, and every gesture ape
That art assumes in senatorial shape;
Lend me, ye mimic powers! your aid divine,
Each grace concentrate, and each charm combine.
Teach me, like Grey, to rise, or to sit down;
To stare like Sheridan, like Tierney frown,
To stoop like Wyndham, or erect like Pitt,
Proudly take out my handkerchief, and spit;
Or rap with all Dundas's force the box,
And shriek and scream, and almost sweat like Fox.
I fly, I fly impetuous to town,
Pride of the Whigs, and terror of the Crown;
Rush to the House, and furious to impeach,
Discharge at Pitt my long-projected speech.
Then, not on thee, not on my Hunloke's face,
My ardent gaze is fix'd—but on the mace;
These eyes, that wont languish in despair,
Then flash their fire around the Speaker's chair.
And now both sides attentive homage pay,
Sir Gregory Page and Tyrwhitt Jones give way;
I rise, and frowning at the Treasury-bench,
Full in their view my doubled fist I clench.
Loud and more loud the Opposition cheer,
Sturt in the van, and Robson in the rear;
Pitt shrinks, turns pale, and trembles, as I shed
My long-stored vengeance o'er his guilty head.
Then he whose voice now melts in strains of love,
Shall call for papers, for committee move;
Bill after bill bring in, fresh motions make,
Secure, at least, to keep himself awake;
Or, should a tasteless audience cough and groan,
Proud to prolong their sufferings not his own;
Heavens! in what seas of patriot flame I'm toss'd—
How soon the lover's in the statesman lost!
Vain hopes, deceits—his heart's illusion o'er,
And thou and Wingerworth ne'er thought of more.

ON THE REVEREND PELL AKEHURST, RECTOR OF BUCKLAND, HERTS; AND ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH

By Lord John Townshend

Behold the fatal hour approach—
  Adieu! the destined dilly's come;
D——d be the dilly, curst the coach!
  The coachman curst that drives me home!
And must I live,—oh, d——n the life!—
Live without you, and with my wife.
  But who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell?

Still shall I trace in dreams my fair
  To operas, plays, assemblies, balls?
How this Lord flies to find your chair,
  How t'other for your footman calls.
I start, I waken at the sound,
While fancied flambeaux blaze around—
  But who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell?

When Sunday's summons claims the priest,
  Far from his flock the wretch shall stray,
Where foot of man, nor foot of beast,
  Or guides his step, or marks his way.
There lost, to woods and wilds he sighs;
Here d——ns his blood, and bl——s his eyes!
  But who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell?

By verdant Jewin's silver streams,
  Oft shall my listless length recline;
While pensive memory fondly dreams,
  A thousand joys that once were mine.
Tears, such as devils weep, shall flow
With oaths that none but parsons know.
  But who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell?

Here breathed I many an ardent vow,
  Here, as you chanced-blest chance !—to pass
I said with a pathetic bow—
  " Miladi, voulez vous le bras ?
Her wooed your hand with gentle squeeze,
Here, popp'd down plump upon my knees.
  But who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell ?

Lo ! at your toilet as you sit,
  Lordlings and embryo statesmen wait ;
There love, and politics, and wit,
  In motley coterie debate !
While these young dogs, and millions more,
Day after day besiege your door—
  Ah ! who, my Lady, who can tell,
  If you will ever think of Pell ?

Think in my breast what wild despair,
  What rash tumultuous passions rise !
Think of your glossy auburn hair,
  Your pearly teeth, your hazel eyes !
Think how this barbarous last adieu,
Robs me of peace, of life, of you !
  Think—think, but I"ll be d——n'd to hell,
  If you will ever think of Pell.

To the Memory of Georgiana Isabella Townshend, who Died on the 17th of September, 1811, in the Twenty-first Year of her Age

By her Father, Lord John Townshend

Oh ! gone for ever—loved, lamented child !
So young, so good, so innocent and mild,
With winning manners, beauty, genius, sense,
Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence ;

The softest, kindest heart, yet firmest mind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd;
Never, oh! never yet a fairer bloom
Of opening virtues found an early tomb!
How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,
She—she alone, thy sorrowing mother knows,
Who, three long years, with sad foreboding heart,
Bankrupt of every hope from human art,
Still wept and watch'd, and still to Heaven for aid,
Her fruitless vows with meek devotion paid.
But thou, pure spirit! fled to endless rest,
Dear child! my heart—Dear Bella! thou art blest.
And oh! the thought that we again may meet!
Oh! not another gleam of hope so sweet
Dawns on thy father's breast with welcome ray,
To soothe his grief, and cheer his closing day.

The Foreign Grave

By Lord John Townshend

Traveller, why shed the tear?—the flowing sails
Are spread, and fill'd by favouring gales!
Why sad and pensive thus, when high and bright,
Old England's cliff rise proudly on your sight?
When all around is gaiety and mirth,
Why listless view the land that gave you birth?

. . . . . .

The Traveller paused—then on his friend, his bride,
He threw an earnest glance, and thus replied:
"Stranger, think not that with regret I view
Those headlands bold—to England I am true!
On mouldering Rome I've gazed with deep delight,
On Marathon look'd down from dark Pentelic's height;
And wandering on with ardour unsubdued,
Symplegades I pass'd, and Euxine rude;

But not fair Hellas, with her southern smile,
Compares with younger gem—our sea-girt isle.
To me that bay, that crag, and inlet deep,
Are old familiar friends, yet still I weep ;
For as we journey'd, full of hope and joy,
Death cross'd our cloudless path—we lost our boy !
With aching heart, his beauteous frame I bore
To the wild steppe on bleak Odessa's shore ;
And there, where in the field of death is seen
A small enclosure, with its gate of green,
I laid him down : it was the place of rest
Of friends, who in that land I loved the best.
I look'd into the grave, the snow had drifted there ;
Oh ! what a winding-sheet for one so fair !
Though from his lips no word our ears could greet,
His glance was language, and his smile was sweet.
When last I saw his tranquil little face,
'Twas nestled in his mother's fond embrace ;
So warm, so rosy, cast in such a mould !
Now wreathed in snow, inanimate and cold.
In foreign accents rose the burial hymn ;
My eyes were fill'd—ay, to the very brim—
No simple floweret decks that infant's tomb,
Nature denies the daisy there to bloom ;
But near the wall a small acacia grows,
Which o'er the grave a transcient shadow throws.
Nor sculptured marble decorates spot—
Think you that cherub-boy is then forgot ?
Oh no ! so long as life and sense are ours,
His loss will tinge with gloom our gayest hours ;
Tombs must, like man, decay ; the foaming wave
May, in some ages hence, that churchyard lave ;
Perhaps its mounds invade, and with rude hand
Sweep every trace away, and leave a sand—
Stranger ! 'tis for my child these tears I shed ;
Our hearts are on the Euxine with the Dead ! "

The Poorest Peasant of the Poorest Soil

By R. B. Sheridan

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night.
Dear spark ! that oft through Winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows.
The wandering tar, who not for years has prest,
The widow'd partner of his day of rest ;
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved.
The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile :
But ere the battle, should he hear her cries,
The lover trembles and the hero dies.
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear.

To the Countess of Bessborough

By R. B. Sheridan

When memory, chill'd by absence, shall decay,
And love's first warm impression fade away,
Oh ! may this sketch, with more than mimic art,
Recall the living likeness to your heart ;
Revive affection, threatening to decline,
And while it pleads my faith, recover thine.

On Female Influence

By R. B. Sheridan

In female hearts, did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school ;
Shamed into sense, the scholars of your eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise ;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

To ——

By R. B. Sheridan

Dear object of my late and early prayer,
Source of my joy, and solace of my care,
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live ;
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring,
These first fair flowers of the delightful Spring.
Oh, may they, fearless of the varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye,
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away.

To ——

By R. B. Sheridan

The stricken deer that in his velvet side,
  Feels at each step the trembling arrow play,
In shades of thickest covert loves to hide,
  And from the cruel hunter speeds away.

But I, more wounded than the stricken deer,
  Scarce wish from my destroy's aim to fly—
I weep, but 'tis, alas ! too soft a tear,
  And e'en my groans are mingled with a sigh.

On a Child

By R. B. Sheridan

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
  If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener removes it ere it blows,
  To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
    Such was thy fate, dear child !
    Thy opening such !
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown ;
    For earth too good, perhaps,
    And loved too much—
Heaven saw, and mark'd thee for its own.

Delusion, Phantom, and Fiction

By R. B. Sheridan

In Britain's sad hour of grief and contention,
The three new estates fairly met in convention;
'Twas to help the poor country's distracted condition
And of royal authority make a partition.
Delusion's attorney, lest things might grow worse,
Laid claim to his household, his peers, and his purse:
"You're right," exclaim'd Phantom, "I'll serve you with zeal,
But, remember, I'm keeper of him and his seal."
Quoth Fiction: "My object with yours quite accords;
So I rule the proceedings of Commons and Lords";
The physicians all said, the decision was fair;
But old Anarchy swore he'd put in for his share.

The Loss of the "Saldanha" [1]

By T. Sheridan

"Britannia rules the waves":
Heard'st thou that dreadful roar?
Hark! 'tis bellow'd from the caves
Where Lough Swilly's billow raves,
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there,
'Tis the dead that raise the cry—
The dead, who heard no prayer,
As they sunk in wild despair,
Chaunting in scorn that boastful air,
Where they lie.

[1] H.M.S. *Saldanha* went down in a gale off the coast of Ireland in December, 1811, with all her crew.

"Rule Britannia," sung the crew,
When the stout *Saldanha* sail'd;
And her colours, as they flew,
Flung the warrior-cross to view,
Which, in battle, to subdue
Ne'er had fail'd.

High the eddying mists are whirl'd,
As they near their giant forms;
See their tempest flags unfurl'd!
Fierce they sweep the prostrate world;
And the withering lightning's hurl'd
Through the storm.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
Commission'd watch to keep;
Down, down with thundering roar
The exulting demons pour—
The *Saldanha* floats no more
On the deep!

The dreadful hest is past,
All is silent as the grave,
One shriek is first and last—
Scarce a death-sob drank the blast,
As sunk the quivering mast
'Neath the wave.

"Britannia rules the waves";
Oh, vain and impious boast!
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,
Where He who sinks or saves,
Scars the sands with countless graves,
Round your coast.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
That morn that seal'd her doom;
Dark and sad is her return,
And the storm-lights faintly burn,
As they toss upon her stern,
'Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon height,
As the watchmen gazed around,
They saw their flashing light
Drive swift athwart the night;
Yet the wind was fair and right
For the Sound.

But no mortal power shall now
That crew and vessel save;
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow—
And the track beneath her prow
Is their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,
Who, when the warrant's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On a rock or mountain steep,
Or 'mid thunder clouds, that keep
The wrath of Heaven.

To Julia

By T. Sheridan

Since you will needs my heart possess,
Julia, 'tis just I first confess
The faults to which 'tis given;
It is much more to change inclined
Than restless seas or raging wind,
Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you the truth,
It has been from its very youth
A most egregious ranger;
And, since from me it oft has fled,
With whom it was born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

The black, the fair, the gay, the sad,
It is so very, very mad,
With one kind look can win it;
By nature 'tis so prone to rove,
'Twill quit success, for change, in love,
And, what's more, glories in it.

And now, if you dare be so bold,
After the truths that I have told,
To like this arrant rover;
Be not displeased, if I confess
I think the heart within *your* breast
Will prove just such another.

On the Bust of Charles James Fox

By the Hon. William Lamb [1]

Live, marble, live! for thine's a sacred trust,
The patriot's name that speaks a noble mind;
Live, that our sons may stand before thy bust,
And hail the benefactor of mankind!
This was the man, who 'midst the tempest's rage
A mark of safety to the nation stood;
Warn'd with prophetic voice a servile age,
And strove to quench the ruthless thirst for blood.
This was the man, whose ever deathless name
Recalls his generous life's illustrious scenes;
To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim—
And universal liberty his means!

The Dream

By the Hon. William Lamb

Hide, Sun, thy head! delay thy light,
And yield to Love's befriending night
Some portion of thy sway;
I would not change the airy form,
Which seems to meet me kind and warm,
For all the blaze of day.

[1] Afterwards second Viscount Melbourne.

In vain I sue—stern Fate denies :
My slumbers break, the Vision flies,
  I lose my Laura's charms ;
That taper waist, that bosom fair,
Dissolving into empty air,
  Eludes my eager arms.

No wretch, his day of respite done,
Who sees his last uprising sun
  And only wakes to die,
Curses the light with so much pain,
And weeps, and sighs to sleep again,
  So ardently as I.

Invidious light ! my hated bane,
Why rudely break the ideal chain
  On which my raptures hung ?
I saw sweet Laura's angel grace,
My eyes were fix'd upon her face,
  My soul upon her tongue.

Her rosy lips I seemed to press,
Nor seemed the maid my fond caress
  By frowns to disapprove ;
I heard her voice so sweet, so clear,
Sound music to my ravish'd ear,
  For it express'd her love.

Smile, then, sweet Laura ! let me find,
For once reality as kind
  As golden visions seem ;
For it has been my lot to rue,
That all my sorrows still were true,
  And all my joys a dream.

The Voice of Praise

By Lady Granville

There is a voice of magic power
  To charm the old, delight the young,
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
  In every clime, in every tongue ;
  Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poets' lays,
  There is not one who has not hung,
Enraptured, on the Voice of Praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
  Lifts for a moment's space the eye ;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
  And stays the step prepared to fly :
  'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face ;
  Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
  At that voice still deeper blows ;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
  To hide the bliss her eyes disclose ;
  The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word ;
  O Praise ! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent, from the loved one heard !

The hero, when a people's voice
  Proclaims their idol-victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
  Their shouts of love, of praise to hear ?
  Yes, fame to generous minds is dear,
It pierces to their inmost core ;
  He weeps, who never shed a tear ;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete ;
To feel the soft-breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat ;
But ! oh, a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear !
Like balmy showers in summer's heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By hanging on his fair one's name !
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame ;
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in Heaven !

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high ;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality !
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine ;
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh,
My Mother ! need I say 'tis thine ?

Translation from Anacreon, who Calls upon Some Eminent Artist to Paint his Mistress

By the Hon. William Lamb

Come, Painter, who with skilful hand
Canst rival even Nature's art ;
Come, Painter, draw, as I command,
The absent mistress of my heart.

Paint first each soft and jetty tress,
With which her graceful head is crown'd ;
If colours can so much express,
Oh ! paint them breathing odours round.

Above her cheek, full, lovely, fair,
  Where modest blushes reddening glow,
Beneath her mildly curling hair,
  Describe with skill her ivory brow.

Ah! how to imitate her face
  Thy chiefest science will be tried;
Between her brows the middle space
  Nor quite confound nor quite divide.

Here let the eyelid's lash be shown;
  Here let her semblance bear complete,
Dark arching eyebrows like her own,
  Which meeting, scarcely seem to meet.

But, Painter, do not here forget
  To give her eye its native flame,
Azure, Minerva-like, and yet
  As melting as the Paphian dame.

Her nose and cheek then fashion well—
  That white as milk, and roseate this:
Her lips, like soft Persuasion's swell,
  Pouting and challenging the kiss.

Beneath her chin, where dimples play,
  About her neck of Parian stone,
Let all the Loves and Graces stray;
  That spot is all their own.

But oh! those beauties of my fair,
  Which I alone must e'er reveal;
Come, Painter, with the strictest care
  Beneath the purple robe conceal.

Yet sometimes let the skin of snow
  Through the thin garment's covering shine,
And faintly tell what beauties glow
  Unseen by any eyes but mine.

Enough ! enough ! upon my sight
Her charms with dazzling lustre break ;
She seems to breathe ! with fond delight
I pause, for she ere long will speak.

Come, Painter, Love demands thy care,
Thy strongest, brightest powers command,
Thy most unfading lines prepare,
Thy finest eye and happiest hand.

For though I oft have seen to grow,
Beneath thy touch, the mimic face ;
Have seen thy magic pencil throw
Upon the canvas living grace ;

This task must e'en thy labour foil,
Unequal all thy skill must prove ;
This task will mock thy utmost toil,
I think thou canst not paint my Love.

Thy pencil—thine alone may reach
The charms that fav'rng beauty gave ;
And thou, like her, perhaps, may'st teach
The cheek to blush, the hair to wave ;—

But ah ! a lover more requires
Than waving hair and blushing cheeks ;
He asks the idea his flame inspires,
The form that lives the face that speaks ;

He asks that brow that teems with sense ;
The feature with expression fraught ;
The eye that beams intelligence,
The pregnant glance, and silent thought ;

He asks that lip that seems to swell
With love it does not dare reveal ;
He asks that eye that fears to tell
That pleasing tale it can't conceal.

Oh ! couldst thou trace the gentle heart,
As in her features it is shown !
But here, unpractised in thy art—
That charm, my Love, is thine alone !

The Robber's Good Night

By the Hon. George Lamb

The goblet is empty, and toll'd are the chimes,
Sleep hides from mankin both its sorrows and crimes ;
And, in quiet repose, till the dawning of day,
The guilty and honest, the wretched and gay.

The guilty can sleep, though terrific, 'tis said,
The dreams and the ghosts that encircle their bed ;
But he who a victim's last curses can bear,
Will not shrink from the bodiless spectres of air.

The wretched can sleep, for the bosom is worn,
The heart has grown dull with the weight it has borne ;
More sweet are the visions in slumber that live,
Than the mournful realities daylight can give.

Yes ! the goblet is drain'd, and its floods in their course
Have drown'd all reflection, regret, and remorse ;
And shall spread o'er my pallet as tranquil a rest,
As the moralist paints on the couch of the blest.

The Yellow Leaf

By R. Payne Knight

Round flew the bowl, the laugh rose high,
Whilst summer's richest canopy,
The wedded boughs of emerald dye,
Was all our shade.

So soft the air, so gay the plain,
Though August's moon was in her wane,
We said that summer's verdant reign
Would never cease.

High rose the laugh, the transports swell,
When sudden, potent as a spell,
Detach'd by no rude zephyr, fell
One yellow leaf !

The mirth was hush'd, the songsters' lays
Broke short ; and each in solemn gaze
Hung on the leaf, nor dared to raise
A timorous eye ;

Each fear'd upon the other's face
His own sad feelings writ to tace,
As the pale emblem spoke the race
Of summer run.

It seem'd some fairy, throne in air,
Had mark'd our bliss, and pausing there,
Dismiss'd a monitor to bear
Truth to each heart.

To tell us that the scene might glow,
But soon should change in cheerless snow ;
To tell us that our bliss should know
An autumn too.

That joys but coming sorrow speak,
As calms precede the tempest bleak ;
That death his surest victim's cheek
With roses paints.

Yes, in that moment, on that day,
Reflection stole my smiles away ;
And, like him, weeping to survey
His myriad bands.

Methought, ere many a year goes round,
Few may, of us, who on this ground
Now gaily revel, few be found
To meet again.

The young before the old may go ;
And he who bids this measure flow
May fall, perhaps, the first to show
This moral true.

Ere Raging Seas Between Us Roll

By Mrs. O'Neill [1]

Ere raging seas between us roll,
Oh, come and soothe my tortured soul!
Return once more to me;
Come, and each anxious fear remove,
Speak peace, and tell me that you love,
And bid me live for thee.

Come, and my wayward fancy cheat,
Persuade me by some dear deceit
That long I shall not mourn;
Calm all my woes, subdue my sighs,
By some sweet lawful perjuries,
And be for once forsworn.

Swear, that ere three eternal weeks,
You'll kiss the tear from off my cheeks,
Though you mean twice the time;
Swear, that for worlds you would not be,
Another day or hour from me—
Love will absolve the crime.

The Eagle and the Wren,
or,
Thomas and Richard [2]
(Erskine) (Sheridan)

By R. B. Sheridan

Where Oatlands' lofty bank in sylvan pride,
Looks o'er the Thames and the fair prospect wide,
There is the spot where once two shepherds stood,
Safe from the river's fast-encroaching flood;
Fictitious shepherds, true, and eke 'tis truth,
Swains not exactly in the bloom of youth;

[1] Henrietta Boyle (1758-1793), only daughter of Charles, Viscount Dungarvon, married in 1777 John O'Neill, of Shanes Castle, near Antrim.

[2] This was written after Erskine resigned the Seats in 1807 and before the assassination of Perceval in 1912.

Yet both had skill to talk, and verse could scan,
And now in measured rhyme their converse ran;
While Thomas clear'd his pipe, sly Richard thus began:

RICHARD:

How could'st thou, Thomas, at the festive board,
Admitted guest of Oatlands' royal lord,
Decline the challenge which I gave to thee
To break a lance in sportive poetry?
Thou know'st, ere now we've tried the gay dispute
Unvanguish'd then, how could'st thou now be mute?
Unstudied verse might royal care beguile,
And raise on listening beauty's cheek a favouring smile.

THOMAS:

Friend Richard, well I saw your treacherous aim,
You sought to triumph, and bring me to shame:
To make a boast in royal beauty's eyes
You dared the contest, and you hoped the prize;
By nature dull, by art a rhymer made,
Verse your profession, poetry your trade.
I bred to nobles purposes, disdain
A puny contest with the scribbling train;
And though I sometimes condescend to rhyme,
When humour prompts, and business grants me time,
I never publish—do you ask the cause?
I'm quite contented with my own applause.

RICHARD:

Nay, Thomas, hold! for now, by Heaven, you wrong
The taste of friendship, and thy power of song;
For who has read a line that bears thy name,
Which, though withheld by thee from vulgar fame,
Taste would disown, or genius fail to claim?

THOMAS:

Thy praise, dear Richard, is no doubt sincere,
But justest praise may yet be bought too dear;
Practised in jingling verse, you know your power,
I, the chance poet of an idle hour,
With thee in verse will battle, when George Rose
Shall hate employment, and demand repose;
When Trotter shall the prince of lies outfib,
And Spencer Perceval shall challenge Cribb;
An eagle you, from your own wing your pen
You draw—then bravely challenge a poor wren!

RICHARD:

Nay, Thomas, sure this flattery's unfit,
Or wish you irony to pass for wit?
Your simile forego—I dared the test,
Not who was strongest, but whose muse was best;
To cover your retreat retract your theme,
Who hears an eagle's voice must hear a scream;
Quick, then, dear Tom, some new allusion bring,
Till wrens bear thunderbolts, and eagles sing.

THOMAS:

By Heavens! I do my lofty spirit wrong,
To grate this jarring pipe with thee so long:
Hast thou not known me in my hour of pride,
When at the bar I led the legal tide?
Who could more surely, by each trick and fudge,
Humbug the jury, or browbeat the judge?
How many patriots has my fluent tongue
Lifted to glory, who had else been hung!
While, advocating freedom's sacred cause,
I won the mob, and gain'd each jail's applause—
Proving the right of treason to upset the laws.

RICHARD:

Nay, not so warm, my dearest Thomas, pray,
I grant your merit, and grant all you say;
Thou hast indeed saved many of the gang,
Who in return would gladly see thee hang.

THOMAS:

Richard, I scorn thy taunts and wiliest sneers;
The merit's mine, the ingratitude is theirs.
But, grant my labours no due thanks obtain'd,
Can you forget the higher post I gain'd?
Must I remind you of the seal I bore,
The wig and golden tassell'd robe I wore,
The flowing train behind, and broider'd purse before?
Now, by these glorious honours, which again
I surely shall possess—(though God knows when),
In verse with thee I never will contend . . .

RICHARD:

. . . Agreed, my friend.

THOMAS:

Then will I sing to our great Master's praise.

. . . . . .

On a Lock of Hair of Charles James Fox

By Lord Erskine

Could reliques, as at Rome they show,
Work miracles on earth below,
This hallow'd little lock of hair
Might soothe the patriot's anxious care;
Might, to St. Stephen's chapel brought,
Inspire each noble, virtuous thought
With which its echoing benches rung,
Whilst thunders roll'd o'er Fox's tongue;—
Alas! alas! the vision's vain!
From the dark grave none come again.
That spirits wait on human weal
Is but the dream of holy zeal;
Yet, not for that less dear should be
Whate'er may left my mind to thee;—
And this shall tell beyond the grave.
The head that bore, the hand that gave.

Les Milles Colonnes [1]

Anon.

Boast, Versailles, thy hundred fountains ;
  Paris, boast thy marble domes ;
Jove may take thine air-built mountains,
  Pluto take thy catacombs.

Place Vendôme let Mass arouse, and
  Rouse one column o'er War's throne ;
Cupid elsewhere built a thousand,
  Vivent ! ah, vivent les Milles Colonnes.

English, French, there throng together
  Round a dame too fair to view ;
Who with glove of white kid leather,
  Rings a bell of ormolu.

Prince Eugène's Italian throne is
  Hers—her smile confess the ton ;
Men who once preferr'd Tortori's,
  Now frequent les Milles Colonnes.

Pallas wore her Mechlin laces,
  Aphrodite strung her pearls,
Iris tinged that face of faces,
  Flora dressed those towering curls.

But the queen of love and joy, all
  Heaven forsook, her azure zone,
Basking in the Palais Royal,
  Round la dame des Milles Colonnes.

As the dog of Nile when drinking
  Coy the alligator shuns,
Quaffs the stream with terror shrinking,
  Runs and laps, and laps and runs.

[1] A Paris café, fashionable from after Waterloo for some ten years, owing to the beauty of the wife of the proprietor, Madame Romain, who sat behind the counter on a throne that had belonged to Eugène, when Viceroy of Italy.

Dread, fond youth, this Gallic Circe,
Sip your demi-tasse alone :
Love and Beauty know no mercy.
Fly ! ah, fly ! les Milles Colonnes.

To One who Promised on a Lock of Hair

By Lord Byron

Vow not at all, but if thou must,
Oh ! be it by some slender token :
Since pious pledge, and plighted trust,
And holiest ties, too oft are broken.
Then by this dearest trifle swear,
And if thou lov'st as I would have thee,
This votive ringlet's tenderest hair
Will bind thy heart to that I gave thee.

To ——

By Lord Byron

Go ——! Triumph securely—the treacherous vow
Thou hast broken, I keep but too painfully now ;
But never again shalt thou be to my heart
What thou wert—what I fear for a moment thou art :
To see thee—to love thee—what heart could do more ?
To love thee—to lose thee, 'twere vain to deplore !
Ashamed of my weakness, however beguiled,
I shall bear like a man what I feel like a child.
If a frown cloud my brow, yet it lours not on thee ;
If my heart should seem heavy, at least it is free :
But thou, in the pride of new conquest elate,
Alas ! even envy shall feel for thy fate.
For the first step of error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall ;
Pursue to the last the career she begun,
And be false unto many, as faithless to one ;
And they who have loved thee will leave thee to mourn ;
And they who have hated will laugh thee to scorn ;
And he who adored thee—must weep to foretell
The pangs which will follow thy falsehood too well.

On Weare's Murder [1]

By the Rev. John Mitford

Owl! that lovest the boding sky!
In the murky air
What saw'st thou there?
For I heard through the fog thy screaming cry.
The maple's head
Was growing red,
And red were the wings of autumn sky;
But a redder gleam
Rose from the stream
That dabbled my feet as I glided by.

Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!
Speak! oh speak!
What crimsoned thy beak,
And hung on the lids of thy staring eye?
"'Twas blood! 'twas blood!
And it rose like a flood,
And for this I screamed as I glided by."

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!
Again, again,
Where are the twain?
"Look! while the moon is hurrying by:
In the thicket's shade
The one is laid,
You may see through the boughs his moveless eye."

Owl! thou lovest the moonless sky!
"A step beyond,
From the silent pond,
There rose a low and a moaning cry;
On the water's edge,
Through the trampled sedge,
A bubble burst, and it gurgled by:
My eyes were dim,
But I looked from the brim,
And I saw in the weeds a dead man lie!"

[1] William Weare was murdered on the St. Alban's road in 1823 by John Thurtell, who was hanged for this crime in the following year.

Owl ! thou lovest the darken'd sky !
Where the casements blaze
With the faggots raise,
Look ! oh look ! what seest thou there ?
Owl ! what's this ?
That snort and hiss !
And why do thy feathers shiver and stare ?
" 'Tis he ! 'tis he !
He sits mid the three,
And a breathless woman is on the stair ! "

Owl ! that lovest the cloudy sky !
Where clank the chains
Through the prison panes—
What there thou hearest tell to me :
" In her midnight dream,
'Tis a woman's scream,
And she calls on one—on one of the three."
Look in once more
Through the grated door—
" 'Tis a soul that prays in agony."

Owl ! that hatest the morning sky !
On thy pinions grey
Away ! away !
I must pray in charity,
From midnight chime
To morning prime—
Miserere, Domini !

The Contents of a Lady's Toilette Table-Drawer

Anon.

Some ribbon, two combs, and one with a tail ;
Soda powders, a compass, and lace for a veil ;
Some patterns of *broderie*, relics of hair,
A bow off a cap, a knob off a chair ;
A white *pélérine*, and a collar of Tory's,
A muzzle, a hair-pin, and Miss Edgeworth's stories ;

A piece of the fender all cover'd with rust,
A stay-lace, a pencil, a buckle, a crust;
Some cotton and pens, a shoe and a slipper;
A box with some pills for rousing the liver;
A medal of William the Fourth's coronation,
Black pins and white pins of every gradation;
A shoe-horn of Grénier's, he'll never get back;
Some écarté and whist cards, but not a whole pack;
A duster, a bill, a penknife, a whip;
A box with no lid, and some sugar for Gyp;
An almanac, pencil-case, seals and blue wax;
A glass box for *bonbons*, with five or six cracks;
Some needles for darning, curl-papers, and sand;
The *galope* of "Gustave," a bodkin and band:
All this and much more, with my own eyes I saw
Taken out of a TIDY and fair lady's drawer!"

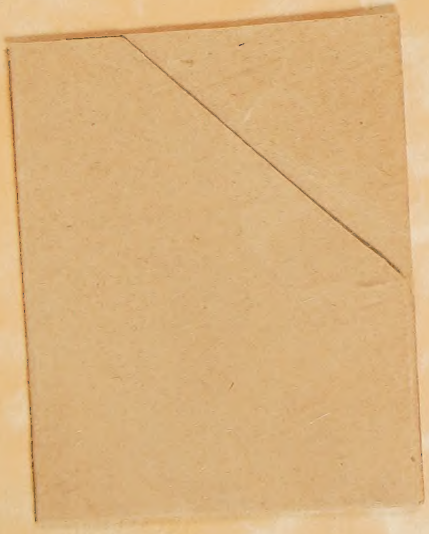
Oh, Let the Young Enthusiast Stray!

Anon.

Oh, let the young enthusiast stray
Through fancy's rainbow-tinted way;
Let her light footsteps gaily rove
The fairy paths of joy and love;
Let her the world delighted view,
And think the flattering vision true,
Think every heart she e'er has known,
As pure, as artless as her own.

Why dim the lustre of her eye?
Why draw the unnecessary sigh?
To her, young life seems full of charms,
She dreams secure in pleasure's arms;
Fancy and hope their gifts dispense,
Angelic guards of innocence
Awhile life's hateful truths forego,
Nor wake her to a world of woe!

But, when maturer age appears
With cautious step and crown'd with cares,
When first the long-worn path she tries,
Where sorrow like a serpent lies,
Lurking beneath some fond delight,
And rears her withering form to light ;
When, shuddering at the direful view,
She turns her tearful eye on you ;

When, doubting, with her hopes at strife,
She trembling asks, if such be life ?
Then clasp thy daughter to thy breast,
Then soothe thy mourner into rest ;
In gentler terms the truth unfold,
Th'unwilling truth, that must be told,
The fated ills life must endure,
And comfort, when you cannot cure.

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